Publisher Sees Great Works From Negroes

MONTGOMERY, Feb. 23 (AP) — The nation's greatest literature and music in years to come will be written by Negroes, an Alabama publisher predicted here today.

Col. Harry M. Ayers, publisher of The Anniston Star, made this forecast in an address to a joint meeting of the Montgomery Lions and Optimist Clubs.

"There never is a great music or literature written unless it is written by people who have suffered," he declared. "The Negro people are suffering now. They have suffered in the past. They are continuing to suffer because of prejudice."

Ayers said the main root of prejudice springs from ignorance, which breeds "discriminatory practices, intolerant acts and mistreatment of people because of their race, creed or color."

Education is the best remedy for the "sickness of prejudice," he added.

Ayers asserted that no nation ever has undertaken to draw a ban on the Jews and survived as a great nation.

"Prejudice costs this nation $10,000,000,000 a year in slowed production, riots, persecution, and the like," Ayers said. "It is bad on the nation and the pocketbook."

Commenting on the advancement of the Negro, Ayers said the Negro has "greater economic equality in the South than anywhere else in the nation."

Carter Asks 250 G's From Washinaton Confidential

Businessman Calls Book 'Malicious'

Denies He's Capital Numbers Chief, Cites Record to Support His Claims

WASHINGTON (NNPA) — Damages of $250,000 are sought in a suit filed in District Court here last Thursday for alleged libelous statements made in the sensational book, "Washington Confidential," which purports to give the low-down on the seamy side of life in the nation's capital.

Named as defendants in the suit are the Crown Publishers, Inc., publishers of the book, and Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer, New York newspaper men, who are its authors.

Other defendants are the Book Mart, which distributed the book here, and Woodward and Lothrop, the Hecht Company, Brentano's Book Stores, Inc., and S. Kann Sons, Inc., which sold the book. Woodward and Lothrop, Kann's and Hecht's are large department stores here.

The suit was brought by John W. Carter, proprietor of an off- in the Bali or any connection with Simkins, that he has never at any time received any "payoff" or been in any wise connected with any syndicate, as stated in the book.

By reason of the publication, Carter asserts, he has been greatly harmed and damaged pecuniarily premises liquor store, through his attorneys, James A. Cobb and George E. C. Hayes.

In addition to damages, Carter also asks that the defendants be enjoined from further publishing, circulating, or in any manner distributing "Washington Confidential" to the general public.

In his bill of complaint, Carter charges that the defendants maliciously published and circulated the book in which there appears the statement:

"Whitey Simkins is king of the Black Belt's numbers racket. Johnny W. Carter, who owns Club Bali, a black-and-tan resort, is one of the gambler's chiefs. Their payoff is a percentage which eventually reaches the Syndicate through channels which will be set forth in detail in the chapters devoted to dope and gambling in Washington."

Says Statement False

Carter charges that these statements are untrue, false and defamatory and were known to the publishers and authors to be untrue, or should have been known to them to be so.

He states specifically that he has never owned or had any interest in his credit and business reputation in the commun ty.

He states that the alleged libel attributes to him actions, which, if true, would subject him to criminal prosecution.

Carter pointed out that he is presently the owner and conductor of a retail off-sale liquor store and under regulations of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board he is prohibited from having any interest in any club such as the Bali, which has an on-sale liquor license.

The alleged libel, Carter states,

JOHN W. CARTER

charges him with being a party to a "numbers racket," with which he is in no wise connected, and also attributed to him the position of "chief" to the "king of the Black Belt's numbers racket," all of which, if true, would also subject him to criminal prosecution.

Carter pleads as a matter of special damages that for several years he has been seeking a license as a professional bondsman in the District of Columbia.

"The groundless and unwarranted perversion of the truth" concerning him in the book, he states, will continue to hold him up to ridicule, scandal and disrepute in the community in which he lives and will materially affect his earning of an honest livelihood.

He asks damages of $200,000 against all of the defendants. In addition, he seeks punitive damages of $50,000 against the publisher, the Crown Publishers, and the authors, Lait and Mortimer.

26b 1951

Wilberforce Uni. Pres Releases

BOOK ON PHILOSOPHY

Christian Recorder

Wilberforce, Ohio—Wilberforce University's versatile president has paused long enough in his busy activities to write a book on philosophy. Adding much to the belief that he is one of the busiest college administrators in the country, Dr. Hill who has been president of Wilberforce University since 1947, has just released a book on "A Short History of Philosophy from the Renaissance to Hegel." Thurs. 11-15-51

In addition to carrying on problems of an administrator of a small independent college, Dr. Hill finds time to lecture, travel and write. As President of Wilberforce University a church supported institution located at Wilberforce, Ohio, Dr. Hill makes numerous speeches and lectures throughout the year at the various conferences of the church, stretching all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Aside from this the college administrator is called on to deliver numerous lectures, and platform speeches before all kinds or organizations and colleges throughout the country. P. 1

President Hill is also a minister. He is called on to preach in scores of churches of all denominations throughout the school year. Many regard him as one of the outstanding preachers of today. This does not conclude the host of activities engaged in, for he is also a contributor to numerous outstanding professional journals and a writer of books. In addition to this, Dr. Hill makes it a point to trav to many of the important are f our present day world. H s just com pleted a study tour of Israel and Anthens, Greece. Last year he visited Bermuda, where he was a guest of the Governor-General of that English colony.

The short history of philosophy, just released by the publisher, is designed primarily as a text and reference book in a course of philosophy dealing with the period indicated. The book provides an outline of the development of Modern and Philosophical thought from the Renaissance down to and including the system of Hegel. The work has been written with the purpose of showing in what way the questions which have persistently puzzled mankind are still the ones to which we are seeking answers. Aside from this release, Dr. Hill is currently preparing a booklet to be released in the near future reflecting critical observations as a result of his tirp to the Near East.

BOOK REVIEWS

by GERTRUDE MARTIN

"Indigo Hill" by Eleanor Frances Lattimore; Morrow and Company; New York City; 1950; $2.00
"Chooky" by John Faulkner; W. W. Norton and Company; New York City; 1950; $3.00
"John Henry and His Hammer" by Harold W. Felton; Knopf; New York City; 1950; $2.50

THERE ARE far too few books about Negro children which are satisfactory in all respects; not patronizing to the characters, without a molasses thick dialect, and interesting as well. Of three new ones, "Indigo Hill" by Eleanor Frances Lattimore; "Chooky," by John Faulkner, and "John Henry and His Hammer," by Harold W. Felton, two scarcely pass this acid test. "Indigo Hill" is the best of the three on the whole, but its author is a less skillful writer than the author of "Chooky."

John Faulkner, who writes about the boy, Chooky, is the brother of Nobel prize winner William Faulkner and like him lives in Oxford, Miss. His book has caught much of the spirit of childhood and his publisher does not exaggerate when he compares Chooky to Huck Finn or Tom Sawyer. But the two Negro boys who are Chooky's playmates are the old stereotyped characters and one can almost see their mouths hang open as they dumbly follow Chooky's lead. The dialect, too, is overdone.

"John Henry and His Hammer" is a retelling of the John Henry legend, but it does not improve on some of its predecessors. John Henry seems to lose much of his heroic character here and is less like a universal figure than like the usual Negro of fiction.

Montgomery In Recent Books

The books in which Montgomery has recently figured present an intriguing assortment.

Bride Of Fortune, the story of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. This is the exalted saga of a woman depicted as the avatar of the chief virtues of Mme. Curie, Ruth, and Aspasia.

The Far Side Of Paradise, the story of Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald. This by contrast is a moiling account of genius and gin.

Through The First Gate, a novel by John Craig Stewart descriptive of a boy's life here and in Speigner.

Disturber of The Peace: Life & Riotous Times of H. L. Mencken. A great man of letters marries a Montgomery woman, herself a writer of distinction and attainment.

Courtroom, the biography of Judge Samuel Leibowitz, the lesser Darrow who defended the Scottsboro celebrities.

Scottsboro Boy, Haywood Patterson's raw and vivid story, related in words of four multiples, of his brutalized life in Kilby. Montgomery is thus the common stage of the incident in which the famous criminal escaped from Kilby by drowning the bloodhounds near the cemetery where Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald took their enchanted walks; close to where the decorous Varina Davis watched her husband take the oath as President of the Confederate States of America.

They Shall Be Free, by Dr. Allan Knight Chalmers, a New Englander who labored for 19 years to win freedom for the Scottsboro boys. Dr. Chalmers' difficulties in winning paroles for the Scottsboro Dreyfuses were such that he had trouble springing the last of them even before the Drinkard-Vinson Board of Pardon and Pardon, Parole and Parole.

Consider the bafflement of a citizen in Tacoma, Wash., Dubuque, Ia., or Woonsocket, R. I., reading this brace of books with Montgomery, Ala., as a stage. Taking the Capitol as the center of a small circle, they would see the chaste, dedicated Mrs. Jefferson Davis becoming First Lady of a new nation; Jazz Age Aggrandizer Fitzgerald initiating a national legend with his wooing of the tempestuous Zelda; Scholar Mencken casing "Confederate Hqs." with Sarah Haardt Mencken; a depraved and misused convict, internationally famous, escaping the Kilby bloodhounds; A Boston theologian calling the Governor of Alabama a liar; a boy frightened by Ku Klux nightriders. It would be difficult for the foreigner to form any particular conception of Montgomery, Ala.

SUGAR RAY ROBINSON, by Gene Schoor (Greenberg, $2 cloth, $1 paper). A picture and text biography of the boxer.

Dean Gets Leave To Write Book

NEW ORLEANS — (ANP)— Benjamin A. Quarles, dean of instruction at Dillard university here, has been granted a leave of absence to write a book about Negroes during the Civil War. The Little, Brown and company, publishers of Boston, commissioned Dr. Quarles to write the book.

Dr. Quarles is the author of "Frederick Douglass," and is a contributor to the Journal of Negro History and Fruits of Faith," an account of Christianity's impact on world culture.

What's Behind This Offer

(From The Atlanta Daily World)

Joseph Pew, Jr., a Philadelphia capitalist, is so impressed with the gospel preached in Dr. J. W. Holley's book entitled "You Can't Build a Chimney From the Top," that he has to come forward with the unusual offer of $10,000 to the Georgia Board of Regents that they may give free copies of the book to selected individuals.

The book, reports say, had had a very poor and limited sale, among white and particularly among colored people. We think a background on the book might be of passing interest to our readers. Dr. Holley, deposed president of Albany State College, started out to write what he considered an evaluation of his work and achievements as head of the college for nearly forty years. He ran into difficulties finding a publisher who wanted to gamble with the chances of selling his works. Around Albany and Southwest Georgia the report is that a friend of the late Governor Eugene Talmadge persuaded Dr. Holley to change the title and enlarge upon the scope of the book so as to include a discussion of FEPC and other demands which at that time Negroes were making and in that way, a publisher could be found. As a consequence, we have the book with its present title.

The Regents, of course, very properly rejected Mr. Pew's offer. But if he is sincere about it, there ought be no strong reason why he could not sponsor the distribution himself. All he needs now, having the money already in hand, is to secure the mailing list of many organizations and agencies of a kindred mind. But his best investment could be realized if he gave this sum to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

But we have a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Pew wants to use his $10,000 for propaganda purposes. Many Northern Capitalists do. It was done in the campaign against Senator Claude Pepper in Florida. It was used in North Carolina against Frank Graham. And we are told, Northern capital helped to finance the Dixiecrat revolt in 1948. It is surprising how some operate, not against Negroes so much as against all poor, struggling masses, although they give the impression that they only oppose the advances which Negroes are making.

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

A GREAT MANY novels have been written on the "white man's burden" and the problems of an empire. Few have shown as effectively as Gerald Hanley's "The Consul At Sunset," the gradual deterioration of men's minds and bodies in an isolated corner of the world.

The scene is El Ashang, an African desert outpost, where the English in World War II have driven out the defeated Italians. The warring Arab tribes, the Yonnis, Barras and the Omar Bilash, had worked out a way of life with the Italians. But they find the English cold and unapproachable.

When the story opens, events have reached a climax at El Ashang with the breakdown of Captian Milton and the increasing intrigues among the tribes. The arrival of Captain Sole, Milton's replacement, sets off further serious developments and open fighting begins between the soldiers and the natives and among the natives themselves.

Mr. Hanley tells his story on two levels—the outward action and the inner action, reflected in the thoughts of the principal characters. Each of the four English officers has worked out a different method of adjusting to the natives and the lonely life they lead as custodians of the empire.

In the end only the old colonel is successful in withstanding the pressure of the desert isolation, of the native hypocrisy, and of the new ideas of the equality of all men. In answer to the colonel's question as to what he thinks he should represent, Captain Sole, the most human of the younger officers, replies:

"Something useful, if we really want to use it, as a means of uniting Europeans, Africans, Indians and all others. But as it is, it's something stupid and untrue. It tells the natives with one voice that we are all the same, and with another that all the rooms are engaged, all the tables are full. The South African guests might object and we'd lose customers. . . ."

"The Consul At Sunset" is an excellent novel which highlights difficult relations of man to man in the world today. There are still too many die-hards who do not see that the days of empire are numbered.

"The Consul At Sunset" by Gerald Hanley; The Macmillan Co., New York City; 1951: $3.00.

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

NELSON ALGREN'S "Chicago: City on the Make" is an impressionistic look at the sprawling mass that is the Windy City. A native Detroiter, Mr. Algren has adopted Chicago as his home after many years of residence and believes he has earned the right to "rap the joint" because he loves it.

It's the corruption and the heartlessness that he deplores there, and the smugness of the suburbs he dislikes. The heart of the town, he thinks, is in the Skid Row, in the tenement districts. He relegates Lake Shore Drive to the "squares," and writes:

"So if you're entirely square yourself, bypass the forest of furnished rooms behind the Loop and stay on the Outer Drive till you swing through Lincoln Park. Then move, with the lake still on your square right hand, into those suburbs where the lawns are always wide, the sky is always smokeless, the trees are forever leafy, the churches are always tidy, gardens are always landscaped, streets are freshly swept, homes are pictures out of Town and Country, and the people are stuffed with kapok."

Perhaps Chicago Negroes would not agree with the author's statement that "The Negro is not confronted here with a stand-up and head-on hatred, but with something psychologically worse: a soft and protean awareness of white superiority everywhere, in everything, the more infuriating because it is as polite as it is impalpable. . . ." They might cite the recent Cicero riot which happened in Chicago's back yard, but is symptomatic of the prejudice which is also in the front yard.

Mr. Algren aptly quotes a poem by Baudelaire on one of the introductory pages of his book, a poem which concludes with the line, "I love thee, infamous city." He writes of Chicago with much the same feeling and covers the whole span of Chicago history in less than one hundred pages of often poetic prose. This is by no means a complete picture of the city, but it is a very interesting, surprisingly adequate look at a city which, as the author repeats, is strictly "on the make."

"Chicago: City on the Make," by Nelson Algren; Doubleday and Company; New York City; 1951; $1.50.

Books Published Today

THE ARMS OF VENUS, by John Appleby (Coward-McCann, $2.75). A novel of suspense.

AWOL THE COURIER, by Bertrand Shartleff (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). A novel about a Doberman pinscher's adventures in Korea.

BALLET FOR BEGINNERS, by Nancy Draper and Margaret F. Atkinson (Knopf, $3.75). Information and instructions in the dance.

BOY AT THE WINDOW, by Owen Dodson (Farrar, Straus & Young, $2.75). A novel about a young Negro boy.

THE BRAND NEW PARSON, by Sara Jenkins (Crowell, $3). A novel about a young minister in a Georgia mill town.

BRITISH POLICY AND THE INDEPENDENCE OF LATIN AMERICA, 1804-1828, by William W. Kaufman (Yale University, $3.75).

HISTORY OF RUSSIA, by George Vernadsky (Yale University, $4). Third revised edition of a 1929 work.

HISTORY OF THE BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA, by James Burney, from the 1816 edition, with a new introduction by Malcolm Barnes (Norton, $3.75).

HOW TO ——, by Jack Woodford (Arco, $2.50). A book on dieting.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING, by Herbert Brean (Vanguard, $1.50).

INTO THIN AIR, by Warren Beck (Knopf, $3). A novel about an old man's reflections.

MR. TILLEY TAKES A WALK, by Bradford Ropes and Val Burton (Austin-Phelps, $2.75). A novel about a Boston-Irish mail carrier.

MONTAGE OF A DREAM DEFERRED, by Langston Hughes (Holt, $2). Poems about Harlem.

MORNING JOURNEY, by James Hilton (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3). A novel about a girl who wanted to be an actress.

THE NEW AMERICAN WEBSTER DICTIONARY (Signet Books, 25 cents).

OCTOBER FIRE, by Eleanor Mayo (Crowell, $3). A novel about a week of danger in a Maine village.

OFFICER AND GENTLEMAN, by J. Delves-Broughton (McGraw-Hill, $3.50). A novel about British Army life in the early nineteenth century.

OF SOCIETIES AND MEN, by Caryl P. Haskins, introduction by Vannevar Bush (Norton, $4.50). An exploration of the social problems of man and society.

PAUL EHRLICH, by Martha Marquardt (Henry Schuman, $3.50). A biography in The Life of Science Library.

PUBLIC AND REPUBLIC: Political Representation in America, by Alfred de Grazia (Knopf, $3.50).

THE REEF, by Keith Wheeler (Dutton, $3). A novel about a war veteran's rehabilitation.

RENO CRESCENT, by Zola Ross (Bobbs-Merrill, $3). A novel about pioneering and the founding of Reno.

THE ROMANCE OF TRISTRAM AND YSOLT, by Thomas of Britain, translated from the Old French and Old Norse by Roger Sherman Loomis (Columbia University, $3.50). A new revised edition of a 1923 work.

THE SALT-BOX, by Jan Hilliard (Norton, $3). Reminiscences of the author's girlhood in Nova Scotia.

SCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE, by James B. Conant (Yale University, $4). An explanation of the methods of science.

STATEMENT ON RACE, by Ashley Montagu (Henry Schuman, $2). "An extended discussion in plain language of the Unesco 'Statement by Experts on Race Problems.'"

THE STORY OF ARTURO TOSCANINI, by David Ewen (Holt, $2.50).

SWEDEN BUILDS: Its Modern Architecture and Land Policy, Background, Development and Contribution, by G. E. Kidder Smith (Bonniers, $8.50).

TESTAMENT FOR SOCIAL SCIENCE: An Essay in the Application of Scientific Method to Human Needs, by Barbara Wootton (Norton, $3).

TIME OF FALLEN BLOSSOMS, by Allan S. Clifton, illustrated by Yoshinori Kinoshita (Knopf, $3). *Reviewed today.*

THE U. S. MARINES AND AMPHIBIOUS WAR: Its Theory and Its Practice in the Pacific, by Jeter A. Isely and Philip A. Crowl (Princeton University, $7.50).

THE WIDOW HAD A GUN, by George Harmon Coxe (Knopf, $2.50). A detectve story.

WILLA CATHER: A Critical Introduction, by David Daiches (Cornell University, $2.75). A study of her writings.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE, by Sherwood Taylor (Norton, $7.50). A revised second edition of a science exposition, with 700 illustrations.

YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE AND YOUR ARTERIES, by Alexander L. Crosby (Public Affairs Committee, 20 cents paper). An American Heart Association pamphlet.

HOW TO TEST READABILITY, by Rudolph Flesch (Harper, $1). A guide to improving writing and speaking.

Book Review

The Negro and the Communist Party by Wilson Record. University of N.C. Press, Chapel Hill, N.C. 331 pages. $3.50.

The Communist Party in the United States has failed in three major attempts to win any dependable and potent share of the colored American's allegiance. The first effort was made in the crisis after 1918, when the more than a million colored persons who had migrated to the North were at least partly responsible for the widespread social disorganization (there were six major race riots in the summer of 1919) that characterized that time.

A little more than a decade later, the Communists tried again. Always a party of crisis, its screaming bugles sounded the rally for the Herndon case and the Scotts-boro case, and it sowed dragon's teeth in the the great depression, but only a small closetful of warriors sprang up and, brave though they may have been, they were ill-prepared and rather ridiculous.

James Ford, the Party's colored vice-presidential candidate in 1932, was literally laughed off the hustings. William Patterson, a colored member of the Communist's inner circle, soon disappeared, apparently swallowed up by Russia.

Failure After World War

Finally, as the world stumbled toward its second war, the Party tried again. It made a little headway, especially among colored intellectuals, but this effort, too, must now be recorded a failure. There are probably fewer than a hundred colored persons in the United States who carry cards or otherwise acknowledge an affiliation to Communism.

The reason, for this pitiful showing are not far to seek. In the first instance (1918-23), misled by the theatrical but insubstantial success of Marcus Garvey, the policy-makers of the Party completely misunderstood the bourgeois aspirations of colored persons. It was a period of intense race-chauvinism.

Garvey and 49th State

Garvey himself played upon this, but cleverly. He preached "Back to Africa," but colored citizens knew that this slogan was meant only to placate white reactionary groups who thought that everything would be fine if only there were no colored Americans. When the Communists advocated a 49th State for colored, the latter would have none of it.

The Second Failure

In the second effort, the Communists failed to take account of the colored man's long-standing ignorance and suspicion of organized labor and of his equally long-standing loyalty to capitalist politics.

Such education in labor and politics as the Party provided was not widespread enough; neither was it geared to what the colored citizen considered his immediate needs—jobs and job security, political power and political patronage. By this time the Kremlin had taken over direction of American Communist Party strategy, and the Kremlin subordinated the color question to the general struggle of the proletariat against capitalism.

A Fatal Mistake

Moreover, godlessness and the campaign of atheism was in full swing, and among colored Americans, as elsewhere, the Kremlin declared the church its sworn enemy. "Nowhere was the misunderstanding of the colored masses more apparent than in the position the Communist took on religion."

Wilson Record's **The Negro and the Communist Party** is a full and penetrating account of the political radicalism among colored Americans.

It is an account that must take the heart out of those who hope to penetrate the colored citizen's armor of Americanism, for its thesis, abundantly documented, is "Negroes in the United States have had plenty of provocation to revolt. But they have chosen to protest within the Constitutional framework. They have not succumbed, as a group, to 'any siren song sung in Bass.'"

And because the aspirations of colored Americans are essentially egalitarian, a "bourgeois" document like the American Constitution has a liberating potential in the Black Belt of Alabama and the ghetto of Harlem that the Communist Manifesto could never hope to have.

'Behold, Thy Brother' An Inspiring Book

Book Review by Luix V. Overbea for ANP

"Behold, Thy Brother," by Murrell Edmunds, 1950, New York, the Beechurst Press, 80 pp., price, $2.00.

In our new offices the Associated Negro Press is starting a new library. A spot on the shelf already has been saved for "Behold, Thy Brother," by Murrell Edmunds.

This book is no great work of literature. It has no new plot nor does it have any gems of wit. What it does have is inspiration.

Written by a white man, probably for a white audience, it still can be read by everybody with enjoyment.

This is a "Jackie Robinson" story of a young Negro who becomes the first member of his race to play with the Eagles, a major leogue club fighting for the pennant.

This Negro has been signed up by the owner's son who is a sergeant in the U. S. army and sent to the club during the last week of the pennant. The big question is whether or not the club will use him in a game needed to clinch the pennant.

You read it and you will find out the answer. It took me only and hour. The book is short and printed in large type. It is simply told.

Countee Cullen's Widow To Present His Works To Fisk

Mrs. Countee Cullen, wife of the famous poet, will be one of the honored guests at the Twenty-second annual Festival of Music and Art, being held on the Fisk campus April 25-28.

Mrs. Cullen will present papers and writings from the private collection of her late husband. The documents will be housed in the library of the Nashville institution which Cullen visited frequently before his death.

Mrs. Cullen, proprietor of an Art Bazaar in New York City, will bring with her several African objets d'art to be displayed on the campus during the festival. This will be the first time such objects have been displayed in this fashion.

Pearl Buck, Mrs. Cullen, and Mrs. Philip Jessup, wife of the American ambassador-at-large, will be honored guests at a pre-festival tea, at 4:30 April 25, in the Fisk International Student Center.

WHERE NEGRO CAN GO TO COLLEGE

"Negro Students and Their Colleges," By J. Irving E. Scott, Ph. D., $2.50, The Meador Press, Boston, Mass., 179pp.

Dr. J. Irving E. Scott in this volume, "Negro Students and Their Colleges," has contributed an interesting picture of what the Negro could expect from college two years ago.

This book, copyrighted in 1949, is a bit old, however, for aspirant students of today. Too many things have changed in education, today for this book to prove adequate for colored students' needs or desires.

Dr. Scott, who is dean of Alcorn A and M college, did a lot of work in his study. It does not tend to be a complete study, but probably is the most recent of its kind available today.

The author could well do Negro students a service by bringing his volume up-to-date and expanding it to include institutions not covered. Such a book probably could never become a best seller, but it would be valuable for the libraries of Negro high chools and colleges and other libraries used by Negroes.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE RACE MAKES!

Figures made available by the U.S. Office of Education reveal that Negroes are still denied equal opportunities to learn under the South's segregated school system. The statistics covering daily attendance for 1948-49 reveal that Alabama provided $120.50 for each white pupil and $81.83 for a Negro's child education. ....

Chicago Defender
Sat. 5-5-51
Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS AND THINGS

By LEWIS GANNETT

BROWN MEN AND RED SAND, Journeyings in Wild Australia, by Charles P. Mountford. Praeger. 184 pp. $4.50.

THE dry heart of Australia is, to most of us, a region weirder and more remote than the African Congo or the deserts of Turkestan. It has no history, yet it has been and is the home of a people whom Mr. Mountford, an Australian artist and anthropologist, found intelligent and friendly.

In the Dry Heart of Australia

Where white men and sheep can survive, the land has been taken from the Australian blacks: On their reservations these aborigines survive, some of them still in a kind of stone-age culture, naked despite extremes of temperature. When it is cold, they sleep between tiny fires; when it is hot, they bury themselves in the sand by day and travel by night. And they love their lonely homeland; every rock and every tree is to them a part of their ancestral legend.

Neidi, a boy about twelve, from a photograph by the author

It was largely to collect these legends that Mr. Mountford made his difficult journey. From the railhead near the northern boundary of South Australia he traveled 280 miles in a truck —thirty hours of continuous, rough driving over a desert track to the mission station at Ernabella. From there on, for almost two months of wandering, he went camel-back or afoot.

Waterholes, or "soaks" where water could be found by digging, were often several days' journeys apart. Once, when a famous waterhole had gone bone dry, Mr. Mountford's aboriginal companion offered to make rain. This was a solemn ceremonial, centering about a disc of pearl shell, a favorite article of trade among the aborigines. These shells come from a wet region on the northwest coast; the natives believe that they are impregnated with the water spirit, and that the spirit, properly propitiated, can form clouds. Actually, it did rain two days later, enough to replenish the water holes at the foot of the mountains. Mr. Mountford confesses himself skeptical of the native magic but mystified.

They needed more than drinking water for themselves. At one water hole where the party had to carry water to their camels, the five beasts lapped up 120 gallons, an average of 240 pounds of water each, according to Mr. Mountford's mathematics, and 192 pounds according to the old "a pint's a pound" formula.

Legends of Pre-History

Most of that Australian desert is flat and much of the vegetation is a spinfex bush which appears to be pricklier than our prickly pear. But in the midst of the desert are strange rocky formations, and the natives have stories to account for the oddest shapes. A dry stream bed is the track of a prehistoric snake; rat men and lizards also play large parts in their mythology. The rare trees are the transformed bodies of bygone heroes, and each swelling in the trunk has a meaning. Other legends are folk tales of kangaroos and emus, "wild turkeys" and giant lizards.

To Mr. Mountford, listening to these legends was like discovering a new Book of Genesis. As an anthropologist, he was naturally interested to trace the kinships and divergencies of the folklore of these people, so isolated from other traditions. Their ceremonies of initiation for young men entering puberty, being "dramatic representations of the legendary stories of the tribe in music and mime," seemed to him to have values akin to Western ballets and operas.

Friendly Aborigines

These were people who lived in a region where subsistence was so difficult that they had never known tribal warfare, let alone atom bombs. Mr. Mountford discounts stories of aboriginal cannibalism as inventions of outsiders. The natives have an eye-for-an-eye code, but it is a code of law; they are astonished at what they hear of white men's violence. As Mr. Mountford saw them, they were a friendly, non-competitive, co-operative people, unprogressive perhaps but intelligently adapted for survival. He liked them, and they him, obviously; it is possible that he somewhat idealized them.

The seventy magnificent photographs—of natives and of their land—are an integral part of this made-in-Australia book.

Writer Cites Gains In Segregation Fight

The white South's most cherished tradition — segregation — is doomed to die a thousand deaths and will be completely buried before 10 more years have past.

This is the prediction of Lillian Smith, celebrated author of "Strange Fruit" and "Killers of the Dream."

Writing in the New York Times Magazine, Miss Smith, one of the South's most outspoken critics, says the disappearance of Jim Crow will be the vindication of the Negro's devotion to democracy.

Negro soldiers, she said, have consistently answered the country's call to defend their second-class citizenship "with the courage and wisdom that grew out of their recognition that democracy, despite its failures in regard to them, had yet succeeded in giving the greatest freedom to the largest group of people of any system of government that the world has ever known."

Barriers Fading

Miss Smith based her prediction on the fast-fading barriers that have held the Negro in check for so long. She cites the spectacular entry of hundreds of Negroes in formerly all-white Dixie universities and colleges.

She points to the fact that "Southerners are now watching each other eat as they travel through Dixie and no one has felt violent about it, no one has fainted, no one has had acute indigestion."

Negro policemen walk many southern beats now, she said, and Negro nurses have been fully integrated into the National Association of Graduate Nurses. Gratifying victories have been scored in southern elections and "the masks are off the Klan in South Carolina, in Georgia and in other southern states, too."

It is almost an old story now, Miss Smith said, that we have grown used to seeing Negroes and whites engaged in sports activities together.

Silence Broken

The Georgia-born writer credits "the breaking of the old conspiracy of silence" for many of the gains made in choking segregation in the South. The enlightened southerner is crying out against Jim Crow now and 'when men talk, they change."

Miss Smith warned that there are Negroes and whites who capitalize on segregation and these will seek to hold the barriers high. She also challenged the South to "give back to our people, white and colored, in this time of change, something equal to or better than that which has been taken away from them" when the funeral for Jim Crow is held.

Must Be Worth It

"Part of our fear today, part of the anxiety which so many feel, springs from the knowledge that this changing world requires that each of us change himself," she said, "that a world made whole means that each of us must be made whole also. We want to be sure it is going to be worth it.

"It seems worth it to me: to gain a new whole world for this split one that has warred with itself so long; to gain, in place of our old split-up personalities, health and stability. In the South we are making a good bargain in swapping our old segregated world. our segregated culture, our segregated personality, for love and wholeness and dignity in men's relationships with each other and with themselves."

BOOK REVIEW

By JAMES J. FOREE

WILD CONQUEST, by Peter Abrahams. Harper and Brothers, N.Y. 309 pp. $3.

The decision of the English to free all Africans held as slaves by the Boers set in motion the great trek into South Africa.

The great overland trip of the Boers and the ensuing conflicts with the great Matabele warriors are interestingly recorded in "Wild Conquest" by Peter Abrahams.

With Bible in one hand and the rifle in the other, the Boers set out in their covered wagons to conquer and settle on the lands of Matabele.

Here the great king, Mzilikazi, and Gubuza, his general, had through conquest and wisdom established a secure and peaceful government. All other tribes around them paid tribute to the Matabele for protection.

With the coming of the Boers and their superiority in armaments — rifles and pistols — the hegemony of the Matabele was threatened. It was this one phase of superiority which in the end destroyed the Matabele nation. With its distruction was the end of one epoch and the beginning of another.

The decisive battle between the Boers and the natives set the pattern of relationship for whites and natives in South Africa for the next 100 years.

Among the Boers were men who had nothing but hatred, born of fear, of the Africans. There was one, Paul Van As, who felt the Africans were men the same as he. Therefore, he thought that an attempt should be made to arrive at an understanding with them rather than to fight them.

Such men as Koos and Kasper Jansen, however, would have no part of this plan. They were very definite in their ideas as to what the correct relationship between the two groups should be.

From the violent cvlash between Boer and African, Peter Abrahams has written an interesting story on a subject of which few Americans know anything. Many will find it well worth the time needed to read it.

Hate Groups Decrease, Bigotry Increases

Big professional "hate" groups have dwindled within 10 years from 600 to less than a dozen but, bigotry continues to grow on the local level, according to "The Trouble Makers," a book-long nation-wide survey report on prejudice to be published by the end of the year.

Arnold Forster, co-author of the report and civil rights director of the Anti-defamation League, said the American people have repudiated professional political hate leaders such as Gerald L. K. Smith.

On the other hand, he said, we have such outbreaks of bigotry as the Cicero riots.

About Books

Reviewed and Edited
By JAMES J. FOREE for ANP

"Tragedy Hits White Man Who Marries African Princess"
"The Sailor's Return"
By David Garnet Published by Chatto and Windus, London; 163 pp.

Here is a tale which could very well have taken place in America rather than England. It concerns a white sailor, his exotic African wife, and their son, Sambo.

William Targett, a retired seaman, takes a princess of Dahomey to be his wife. Her father, the King, dies and it is the custom of his people to slaughter the women in the palace in order that he not be buried alone.

To escape this fate, Targett smuggled his wife and their son out of the country and takes them to England. He purchases The Sailor's Return, a country inn, with the money received from his wife's dowry.

The white people in the community resented the presence of an African among them. The meaness and pettyness which they show Targett and his family indirectly results in the death of Targett.

It makes one wonder if perhaps the Africans were not less cruel even though they had periodic slaughtering festivals.

Targett's death leaves his wife destitute, she is forced to sell the Inn. The new owners gives her employment as a general flunky. This pleases the other white people in the community, for now they no longer have to pretend to accept her as one of them.

Davis Garnett, the author, has given readers an interesting insight into the attitudes which 19th century Englishmen had toward Africans.

Garnett sprang into fame with his book, "A Man in the Zoo," which won both the Hawthornden and James Tait Black Memorial prizes.

BOOK REVIEW

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

The Amiable Baltimoreans, by Francis F. Beirne. E. P. Dutton and Co., 300 Fourth Ave., New York. 400 pp. $5.00.

THE AMIABLE BALTIMOREANS is another volume in the Society in America Series, of which the very estimable THE PROPER BOSTONIANS was the first. THE AMIABLE BALTIMOREANS is estimable or not, depending on one's point of view. Undoubtedly it will strike many readers — indeed, perhaps most readers—as a delightfully urbane and witty history of Baltimore and its people.

Readers will learn about the four merchant chiefs—George Peabody, Johns Hopkins, Enoch Pratt and William Walters—who left great public monuments now known the world around. They will be told about the geography of Baltimore, and about its industry, and about its Germans and its Jews and its food.

In a dozen deft pages, readers will learn about its sports and its achievement in this line — the feat of one Mr. George Howell Parr, gentleman and bon vivant, who rolled from "south of Charles Street Avenue to University Parkway, a distance of...about three miles." Readers will get eight pages about Wallis Warfield Simpson Windsor in a chapter entitled "Belles and Beauties," and will probably be so entranced as to miss entirely the significance that this chapter is the second longest in the book.

Redding

He disposes of Morgan College in a total of seven sentences. Coppin is not mentioned at all. Either Mr. Beirne does not know or does not care that there are clothing and shoe stores in Baltimore that will not accept colored patronage; that Baltimore police have one of the worst records in the country for the treatment of colored; and that the city's colored ghettoes put to shame the noisome squalor of the ghettoes in Norfolk, Atlanta and Birmingham.

But of course most of the readers of THE AMIABLE BALTIMOREANS will not be colored, and the book will be highly praised as I said, for its charm, its urbanity and its wit.

Federal Security Agency Releases "Health Book"

WASHINGTON — The Public Health Service. Federal Security Agency, this week announced publication of Environment and Health, the first book in the Service's 153-year history dealing comprehensively with environmental health.

"The modern concept of health is not simply freedom from suffering but the positive enjoyment of life in wholesome surroundings," it was pointed out by Mark D. Hollis, Assistant Surgeon General and Chief Engineer Officer of the Public Health Service.

"Public health practice today has achieved effective control of most communicable disease, thanks to sanitation, bacteriology, and antibiotics," Mr. Hollis continued.

"The future of public health practice, apart from keeping a tight sanitary defense against disease outbreaks, moves in the direction of overcoming metabolic and geriatric problems and improving the environment of all persons.

"In keeping with modern health principles," Mr. Hollis explained, "the emphasis in Environment and Health is on the need for positive health rather than treatment of sickness, prevention rather than cure of disease, and public rather than personal and individual well-being."

Environmental tasks in public health which are reviewed in the book include: control of water and atmospheric pollution; improvements in the sanitary control of food and milk and in sanitary facilities for water supply and sewage disposal i nrural and sub-standard urban areas; measures to reduce home accidents and protect the health of men and women in the factory and the office; reduction of dental decay in children through fluoridation of public water supplies; modernization of refuse disposal systems; health problems of advancing chemical technology; achieving effective control of rats, flies, mosquitoes, ticks, and other disease-bearing pests and parasites.

The book discusses health measures applied to the natural environment: water, air, food and the various forms of animals and plant life which affect public health. The man-made environment -- environment of the home, the school, the working place, the park, swimming pool, and playground -- is discussed, along with health aspects of man-made radiations. The final chapters deal with administration of environmental health programs and research. A chapter on environmental health deals specifically with new trends and developments.

"Advances in environmental health can be attributed to many forces," Mr. Hollis said. 'Not only to official and professional health activities -- Federal, State, and local -- but also the industrial and social trends."

A limited edition of Environment and Health has been published for distribution to health departments, sanitary engineers ,schools of public health, and other professional audiences. The book is intended to serve both as a review of nevironmental health of the times and as a textbook for students of public health. Copies are available from the Superintendent of Documents. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C., at 75c each.

Bennett Staff Man Has Article Printed

GREENSBORO, N. C. — Lana Kerr, new member of the English Department at Bennett College, Greensboro, N. C., is author of the lead article in the Fall edition of "Carolina Quarterly," leading literary magazine published in North Carolina.

His story, "A Flag For A Soldier" is a section of his thesis being done towards his degree of master of fine arts at Woman's College — an extension division of the University of North Carolina. Kerr's work is being done under the supervision of the noted short story writer and critic, Robie Macauley, whose selections were chosen for publication this year in Best American Short Stories of 1951 and the O. Henry Memorial collection of short stories.

Kerr is teaching a class in creative writing, another in contemporary American novel and a freshman English class.

Thursday, December 20 1951

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Teacher's Second Story Published

MONTGOMERY, Ala.—This month's issue of the Ladies' Home Journal is carrying the second story written by Mary Elizabeth Jordan, local school teacher, who gained fame recently when her first story was published last June. The new story, "And Have Not Charity," tells of a minister's daughter and her illegitimate child.

Books of The Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

IT was with considerable excitement that many thousands of readers discovered Willard Motley's "Knock on Any Door" four years ago. That raw and brutal book about crime in the slums of Chicago was overlong and sometimes crude in its denunciation of the sins of society and the perils of an evil environment. But its dramatic force, its swaggeringly real characters and its exciting narrative punch made it memorable. Mr. Motley had a lot on the ball, so much that he easily struck out James T. Farrell right in his own backyard. The literary news today is that Mr. Motley's second novel, "We Fished All Night,"* isn't even minor-league material compared with its predecessor. As a work of fiction, it's strictly amateur.

Willard Motley

Willard Motley labored more than five years on "We Fished All Night." With an intense emotion which often lured him into painfully rapturous excesses of style, with furious determination to express his deepest convictions about society and his intimate knowledge of the seamy side of Chicago, Mr. Motley poured out a torrent of words, more than 240,000 of them. They include some good things—grimy passages of relentless realism, sharply accurate glimpses of the thought and speech and customs of various minority groups. But for every page of effective writing in "We Fished All Night" there are a dozen exasperatingly bad ones.

Churned in Post-War Morass

Rarely is a book published in such an incomplete, such an inchoate state as this. Here is the raw material for a novel, not a novel itself. Formless, confused, lumpy with undigested facts and ideas, "We Fished All Night" taxes credulity and exhausts patience. "Second-novel trouble" is an occupational hazard which has left permanent scars on hundreds of authors for hundreds of years. Mr. Motley's professional setback because of it is serious but not necessarily fatal. There is no reason why he should not recover himself and write many other books as good as, or better than, "Knock on Any Door."

"We Fished All Night" is the story of three young men in Chicago. All three were victims of an unfortunate environment and all three were particularly influenced by their experiences in the second World War. One was a tough but idealistic union organizer who returned from the wars with sexual obsessions that threatened to land him in jail or the insane asylum. One was an adolescent poet who cracked up and was discharged as a "psycho," who soon afterward lost his way permanently in the wilds of schizophrenia. The third and most important was Chet Kosinski, a lazy, dishonest, vain and fatuous young actor who called himself Don Lockwood.

Don was content to live off his mother, whom he despised, and off his mistress, whom he loved but not so much that he even considered being faithful to her. Don's vanity and hypocrisy are his principal characteristics. They inspired him to seek an acting career in a little theatre group. But they are entirely inadequate motivation for Don's post-war career as a resourceful, double-crossing machine politician. Don's failure to be a convincing individual is the most serious failure in characterization in "We Fished All Night."

Extremes in Characterization

But there are many other similar failures, some in minor characters who are difficult to distinguish from each other because of their general vagueness, some in characters of more importance who just seem ludicrous. The worst examples of these are several members of Chicago's plutocracy. Mr. Motley may not always succeed with his slum characters; but he at least writes with intimate authority about the way they live and the problems they face. But he falls into crude caricature when he tries to write about multimillionaires and a willful daughter of the rich. His portrayal of the unscrupulous boss of a great mail order house is about as subtle and penetrating as a cartoon in The Daily Worker.

Willard Motley seems to have been inspired by two powerful emotions in writing "We Fished All Night." Both are admirable. The first is a feeling of human brotherhood, of the common humanity of everycne no matter what his race, his religion, his accent or his color. The second is rage against war, the infinite suffering caused by the last one and the general dread of the next. But Mr. Motley has failed to use these emotions successfully in fictional terms. Some of his soldiers boasting in bars of the rapes and murders they have committed are no more convincing than his plutocrats. People, who are not professional criminals themselves, boast of real or imaginary deeds which are likely to be admired, not of crimes. A drunken soldier might boast of his powers as a Don Juan, hardly of his participation in a mass rape.

"We Fished All Night" is written according to the rigid conventions of the ultrarealists, which means that its pungent dialogue is clotted with obscenities and that its sexual episodes are explicitly detailed.

*WE FISHED ALL NIGHT. By Willard Motley. 560 pages. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.75.

The Negro's Faith In Christianity And Democracy

ON BEING A NEGRO IN AMERICA By J. Saunders Redding. *(Bobbs-Merrill; $3.)*

Neither Communists nor those who insist on maintaining segregation will find comfort in this thoughtful book.

Mr. Redding, who is professor of English at the Hampton (Va.) Institute, is an advocate of racial integration. Carried to ultimate ends, this would involve intermarriage, and he does not feel that it would jeopardize America and her amalgam of racial strains. But he is temperate in his approach to the problem and he admits that he has no ready cure. "Education," he says, "has failed and has become tiresome in its failure. Or perhaps it is only that prejudice and superstition have opposed any serious attempt to apply education as a remedy."

Where the Communists failed in their strenuous efforts to enlist American Negroes, he feels, was in the refusal of our colored citizens to abandon democracy and turn disloyal to their country, for all the injustices they have suffered. Communists . . . "could not understand why the colored people's hatred of discrimination, segregation and all the inequities did not lead naturally to a hatred of democracy. But it was like expecting them to hate God because preachers are sometimes rascals."

Mr. Redding is convinced that his people still have faith in democracy and in Christianity, feeling that more rather than less application of their principles would help them.

—CARTER BROOKE JONES.

Rogers Has New Book in Race, Color Series

J. A. Rogers, well-known newspaper man in his time, will soon have ready a new book in his Race and Color Series.

One chapter will deal with the coats of arms of the aristocracy of England, Spain, France, Germany, Austria, and Russia 300 years ago.

Mr. Rogers showed the AFRO the coats of arms of scores of leading famile of those countries in which was used the head, bust, and sometimes the entire figure of a colored person.

In many of these cases, the figures, male and female, were ornamented with crowns, scepters and other evidences of nobility. Mr. Rogers points out that earlier the African Moors had conquered Spain and sat on top of the world. It was considered stylish to have a colored member in the family.

These Aricans, called Moors, gave their names to many families now said to be genuine English. They include these family names: Moor, Moore, Moorehead, Morehouse, Morse, Morton, Morris, Moran, Morell and Moreman.

Refering to Governor Bladen's wife, as black, Mr. Rogers added, "she is called "black," and black must really have been meant, because there were blacks in the colony then.

"She was born in England where there were many Africans and there was no bar to marriage with whites."

BOOK REVIEW

By SANDERS REDDING

A Documentary History of the Colored People in the United States, by Herbert Aptheker. The Citadel Press, 120 East 25th St., New York. 960 pp. $7.50

Since Toynbee began publishing his monumental work, the western world's concept of history has shifted back to what it was in Gibbon's time and what it remained in Hegel's and Macaulay's time. That concept declared history to be an account of events, usually systematically presented but deriving their importance less from the summation of a record than from the exposition of the philosophy which informed the record.

In other words, history was the illustration of the philosophical ideas by which man at various stages of his existence has tried to live. Prior to Toynbee. Traill and Trevelyan had popularized an even older concept of history—that concept which states history to be a mere record of events and the historian's business to be the setting down of the record without fear or favor.

Reading

First Concept

The earliest saga-makers of both the eastern and the western worlds pretended to follow this concept of history. In the first concept, history is diagnosis and evaluation. In the second it is neither.

I suppose that either concept will do when it is applied to the history of a nation, or a culture, or a broad social movement. But neither will do when, as in Aptheker's work, a small ethnic or cultural group within a nation, or a culture or a social movement is the subject.

Nations and cultures and social movements have a way of ignoring the minorities which they absorb, even when (as instance, colored people in the United States) those minorities have been the cause of great social change and have helped make the nation and the culture possible.

In the introduction to his valuable **Documentary History of the Negro People,** Herbert Aptheker puts it quite bluntly.

"A jim-crow society breeds and needs a jim crow historiography. The dominant historiography in the United States either omits the colored people or presents them as a people without a past, as a people who have been docile, passive, parasitic, imitative. This picture is a lie. The colored people, the most oppressed of all people in the United States, have been militant, active, creative, productive."

Though this paragraph is a statement of what the **Documentary History** proves, it is not set down as a thesis. It is merely a polemical assertion which Aptheker has every right to make in his introduction. The rest of the work is pure history.

Collection

As the title implies, it is a collection of documents by and about colored people, held together by only such explanatory matter as is necessary to cohesion. The documents show what the colored people were saying, thinking, feeling and doing at any given period of time.

Nothing important is left out, even when (as in the instance of Booker Washington and occasionally of Kelly Miller) it tends to weaken the polemic. The historical evidence that the colored people in the United States have always had a will to freedom and a powerful urge towards equality and justice, is overwhelming.

Herbert Aptheker presents that evidence in its purest form. Here are the colored people.

But this work is valuable for another reason. It is itself the result of such assiduous research, that it will solve certain research problems for a generation of students. There are more than four-hundred and fifty documents—primary sources — and many of them have never before been published.

They bear upon, when they do not reveal, social, political and economic movements in which colored persons have played major parts in the Revolutionary period, the early National period, the Abolitionist era, the Civil War period, Reconstruction—down to the founding of the NAACP.

A New Dixie For the Few

ORIGINS OF THE NEW SOUTH, 1877-1913. By C. Vann Woodward. Illustrated. 542 pp. Vol. IX of A History of the South, edited by Wendell Holmes Stephenson and E. Merton Coulter. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. $6.50.

By BELL IRVIN WILEY

A GEORGIA campaign manager recently presented his chief to an Atlanta audience with the climactic phrase: "He is the greatest statesman produced by our commonwealth since the days of Gen. John B. Gordon." If this introducer ever reads C. Vann Woodward's "Origins of the New South," he will probably discard, and permanently, any such allusion to Gordon. Furthermore, he will hardly deem it politic to associate his champion's name with that of Henry Grady or any of the other men who helped redeem Georgia and her sister states from the Reconstruction era's Carpetbaggers.

The picture which Woodward draws of Gordon, Grady and other Redeemers is not a pretty one. Even such giants as Henry Watterson, Wade Hampton and L. Q. C. Lamar are revealed as having streaks of clay in their underpinning. The author shows that New South leaders were often tied by strings of self-interest to Yankee corporations, and that some who were loudest in echoing the Rebel Yell were also the most active in promoting profitable connections with Northern capitalists. The New South which they sponsored was a South calculated to serve a privileged few on both sides of the Mason and Dixon line.

POLITICS and business figure prominently in the author's treatment of the South's history during the troublous period from Hayes to Wilson. That is only a part of his story. He probes deeply into thought patterns, education, agriculture, religion, philanthropy, literature, social trends and race relations. All of these topics are developed with the knowledge, balance and skill of the scholarly craftsman, and with a sly humor and a degree of literary charm rarely encountered outside the ranks of professional writers.

To a much greater extent than the usual run of histories, this is a pioneer work. It is full of new detail and exceedingly rich in fresh interpretation. Its quality is such that henceforth no one who has not explored its pages can consider himself informed in any aspect of the so-called New South. In writing this outstanding book, Vann Woodward, already distinguished for his "Tom Watson" and "Reunion and Reaction," clearly establishes himself as a leading figure among Southern historians.

Mr. Wiley is Professor of History at Emory University and the author of "The Life of Johnny Reb."

Knock on Any Door
New World A Coming
No Green Pastures
On Being a Negro in America

Fall Books

Books by three well-known Negro authors are slated for fall publication. Willard Motley, who won much critical acclaim for his first novel, "Knock On Any Door," has completed another novel of Chicago life which is due for November release. The title is "We Fished All Night" and the book deals with the underworld of Chicago politics. The publisher is Appleton-Century-Crofts.

Roi Ottley, author of the successful "New World A Coming" will be represented by "No Green Pastures," a book based on his experiences as a war correspondent in World War II.

"On Being A Negro In America" is the title of the new book by J. Saunders Redding announced for fall publication by Bobbs-Merrill. Mr. Redding has a number of excellent books to his credit including "Stranger and Alone," a novel, "No Day of Triumph" and "To Make A Poet Black."

BOOKS AND THINGS

By LEWIS GANNETT

ON BEING NEGRO IN AMERICA. By J. Saunders Redding. Bobbs. 156 pages. $3.

NO GREEN PASTURES. By Roi Ottley. Scribners. 234 pages. $3.

J. SAUNDERS REDDING taught, during the depression, in Louisville, where a white slum crawls to the edge of a Negro campus. And one winter day, standing at a window, he saw a sick and scantily clad white woman lurch across her yard and fall in the snow. A few steps would have taken him to her aid. But he paused, and telephoned the police instead. He was Negro. He knew about the Negro in Alabama who had taken a white child to the hospital in his car, and been lynched on the way home by men who accused him of kidnaping a white woman.

"On Being Negro in America"

Exceptional cases? Maybe, but part of the psychology of being Negro in America.

Near Hampton, Va., where Mr. Redding now teaches, his wife was accustomed to buy groceries at a roadside co-operative. For a few weeks, when a second child was imminent, Mr. Redding did the marketing, taking his eight-year-old son with him. Every day the boy played eagerly with a white boy of the same age, who usually came with a Negro maid. One afternoon the white boy was accompanied by his father. The next day, instead of shouting a greeting at Mr. Redding's son, this boy said sullenly, "I can't play with you." Finally, emotion catching up with his obscure sense of guilt, he added, "Because you're a nigger, that's why. I'm better'n you. My father said so. Yah-yah, nigger, go peddle your papers."

J. Saunders Redding

Mr. Redding went home to try to explain prejudice to his son. "No one has ever made the anatomy of prejudice simple enough for children," he comments. He is right. He does not think the answer is as simple as his mother thought. She believed that the moral exercise of individual initiative was enough to overcome the handicap of a colored skin. Mr. Redding's father, a leader of his race in Wilmington, said to Saunders as he set off for Brown University, "A Negro's just as good as anybody else, but he's always got to prove it. You'll have to do twice as much twice better than your white classmates. Those white people will be judging the race by you."

That didn't seem fair to Mr. Redding then, and it doesn't seem fair now. His somber, eloquent little book is a kind of bitter self-analysis, and an exposition of the moral dilemma of modern America. "In so far as the American people, who lead the Western World," he says, "believe that democracy is the enduring frame of unity . . . they must realize that Western democratic civilization has arrived at the point at which the path of development proper to man and necessary to democracy is marked 'Integration.'" They can't sell "democracy" to the world while practicing segregation at home.

Mr. Redding is understandably bitter about the Byrneses and Rankins, who stand stalwartly for segregation, and still go to church on Sundays. He might, I think, have had a word for the senior orator at Charleston (S. C.) City College last June, who denounced segregation and was approved by his classmates, or by the editor of the Mississippi college paper who advised Mississippi to give up its academic ghettos, and stood by his guns under attack. The young South may be more significant than the bitter old men.

"No Green Pastures" in Europe

Roi Ottley went to Europe in 1944 as a war correspondent, and remained until 1946 to follow the color line for "The Pittsburgh Courier." His "No Green Pastures" is a readable hop-skip-jump compilation of personal impressions, historical incidents, exotic anecdotes. As Mr. Ottley saw it, he found himself, an American Negro, regarded as a sort of walking success story. All across Europe Old World Negroes looked upon American Negroes as the aristocracy who had produced their race's greatest leaders. Most of the European Negroes wanted to migrate to America. (Nearly half a million Negro emigrants have come here in the last fifty years, Mr. Ottley says.)

The explicit American inter-racial *mores* were missing, and this was a liberating experience to Mr. Ottley. But as he looked closer, and listened, he concluded that Europe too had its racism, usually in proportion as it had colored colonies on other continents.

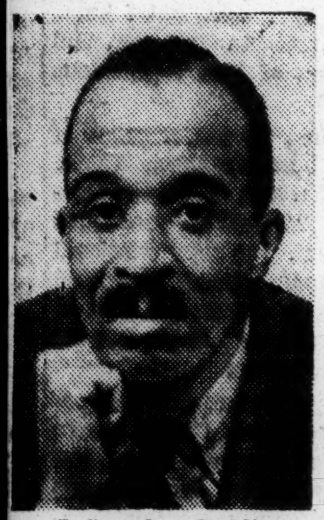
England's docksides had worse black slums than Harlem, and a Negro laborer found it hard to get a job. France had a sentimental interest in the "exotic" Negro; low man on the color bar in France was the dark-skinned Arab. But both Italy and Germany seemed to Mr. Ottley freer of prejudice than France. Along the borders of the Iron Curtain he found Communists constantly exploiting their reports of race lines in America. The Mayor of Budapest thought it odd that America should have sent a Georgian to check on the status of democracy in the Balkans. Islam seemed genuinely free of color prejudice; Mr. Ottley thought he saw it in the segregation of the dark-skinned Yemenite Jews in Tel Aviv.

His stories are high-spirited; his generalizations interesting, if sometimes sketchy.

Books of The Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

"THIS is personal," says J. Saunders Redding of his new book, "On Being Negro in America."* "I speak only for myself." That is all anyone can do, although it is one of the most persistent of human follies to arrogate to oneself the right to speak for others. Mr. Redding is the author of four previous books, a Professor of English at the Hampton Institute, a thoughtful scholar, an incisive writer, a painfully troubled man of good will perplexed and tormented by the manifold injustices of a world he never made.



J. Saunders Redding

"From adolescence to death there is something very personal about being a Negro in America," says Mr. Redding. There is indeed, and many a book before his has been written about it. Of these many have expressed such anger and bitterness that they seemed as if they were written in blood. Many others have sagged beneath an excessive load of sociological facts and arguments. Mr. Redding's is the shortest, simplest and most dignified I have read.

But its dignity cannot hide the agony of spirit that has gone into it. Its restraint of expression does not obscure the intransigent nature of Mr. Redding's conclusions about the race problem in this country. This is a heartfelt and quietly moving book and a controversial one.

Perplexities in Dual Existence

To be a Negro in America, says Mr. Redding, is to lead a double life. One life consists of the normal, the immediate, the practical. The other consists of worry and resentment and humiliation, of continual adjustments to discriminations and prejudice. The wounds the ego receives in childhood fester throughout life. The ancient assumptions about inherent inferiority (rather than inferior opportunity) may have been weakened by modern scientific and liberal thought, but they still prevail. So the Negro father who sees the pattern repeated when his own children are despised and rejected is driven back again and again into a morbid preoccupation with self and with race.

In recent years, Mr. Redding says, Communists have tried to enlist Negroes by appeals to their racial feeling. In the majority of cases they have failed, Mr. Redding believes, because of three things: the Negroes' faith in the ideals of democracy, freedom, equality and justice; their religion, and their patriotism. Mr. Redding tells several interesting stories of crude efforts to trick him into joining the Communist fold, one of them a crass attempt to bribe him by a promise to make his books best sellers and his income as large as Howard Fast's.

Although Mr. Redding recognizes that the Negro's lot in America improves a little with every generation, he finds that improvement so pitifully slow that he believes it is a disgrace to our democracy and a denial of it. He puts no stock in "gradualism," education, Negro chauvinism (which means emphasis on the Negro's position as a separate people), or in violent radicalism.

An Apostle of Full Integration

"I am an integrationist," says Mr. Redding. And it is here that he reaches his most controversial position, because by integration he means the removal of all legal and customary social barriers against Negroes, including those against intermarriage.

J. Saunders Redding does not admit that there could be any sound reasons against the desirability of the complete integration he advocates. He does admit that he knows of no specific steps by which it can be achieved. He has no illusions about the strength of traditional social customs in this country. But he insists that immediate integration, somehow even if it seems impossible, is necessary.

This is the way he puts it: "Western democratic civilization has arrived at the point at which the path of development proper to man and necessary to democracy is marked 'integration.' If it is not chosen now, then the American people must reform their wants, modify detrusively their ideals, and deliberately dissolve those organic bonds of principle which give the ultimate meaning to democracy. They must stop being moved by the symbols 'the inalienable rights of man,' 'the pursuit of happiness,' 'liberty' and 'equality' and enshrine instead of these symbols of man's hope, those of fear—survival, collective security. The journey down the path of integration is not one to be put off until tomorrow. Tomorrow is now."

Whatever the practical obstacles that make Mr. Redding's plea for immediate integration futile, whatever reasonable objections might be raised against it, the significance of his position is important. "On Being Negro in America" is not the angry protest of a zealot. It is not the inflammatory rhetoric of a soap-box orator. It contains the considered conclusions of a highly intelligent and cultivated man. Mr. Redding disclaims speaking for others. But I do not doubt that many Negroes would be glad to authorize him to speak for them.

*ON BEING NEGRO IN AMERICA. By J. Saunders Redding. 156 pages. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

The Mote Is There

NO GREEN PASTURES. By Roi Ottley. 234 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

By THOMAS SUGRUE

THE field research for this book was done while its author was a war correspondent and some of the material it contains is therefore dated. Observations on the Near East and on the "black Jews" of Palestine, for example, are in the nature of history rather than of reportage; notes on the treatment of Negroes in the Balkans and Greece—where there literally are no Negroes—turn out to be only travel anecdotes. The meat of the volume, the solid and perceptive portion, has to do with the attitude of the British and French and Italians toward Negroes and the conditions under which Negroes live among these three peoples. On this matter Roi Ottley—whose story of the Negro in America, "Black Odyssey," appeared several years ago—has facts, figures and a message.

The message is mainly for American Negroes, and it is this: European racial tolerance and lack of color prejudice is a sham; Europeans who have colonies have a race complex; Europeans who find Negroes an economic threat discriminate against them as do Americans. Negroes from America should not consider the treatment they receive in Europe as typical of Europe's treatment of all Negroes; the American Negro is a novelty, a Christian, a well-heeled Yank, and often an educated and talented person.

The Englishman or Frenchman considers him a different breed from the Negro of his colonies and from the Negro who lives alongside him as a fellow citizen. England's Negro citizens are discriminated against in employment, in housing and in society; thousands of Negro men live in a vicious slum near the London docks, unable to get decent employment, supported by the white prostitutes with whom they live.

The French, like the English, are critical of racialism in the United States, but without the hypocrisy of the British." There is today, he adds, continual discussion of the relations between white and Negro Americans in the French press. But the French attitude, as he pretty well proves, is basically sentimental, as the colored population of the French colonies can testify. The Italians are genuinely liberal, but then, as Ottley mentions, there is a lot of Negro blood in Southern Italy and Southern Italians admit it. Moreover, Italy has no colonies now, and therefore no race problem.

Mr. Sugrue is the author of "Watch for the Morning," a book about Israel, and "Stranger in the Earth," a spiritual autobiography.

Roi Ottley.

Across the Mediterranean, in the part of Palestine which was to become Israel, the author was cheered by the treatment Yemenite Jews were receiving from European Jews. But Yemenite Jews, a handsome and fairly light-skinned people, were only handicapped by their lack of skills; for a while they did housework and hard labor; education is now raising their status in Israel, where they intermarry freely with European Jews. Their experience is, therefore, not a real hope for Ottley.

THE author's best news is the discovery—which he joyously admits—that American Negroes are the élite of the colored world, years ahead of their brothers elsewhere, envied and admired, and with more progress to their credit in eighty years than some of Europe's peasants in half a millennium. This, of course, with regard to race prejudice in general, is only damning America with faint praise while damning the rest of the world with the appalling truth.

It is a helpful and an honest statement, however, at a time when, as Ottley points out, both our friends and our enemies in the world of nations are pointing a snobbish finger at our treatment of Negroes and screwing their countenances into a holier-than-thou grimace. To them Ottley says, "Look for the mote in your own eye." It is there, and this sharp and documented report finds it.

GUIDED 350,000 CAREERS:

League Helped Open Skilled Job Field

NEW YORK—The 1950 activities of the National Urban League reflect the impact of the present national emergency on the American economy. This is apparent in the 1950 Year-End-Summary released by the League.

The summary tells how the League's 58 affiliates have been alerted to serve in critical fields of job placement, vocational guidance and community planning. It describes conferences between League executives and top government officials to insure "defense effort."

The summary also outlines the League's opposition to Communism native fascism and racism, and constructive high points in this drive.

During 1950 the League concentrated on developing higher skilled jobs for qualifeid workers. This resulted in placing 38 qualified workers in technical and professional positions with major national corporations.

At the same time the agency referred for routine jobs more than 10,000 workers and 1000 employers to public employment services in 30 states.

This was in accordance with a mutual agreement of far-reaching significance worked out between the League and the U. S. Employment Service.

The League conducted vocational guidance clinics in Grand Rapids, Mich., and Dayton, Ohio, and brought to the campus of a colored college for the first fime representatives of major American industries for a two-day "Career Conference."

Aided 350,000

Working through 362 schools, colleges and other service agencies, the League, in 1950 alone, helped 350,000 young persons with their guidance and training problems.

Other major efforts by the League during the year included socio-economic studies of seven cties and industries and conferences with government officials on housing.

Primarily through League action colored persons were included for the first time in all delegations from Southern states to the Mid-century White House Conference on Children and Youth.

A Review of the Accomplishments of the Negroes in Business During 1950 and a forecast for 1951.

Our Opinions

The Negro In Busines:

A REVIEW of the accomplishments of Negroes in business during 1950 and a forecast for 1951 has been prepared by Emmer Martin Lancaster of the Department of Commerce in Washington. Mr. Lancaster's report reveals that our citizens are meeting the challenges in the field of business with more intelligence and more courage than ever before.

Mr. Lancaster states among other things that the "asset volume of banking institutions owned and operated by Negroes continues to rise. Total resources of 14 Negro owned banks now approximate $35 million."

He also states that "a significant business development during the year was the joint financing of dwellings and projects for Negro occupancy fostered by two prominent Negro insurance companies. The North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company jointly approved commitments in the sum of $800,000 for the mortgage fiancing of 210 houses for Negro families to be built at a cost of $1,200,000 in their respective communities of Durham and Memphis."

While it is predicted that the national emergency will work some hardships on all small businesses in 1951, Mr. Lancaster is confident that the Negroes in the field will continue to show substantial progress. The defense program will bring "enlarged work opportunities and a distinct improvement in our credit status and purchasing power."

The Negro in business has too long been the "forgotten man" in our society. Nevertheless, we shall not move forward as a group unless he leads the way. Money talks and we are not going to win first class citizenship in America without taking our rightful place and assuming our full obligations in the field of economics and business. We have got to learn to use money more effectively and spend it less foolishly.

We predict that the Negro in business in the next few years will do more to elevate the status of our group than any other segment of the society. He is putting his capital to good use and supplying the basic needs of our citizens in open competition with those who do not have the handicaps of color and discrimination. His success will assure the early abolition of the evils about which we talk so much but do so little.

26b 1951

A Short History of Philosophy From the Renaissance to Hegel

Force U. Prexy Completes Book

WILBERFORCE, Ohio -- Although Dr. Charles Leander Hill has been a busy man as president of Wilberforce University, lecturer and traveler, he has still found time to write a book on philosophy. His book, "A Short History of Philosophy From the Renaissance to Hegel," has just been released.

Carry Me Back' Composer Sang Here

A SONG IN HIS HEART. By John Jay Daly. Introduction by Sen. Harry F. Byrd. Illustrated by Marian L. Larer. Winston. 102 pp. $3.

SEVENTY-SEVEN years ago next month, a young Negro, encouraged by John Ford, sang a new composition for George Primrose, the great minstrel man of the day, in Ford's Theater here.

The song was, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," now the State's official song. The young man was James A. Bland, destined to become a famous entertainer himself and as a composer to be likened to Stephen Foster, who had died a decade earlier.

John Daly, a former drama editor of The Washington Post, has written with sentimental warmth the story of Bland, a story that should be a natural for Hollywood.

Bland, the son of free Negroes, was born in Flushing, Long Island, October 22, 1854. He came to Washington with his parents following the Civil War.

"JIMMY" BLAND, whose father was a great advocate of education, went to Howard University. There the boy with the banjo met Mannie Friend, and though they were never married, her love followed him all his life, according to Daly.

Bland's first love, presumably the only love to which he was constant, was music. His interview with Primrose was not immediately productive of a job on the stage, though it did bring him some recognition as a composer. Bland had to wait until he could join a Negro minstrel troupe, for Primrose and his fellows were all "blackface" entertainers, and many theaters did not allow Negro performers.

When Bland eventually joined a minstrel troupe, his success was immediate, and when he went to England he was so gratified by his popularity that he remained there for several years.

His popularity eventually waned, as public taste in entertainment shifted, and he returned in poverty to Washington.

After a few months he went to Philadelphia, where his early childhood had been spent, and died there penniless and forgotten in May, 1911.

BESIDES "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," Bland wrote such songs as "Oh, Dem Golden Slippers," "You Could Have Been True," the words of which had been written by Mannie Friend in their youth, and "In the Evening by the Moonlight."

Bland is credited with composing about 700 melodies, although only 38 were copyrighted, and with originating the fifth string for the banjo. Words and music for eight of his songs are included in "A Song in His Heart."

Daly has written the story of Bland with appreciation for the paths and nostalgia for Washingtonians, the story of the composer who once played in Lafayette Square, in Willard's Hotel and Harvey's Restaurant will have special appeal.—L. G.

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

It is good to see a book devoted to the life and times of James A. Bland after the long neglect of the Negro composer of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" and many other well known tunes. In "A Song in His Heart," John Jay Daly has given full credit to Bland both as a composer and as a minstrel. His book is fictionalized biography, however, and as too often happens there is no clear line drawn between what is actual fact and what has been added.

James Bland was born in 1854 in Flushing, Long Island, of a long line of free Negroes. In Flushing and later in Washington the family knew real poverty although the father was a well educated man who later finished law school at Howard. His son James' absorbing interest in music and especially in life as an entertainer pained the father especially.

Young Bland began composing long before he was able to write down his music since he had had no instruction. He had won considerable acclaim by the age of twenty and had written the song for which he is best remembered today, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." He later spent many years in England where he was the "idol of the music halls." But when he returned to this country in the early 1900's he was broke and disheartened. From that time until his death in Philadelphia in 1911, the years were full of discouragement and illness.

Mr. Daly has written of James Bland with great sympathy. In his first chapter he tells of the belated discovery of Bland's grave near Philadelphia and the erection of a monument to him by the Lions Clubs of Virginia. Governor Tuck of Virginia was present to pay tribute to the composer of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

Of the many hundreds of songs Bland composed he copyrighted only 35. Too often his work was confused with that of Stephen Foster because both wrote in the same nostalgic Southern vein. As in Foster's songs, the words of Bland's are mostly in dialect which detracts from the lyrics today.

Words and music of eight of Bland's songs are included here and there are a number of illustrations by Marian L. Larer, a few of which are stiff and stylized. "A Son In His Heart" is another step in the direction of recognition of one of America's able composers.

"A Song In His Heart" by John Jay Daly; The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia; 1951; $3.00.

Poetry Lovers Hear Gwendolyn Brooks

NEW YORK. — (ANP) — Poetess Gwendolyn Brooks of Chicago thrilled 150 Columbia university Barnard college women here recently at the Second Conference for English Majors on the Morningside Heights campus.

Miss Brooks read from her book, "A Street in Bronzeville" and she told her listeners the stories behind the stories of some of her poems.

Her sonnets from Children of the Poor, she said, were inspired by her 10-year-old son who told her the incidents involved. Certain other poems she revealed, recalled own past experiences.

After her formal talk, Miss Brooks chatted informally with the school's lovers of good literature. She said she is in the process of compiling a book of short stories for publications. Dr. John Rouwenhoven, chairman of the Barnard English department and contributing editor of Harper's magazine, introduced Miss Brooks at the conference.

Miss Fancy will please Yerby fans

A WOMAN CALLED FANCY, by Frank Yerby. Dial Press. $3.

In his last previous book, "Floodtide," Frank Yerby gave us the story of a man who came from "under the hill" at Natchez to become a business and social success. In "A Woman Called Fancy," we have the story of a white girl born of South Carolina sharecroppers who fled from poverty and the prospect of a loveless marriage to the city of Augusta. There, in her way, she also became a business and social success.

There are other differences than sex and locale, of course. Ross Pary, in "Floodtide," handsome and talented, lived a life of rather easy virtue. Fancy Williamson, beautiful and passionate, knew that with her background, she could grant her favors only in marriage. And therein she is quite a few shades above some of Yerby's heroines.

* * *

THE TIME is shortly after the Civil War. A scion of Southern aristocracy, impoverished by the war and emancipation, struggles to become a part of the new Southern industry. His effort is hampered by intrigue and his own violent and unsteady nature. But Fancy, of course, supplies the catalyst of success and happiness.

Fancy is quite a gal. No angel, but superior to her birth and her reputation, she emerges as one of Yerby's best-done characters. The novel as a whole is not Yerby's best, nor is it his worst. It will please the Yerby fans who are quite numerous.—L. A. THOMASON.

Talk With Frank Yerby

By HARVEY BREIT

EVERY once in a while—not often, mind you—there appears on the literary horizon an author who, for one reason or another, can't help but produce best-selling novels. Frances Parkinson Keyes is one such. Frank Yerby is another. Now, take Frank Yerby: at the ripe age of not quite 35, he has come up with his sixth novel, "A Woman Called Fancy," and the chances are very good (as good, say, as Ray Robinson beating Jake LaMotta in a rematch) that it will be a thumping best seller, as were the five novels before it. Each of the five were book-club selections and each had a distribution of at least a million copies. "The Foxes of Harrow," Mr. Yerby's first, went to over two million.

The phenomenal Mr. Yerby was born in Augusta, Ga., a town he lived in pretty steadily for his first twenty years. He went to school in Augusta's Paine College, to Fisk, to the University of Chicago. "I was a fairly dreadful kind of student," Mr. Yerby says. "Non-athletic, very studious, took scholastic honors, what the boys today would call a grind. I had my master's at 21, and I could have had my doctorate at 23 if I hadn't run out of money. Which," Mr. Yerby sagely addended, "is all to the good."

How did Mr. Yerby write a novel? "I've done a novel every year for six years," Mr. Yerby said. That meant, then, quite a tight regimen, didn't it? Mr. Yerby nodded. "I frequently write right around the clock," he said. "I work as much as eighteen hours a day. Not only that; I rewrite. I rewrote 'Fancy' three times. And not only that: I do a lot of research. I read, read, read for my preliminary work. I've been spending as much as six hours a day in the library on background material for my new novel."

MR. YERBY didn't exactly hesitate. He said, "My notes for a novel always outweigh in bulk the novel itself. Sometimes it's three times over." Well, this data struck an observer as all to the good; at least, one could feel, Mr. Yerby's novels weren't "quickies." It turned out that Mr. Yerby had pretty strong feelings on the entire matter of the relationship between writer and reader.

"I think the novelist," Mr. Yerby said, "has a professional obligation to please his reading public." At the age of 20, when Mr. Yerby was writing poetry for the little magazines, was he writing for any other reason than that he had to? Or wasn't that it? Of course that was it.

Frank Yerby.

"Because a writer has a duty to his reader," Mr. Yerby said with honest passion, "it doesn't mean in any way that he has the right to write *down* to his reader. All the brows, high, middle and low, should be able to read his book, but for different reasons. The novelist has no right whatsoever to insult his public."

If one took a hypothetical situation in which Mr. Yerby found his work [illegible] any correspondence response in the reading public, would he go on writing? "I would have to," Mr. Yerby said. "I write because I have to. What I get out of it financially doesn't come under consideration at all. I write exactly what I feel and think I want to do, but within that framework I try to give pleasure to the reading public. Take it from the other angle: the novelist hasn't any right to inflict on the public his private ideas on politics, religion or race. If he wants to preach he should go on the stump. I mean this from a professional, artistic point of view."

There would be many instances of accepted great novels that Mr. Yerby would have to combat. Mr. Yerby knew it. "Now, for example," he said, "when I read 'Anna Karenina,' I find myself skipping the political, peasant-in-relation-to-the-land parts. I really feel Tolstoy was getting that sort of thing out of his system. That sort of thing just isn't the novelist's job."

WHAT if you were a novelist interested in contemporary political life? "It's important to know," Mr. Yerby countered, "your character's emotional life, his emotional reaction to political ideas, but what the political ideas themselves are is a matter of indifference to the novelist. I hate above all things the heavy hand of the author offstage creaking the on-stage machinery. The novelist must try to write with a universality of appeal so that it hits all segments of the people. To do that, a novel must have characters that are alive and a story that is interesting. It is my contention that a really great novel is made with a knife and not a pen. A novelist must have the intestinal fortitude to cut out even the most brilliant passage so long as it doesn't advance the story."

Did Mr. Yerby feel he had the intestinal fortitude? "I do," he said, "but not enough. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. I have learned though. My danger has always been a too great fluency. I used to be adjective-happy. Now I cut them with so much severity that I find I have to put a few adjectives back."

BOOKS AND THINGS

By LEWIS GANNETT

A WOMAN CALLED FANCY. By Frank Yerby Dial. 340 pages. $3.

THIS is Frank Yerby's sixth novel—one a year beginning in 1946—and all five of its predecessors have sold more than a million copies each in "hard-back" editions. Those that have gone into 25-cent reprints have been printed in half-million-copy editions. That is a phenomenal record. I see no reason why "A Woman Called Fancy" should not match it: it begins in a mood reminiscent of "Tobacco Road," and ends as romantically as "Gone With the Wind."

Gone With the Wind, Out of Tobacco Road

Fancy Williamson's mother looked "a mite older than the mule, and not half as human." Her pappy never did anything but drown his sorrows with his little moon jug. In seven generations of Williamsons, Fancy was the first ever to learn to read and write but when she was nineteen, "a small, slight girl whose hair was blacker than the wing feathers of a crow and whose eyes were the exact color of the evening sky come harvest time," her father planned to sell her off to a lecherous old goat of sixty-five, in return for payment of the family debts, and her mother agreed.

Frank Yerby

"Don't you reckon I get tired of folks pitying me 'cause I come from dirt and ain't never going somewheres?" cried Fancy. "But I am going somewheres, and not with this horny old buzzard, neither!" And she did go somewheres. She lit out for Augusta, where she promptly attracted the attention of Duke Ellis, the biggest and handsomest man she had ever seen, who tried to ply her with liquor until she conked him in the head with a brass poker; of Wyche Weathers, a rich man's son temporarily turned traveling medicine-showman, who gave her shelter and treated her with respect; of Jed Hawkins, a red-headed politician who never got over craving for her; and of Courtney Brantley, a run-down aristocrat with a "hurt-ugly, pain-twisted smile," whom she loved at first sight and forever after, even when he thought her a little fluff of hill trash.

Jed Hawkins is the Rhett Butler of the story, Courtney Brantley the Ashley Wilkes, and the story is as packed with action, with period color (Mr. Yerby's period is 1880-'94) and with ambivalent notions of "aristocracy" (something to satisfy every taste) as "Gone With the Wind" itself. Mr. Yerby knows how to keep a story moving; he wastes no time over psychological subtleties, and he is prodigal with moral and amoral sentiment.

"Sneer at (brother) Phil's high brown wench if you want to," said one of Courtney's unmarried sisters, "but she's better than us. She could at least get a man." "It ain't where a person comes from, but where's she's going that counts," Fancy told Court when he was in one of his hoity-toity moods. But she loved Court, even when he was rough. "Where's your pride?" Jed Hawkins once asked her. "Haven't any," Fan replied. "People in love never do." She was amazed to discover that she could be attracted by Jed, too, not having learned that "decency was never lack of temptation," but in time she came to understand that "nobody on earth is capable of loving another person all the time, or even as much sometimes as she does at others."

"You look so sad and mad with yourself for getting mixed up with poor white trash like me," Fancy told Courtney. "I'm just going to tell you a few things—like how it feels to love a man who doesn't love you back." Court couldn't believe her, but Fan was a good girl, even by the fastidious standards of female virtue in a proud old Southern town. It takes the whole book for Court to understand Fan. Court was all mixed up with his boyhood passion for his brother's wife, a girl from a fine old Boston family, who, as her husband told her on her deathbed, was "going to see hell."

Lilting Melodrama

This is romantic melodrama—as was "Gone With the Wind." But it is also, as "Gone With the Wind" was, swift-moving story-telling, and with a lilt of Southern speech in it that makes music even of a street brawl. Why Fan should have loved Court so steadfastly may be something of a mystery, but the true love of the best medieval stories also had more than a bit of the improbable about it. And melodrama, as the cult of the "Western" proves, is still not without its devotees.

Mr. Yerby is a graduate of Paine College in Augusta and Fisk University in Tennessee, and he has taught at Florida A. and M. College and at Southern University in Baton Rouge. He is, I think, the most successful writer of his race—unless one include Dumas and Pushkin—and the first in America to win popularity without exploiting his background. He has made his way on his merit as a popular story-teller.

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

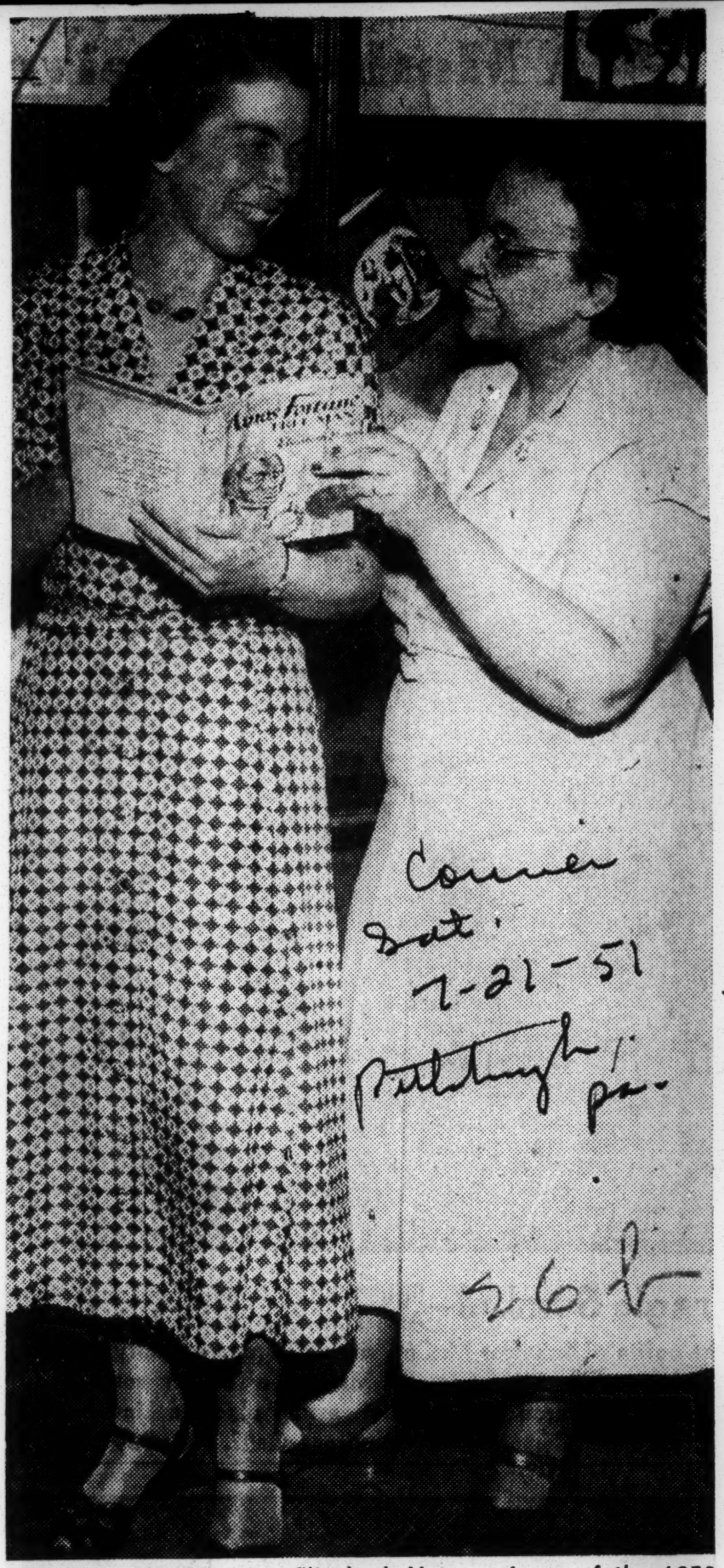
"A Woman Called Fancy" by Frank Yerby; Dial Press; New York City; 1951.

FRANK YERBY in his latest novel, "A Woman Called Fancy," writes of still another triangle. Like his earlier books, this is a historical novel and its setting is Georgia in the last two decades of the 19th century. Mr. Yerby writes here with the same romantic dash and his characters are the same extremes of beauty and gallantry.

The book centers around a poor white girl, Fancy Williamson, who hates the life of her family in the Carolina hills. When she finds her father determined to marry her to an old but solvent farmer she flees to Augusta where, in no time at all, her beauty wins her suitors and fame of a sort.

The other figures in the triangle are Courtland Brantley, son of a once wealthy family, and his brother's wife, Fern. Court pines for Fern throughout the book and in the course of many disillusioning experiences which might have shaken the affection and faith of a lesser man. He marries Fancy who has kept her virtue despite the advances of numerous men. Unlike the more spirited characters of other Yerby novels, Fancy suffers Court's love for Fern in more or less resigned fashion.

In the beginning it seemed that the author had turned to new material and a new type of character in Fancy but in the end she is fitted into what has become a Yerby formula. As always his narrative skill carrier the story forward but the characters resemble puppets in fancy dress. But like each of his five earlier novels, "A Woman Called Fancy" seems destined for the best seller list.



MEDAL WINNER—Miss Elizabeth Yates, winner of the 1950 Newberry award for her book, "Amos Fortune, Free Man," the story of an ex-slave, as the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children, is shown with Mrs. Charlemae Rollins, Hall Branch children's librarian, who is a member of the committee which selects the best book written and illustrated for children. They are shown at tea at Hall Library the day before the awards were made at a banquet at the Palmer House Grand Ballroom last Tuesday.—Willis Photo.

ALADDIN BOOKS ARE ALL WAYS BETTER

WINNER OF THE NEWBERY.... MEDAL 1950

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Amos Fortune FREE MAN

by Elizabeth Yates

Illustrated by Nora S. Unwin

AMOS FORTUNE is the dramatic tale of a man, born in Africa, captured, and sold as a slave in Boston, who later, through hard work and faithful service, earned enough money to purchase his own freedom and that of several other Negroes. A true story reflecting the dignity and worth of an individual. $2.50

Also by Elizabeth Yates
Children of the Bible, $2.00
The Christmas Story, $2.00

Winner also of the N. Y. Herald Tribune Spring Festival Award as the best book for older boys and girls.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES • WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

An American Challenge

Pamphlet Tells How Nursing Profession Attacks Jim Crow

NEW YORK. — (ANP) — A booklet entitled "An American Challenge" has been published by the American Nurses' association which tells how the association is eliminating discrimination in the professor through a program aimed at advancing and safeguarding rights of members of minority groups.

The 20-paged booklet, of significance to those interested in race relations and social problems which affect human health and welfare, is designed to answer the following questions:

"Does the nursing profession practice the principles of democracy?"

"Are all American women, regardless of race, color or creed, free to study and practice nursing?"

"Do all state nurses associations accept professional registered nurses as members regardless of race, color or creed?"

"What is ANA's policy on this issue?"

"What can you (the general public as well as nurses) do to help ANA extend membership to all professional registered nurses in the United States regardless of race, color or creed?"

The pamphlet cites that the ANA accepted registered Negro nurses as members as early as 1897. It adds that prior to 1916, basis for membership was the alumnae association, rather than state nurse groups. This enabled Negro nurses to join ANA through alumnae associations.

However, in spite of this program, 15 states and the District of Columbia continued until a few years ago to exclude qualified nurses from membership. Thus Negro nurses, living in these states and no members of an alumnae association, were automatically barred from ANA.

As of the close of 1950, only four states and the District of Columbia still barred Negroes from membership in state organizations.

Copies of this informative pamphlet may be procured from the American Nurses' association at 2 Park avenue, New York, 16.

Books and Authors

Only two books are published today. Beechhurst is issuing at $2 a novel about a Negro ballplayer by Murrell Edmunds, entitled "Behold, Thy Brother." Columbia University has a pamphlet publication by Unesco of "Study Abroad, International Handbook, Fellowships, Scholarships, Educational Exchange Volume III, 1950-51." The pamphlet sells for $1.25.

"My First Eighty-Three Years in America," by James W. Gerard, an autobiographical account of national and international affairs, will be published by Doubleday on Feb. 15. Among Mr. Gerard's reminiscences are his dealings with Woodrow Wilson, Col. Edward M. House and Kaiser Wilhelm, in whose country the author served four years as ambassador.

The American edition of a new biography of Florence Nightingale, the major part of which is based on previously unobtainable material, will be issued on Feb. 26 by McGraw-Hill, entitled "Florence Nightingale." The author is an English writer, Mrs. Cecil Woodham-Smith, who spent six years working on the book. The biography is based on material obtained from Miss Nightingale's family and a large collection of personal and private letters in the possession of Sir Harry Verney, as well as the 113 packages of letters and documents in the British Museum Manuscript Department.

A fourth book dealing with the Antarctic is scheduled for March 15 by Wilfred Funk, Inc., entitled "Man Against the Desolate Antarctic." The author, Admiral Lord Mountevans, who has been in that region himself, presents the story of the men who explored the south polar regions from Cook to Byrd. In October, Dodd, Mead issued "Snow, Ice and Penguins: A Cavalcade of Antarctic Adventures," edited by Charles Lee, and Putnam issued "Antactic Conquest: The Story of the Ronne Expedition, 1946-1948," by Finn Ronne. Last month, William Sloane Associates published Thomas R. Henry's "The White Continent: The Story of Antarctica."

Her Biography Published

The above photo shows Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune when she graduated from Moody Bible Institute. The accompanying story tells about her new biography.

'I Am Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune'—From New Book

How a young nurse at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Hospital called her 'Mary,' and she explained to her that she was 'Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune,' is told in the new biography of the famed educator.

Written by Catherine Owens Peare and entitled, 'Mary McLeod Bethune,' it is being published this week by Vanguard Press, 424 Madison Ave., New York, 17. J. Saunders Redding will review it for AFRO readers in an early issue.

The book recites how in spite of the almost universal affection in which she was held, in spite of her high rank in the national government, Mrs. Bethune was confronted by the specter of jim crow the minute she set foot inside the Hopkins.

No Private Rooms

The hospital had no private rooms for colored people in the surgical or medical divisions, where she belonged, but did manage to find one for her in the gynecological department, a special gesture because she was so exceptionally outstanding.

Frequently, colored people of note are placed in rooms by themselves and made to feel like private patients, but actually it is done as a cover-up.

Mrs. Bethune had never been a spokesman for herself; she was a torchbearer for others. She asked for a colored surgeon when she discovered that every nurse and doctor on the staff was white.

Requested Colored Doctors.

"There are two distinguished colored physicians in the city," she persisted. "Can you let them participate, or at least observe the work?"

She won her point. Both men were invited, and ever since that time there have been colored doctors on the staff of Johns Hopkins.

During her six weeks' stay she taught lesson after lesson. When one of the young nurses called her "Mary," the southern way of addressing a colored person, she rebuked the girl and explained that she was Mrs. Bethune.

Not by First Name

"I have trained hundreds of girls like you. You are not my friend or relative, that you can call me by my first name."

The girl apologized and the story went all over the hospital.

Shortly after she entered the hospital, a white basket, taller than a chair, filled with an assortment of handsome gladiolas, was presented to her; it carried Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's personal card.

Mrs. Roosevelt sent flowers from the White House greenhouse twice a week, and each time the nurses would vie with one another for possession of the White House seal on the box.

At last, in the middle of May: "The operating nurse came. Everything was in readiness. Dr. Ralph Young and Dr. B. M. Rhetta, our colored doctors, observed the operation. Dr. Polvogt was the surgeon. I was not fully asleep.

"I was sufficiently conscious to know what was going on, but I never had, in my opinion, such a patient, tender, painless surgeon. The operation was a success. Long hours of restlessness and occasional dull pains," she admitted.

During the operation the surgeon repeated the error of the young nurse who had addressed her by her first name.

"Mary, turn your head," he said.

With the instruments in her nose, she couldn't do anything but obey, although the next morning when he visited her room she explained to him that she was Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune.

"Please forgive me, Mrs. Bethune. I didn't mean to be discourteous," came the sincere apology.

It was his custom, he added lamely, to call all of his colored patients by their first names.

That same afternoon he sent her a huge basket of flowers, because he had been so impressed by her complete cooperation. Never in all the time he had operated there had he ever sent a patient flowers, one of the nurses told her.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Nurses and physicians at Hopkins today are under strict orders to respect all patients and not to refer to them by their first names.)

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

A biography of Mary McLeod Bethune is certainly timely and Catherine Owens Peare has written a book that young people especially will find both interesting and inspirational. Her book pays tribute to the many varied achievements of a remarkable woman, but for the most part she has not gone far below the surface in presenting the personality of her subject.

The bare facts of Mrs. Bethune's progress from a South Carolina cottonfield to her present position as first lady of Negro America is well known to most persons. But far fewer are familiar with the day to day struggle and the almost hopeless fight she made for her own education and later to educate others. In "Mary McLeod Bethune," the author traces the difficult steps made by Mrs. Bethune as a student, later as a teacher, and finally, as the founder of the school that is now Bethune-Cookman college in Daytona Beach, Fla.

"Mary McLeod Bethune" is a stirring record of the life of an indomitable woman who rose above the handicaps of poverty and color to a position of respect and great service to her people. Today, at seventy-five, she is still active and adding to her laurels.

Mrs. Peare writes with great understanding of and admiration for Mrs. Bethune. The account of the earlier years seemed both fuller and more carefully written.

Mrs. Peare does note write down to young people and her readers will not be limited to them. Her book can be highly recommended as a record of the life of an outstanding American. Within the limits of a scant 200 pages, she has succeeded in recording the principal events in Mrs. Bethune's career.

"Mary McLeod Bethune" by Catherine Owens Peare; The Vanguard Press; New York City; 1951; $2.75.

ethune, Carvers Biographies ue.

Two juvenile biographies of well-known figures, Mary McLeod Bethune and George Washington Carver, will be published this fall. The Carver biography will be one of the first ten in a new series of juveniles to be published by Garden City Books under the title Real Books. It will be called "The Real Book About George Washington Carver" and the author is Harold Coy. The life of Mary Bethune has been written by Catherine Owen Peare and will be published by the Vanguard Press.

The WEEKS BOOKS

THE LIFE OF MARY McLEOD BETHUNE

MARY McLEOD BETHUNE by Catherine Owens Peare ($2.75, Vanguard Press, N. Y.) is the much-needed biography of an indefatigable pioneer of human rights. Mary, the fifteenth child of a family of seventeen, was born on a cotton farm in South Caronna. They owned their own land, and worked from dawn till dusk to make it bloom. Patsy McLeod, Mary's mother, was descended from African nobility, and though no one had taught her to read, or anything else much, she lived by the highest moral standards and reared her large family to be hardworking and God-fearing. Her reward was this daughter who was inspired to lift herself to the highest pinnacle and to become the associate of the world's greatest leaders.

When Mary finished the lower grades of school, if she had been an ordinary child she would have stopped there. But she was so bright and so willing to take on heavy burdens and discharge them in a superlative way that everyone wanted to help her. A white Quaker seamstress in Colorado had saved her nickels and dimes to build a fund for some worthy Negro girl's education and who could deserve it more than Mary? This took her through high school and preparatory school, then she applied to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago and was the first Negro girl to be admitted. Here, she studied with people of all races and learned to love and respect humanity regardless of its kind. Her missionary work fortunately kept her in America. She first taught school in Augusta, Georgia, and in 1895 was fired with the desire to educate all of the children of her race. Soon she met Albertus Bethune and they were married at Sumter, South Carolina.

Marriage and motherhood might have dampened the zeal of another. One night, Mary had a dream which drove her to decide she must start a school of her own. Many people thought her foolish to take on such a tremendous and often thankless task. But her dream was the beginning of the Daytona Educational and Industrial Training School for Girls which opened with five girls and one boy who each paid 50c a week tuition. She was extremely resourceful and as soon as she had trained a choir of children she took them to sing at the famous Ormond Hotel where John D. Rockefeller was living. The Standard Oil man and other wealthy guests gave her many donations; James Gamble of Proctor & Gamble became her patron. Eventually, her modest little school developed into the fine Bethune-Cookman College which has become one of the greatest interracial laboratories in the South where at Sunday afternoon services people of both races gather to worship.

But Florida was too small to hold her talents. She has now become a national figure and is received everywhere as an honored guest and stateswoman.

JOSEPHINE SCHUYLER
New York, N. Y.

* * *

Books by Mrs. Alma A. Polk - Young Adults and the Church
Helping Children and Young People to Understand the Bible.
Let's Sing
Twelve Pioneer Women in the AME Church
Volume II

Mrs. Alma Polk Writes Four Books

PITTSBURGH—On the book stand at the recent meeting of the AME Women's Missionary Society in Memphis were four books written by Mrs. Alma A. Polk, connectional general secretary of the Young People's Department of the Women's Missionary Society. These books will serve to bridge a gap in the life of the church which has so little to offer young people in good reading material.

These books are "Young Adults and the Church"; "Helping Children and Young People to Understand the Bible"; "Let's Sing," a book of nearly 200 pages of familiar hymns, and "Twelve Pioneer Women in the AME Church," Volume II.

26b 1951

The Booker T. Washington Story

East . . Dr. G. Lake Imes of Baltimore is seeking an 'angel' for his new book, "The Booker T. Washington Story." For years he was confidant and valued associate of the Tuskegee Institute founder.

Tale Of A Negro Boy In The East

BOY AT THE WINDOW, by Owen Dodson, Farrar, Straus and Company, Inc., 53 East 34th Street, New York 16, N. Y., 212 pages—$2.75.

In this work Dodson writes a tale of sadness and hope and dispondency around a series of events in a young Negro boy's life. For its setting, the book uses a poverty-stricken home on Berriman Street, in an Eastern city.

Its human theme is built around the young life of Coin Foreman; an ostentatious, religious father; a frail mother who withers away and dies; a brother with homicidal tendencies, and an older sister, who tires of keeping house for the ailing mother before she dies, and afterward, assumes the mother's responsibilities in the Foreman home.

The sound and oders and petty doings of Berriman Street's polyglot population affords the backdrop. Young Coin experiences fright and agony and frustration at school, at home, and in the street.

With the advent of his mother's death, his Uncle Todd—a pretentious old goat that is blind—appears for his sister's funeral.

Thereafter, the atmosphere that follows a family member's passing permeates the Foreman home. When summer comes, young Cain goes to Washington to be with his uncle.

He becomes the old man's guide, finds that his uncle—a begger by trade—has a questionable character.

In the capital city more of the "uncertainties" that accompany growing up come with Coin's first observations of his uncle's sex life. The book ends on this theme, painting a series of frustrating moments following in its wake.

Dodson's latest work is a slightly sophisticated version of "proletarian literature," popular in the "era of Steinbeck." It isolates the life of a Negro boy. It might well be the story of any youth growing up in poverty.

Dodson shows promise. Some passages achieve literary excellance. More of it might reach this plane if the author spent less time peddling a "sociological message" in behalf of his own race.—C. V. W.

Owen Dodson's first novel

N.Y. Times Book Review 2-25-51

The young poet and playwright has now turned to fiction, to tell the poignant and beautiful story of a boy of the slums. Searching for meaning in the cruel adult world of poverty and indifference, he found heartbreak—and also strength and hope. Dodson has filled his novel with the nostalgic minutiae of childhood, with the sights and sounds and smells of a poor New York neighborhood, writing with a prose that is often close to the rhythms of poetry. $2.75

BOY at the WINDOW

FARRAR STRAUS AND YOUNG

The Pains of Growing Up

BOY AT THE WINDOW. By Owen Dodson. 212 pp. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $2.75.

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

THE delineation of a sensitive boy's growing up is the business of "Boy at the Window." As a poet's first novel, it is a real achievement. It is an achievement in the kind of writing that steers its tenuous way between the grossness of physical reality and the too nice refinement of emotional truth. "Clinographic" is the word Middleton Murry applied to this kind of writing in the works of Virginia Woolf. It is perceptive, but emotionally oblique and indirect without being obscure.

I have called "Boy at the Window" a delineation, a portrait. Rather, it is a series of portraits. It is as if Coin Foreman, the subject, were caught in various attitudes at the revealing heights of certain stages of his development. Limned carefully but in miniature around him are half a dozen other portraits—of his mother, father, brother, and of people in the house and on the street where Coin lives.

There is story only in the most tenuous narrative sense. It is not "And then . . . and then . . ." Yet this does not mean that there are no events, no happenings. It means only that the events, though arranged precisely in time, do not depend upon each other in such a way as to forge a chain of circumstances and bring about an inevitable result. It means further that Coin is more important than any happening.

THE events are soon retold. Coin sees God; Coin gets religion (in the church where his father has been a deacon for twenty years); Coin's mother dies (after an illness that began with Coin's birth); Coin goes to live with a blind uncle in Washington. And that is all. And these events themselves are caught in a kind of static mobility, as in a picture, that does not exercise Mr. Dodson's narrative powers but does prove his sure talent in description.

Yet even this talent, it seems to me, is not the author's most noteworthy. His best talent shows itself in what he does with the between-events. It is a gift for total immersion in mood and for recapturing the feel of those deliciously painful and divine mysteries in the growing mind and the absorptive heart of a boy.

Mr. Redding, Professor of English at Hampton Institute, Va., is author of "They Came in Chains."

The Black Belt Of Yore

Today's institutions and social habits have their origin, of course, in the past. That fact is a major reason for studying history. For we know better how to evaluate those institutions and habits today if we understand how they came into being.

A recent book by Dr. Allen Johnston Going, "Bourbon Democracy in Alabama, 1874-1890," published by the University of Alabama Press, casts much light upon many current political questions in the state today, especially upon Black Belt dominance in the state government. As a result of Dr. Going's painstaking research into that period when the Black Belt was forging its control of Alabama politics, we are helped to a better understanding of today's feelings.

Mon. 8-27-51

Black Belt dominance, while it had its roots in the antebellum agricultural economy, really came into being with the reaction against the excesses of Reconstruction days. Those excesses had been marked by manipulation of the Negro vote, extravagance in government, favoritism toward industries and the rising political power of North Alabama.

Birmingham

Reaction when it set in was concerned above all else with the maintenance of a white-controlled government in Alabama. But it was strongly conservative in its attitude toward industry, it retrenched on expenses and it moved in various ways to keep power in the Black Belt.

As to the Negro vote in that period, the white Black Belters, according to Dr. Going, to a considerable extent encouraged it. As long as they could control the Negro vote, it gave them additional strength. It was when the Negro voter grew less amenable that the Black Belt developed its present fear of the Negro electorate. And along with that fear arose a stronger opposition to reapportionment. When the Black Belt became unable to hold its control it grew more tenacious of its power under an antiquated legislative apportionment.

* * *

Fears of industrial North Alabama that still exist today were sharp during those years when Bourbon Democracy was getting its grip on the state. Dr. Going quotes from a Selma paper that, apparently in all seriousness, declared that the furnaces of Jefferson County should be torn down, its mines filled with dirt, and the miners and furnace workers be put to planting cotton. That feeling would be altogether humorous now were there not still a lingering suspicion in the Black Belt that industrial North Alabama is not to be trusted with the political strength its numbers warrant.

There is another respect in which Alabama is still suffering from that heritage of 1874-90. So much action then grew out of the belief that any kind of political trickery was justified if it restored and maintained white supremacy. Our elections and campaigns still suffer from the fraud in those days. We are victims of the old truth that bad means, no matter for what good end they were once used, have a way of becoming a habit.

Dr. Going's book is a reminder of the slowness of social changes. But it also is an affirmation of the hopeful fact that changes are made.

Negro Education

BUILDERS OF GOODWILL: By S. L. Smith, Tennessee Book Co., 185 pp.; $3.00.

This is a story of achievements in Negro education, health service and other lines of endeavor through cooperation and with the aid of such foundations as the General Education Board, the Jeannes and Slater Funds, the Julius Rosenwald Fund and the Carnegie Corporation. It is an inspiring story relating what has been done by outside assistance for advancement of the Negro in the South. It does not give adequate credit for the contributions of the people of the South themselves or full recognition to sacrifice and efforts of those who live most closely with the race. This is understandable because the author, Dr. Smith, is a former Tennessee school teacher who served for more than seventeen years as director of the Southern office of the Julius Rosenwald Fund and was in intimate touch with the building of something like 5,000 rural Negro schools with the aid of that fund.

Nevertheless his book is an interesting and valuable contribution to the story of Negro advancement. It pays tribute to the assistance given by so many Negro educators and others of the North and South.

Dr. Smith emphasizes that "no one is born with prejudice," and that "educated, fairminded peoples of different races and religions can work together harmoniously for the well being of mankind."

His own contributions to the cause are very large and have been given national recognition in more ways than one. Since the Rosenfield Fund has been exhausted and its work completed, Dr. Smith has been serving as provost emeritus of the George Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville. His volume is an excellent reference book on Negro education in the South and on the men who have handled the large sums provided by various foundations for the purpose of aiding Negro education.—C. M. S.

A M AND N COLLEGE PROF. EDITS BOOK

Dr. Elbert L. Tatum, professor of history and government at A M and N College has received word that his book "The Changing Political Thought of the Negro, 1915-1940" will be off the press on or around December 10. The book is published by the Exposition Press, Inc.

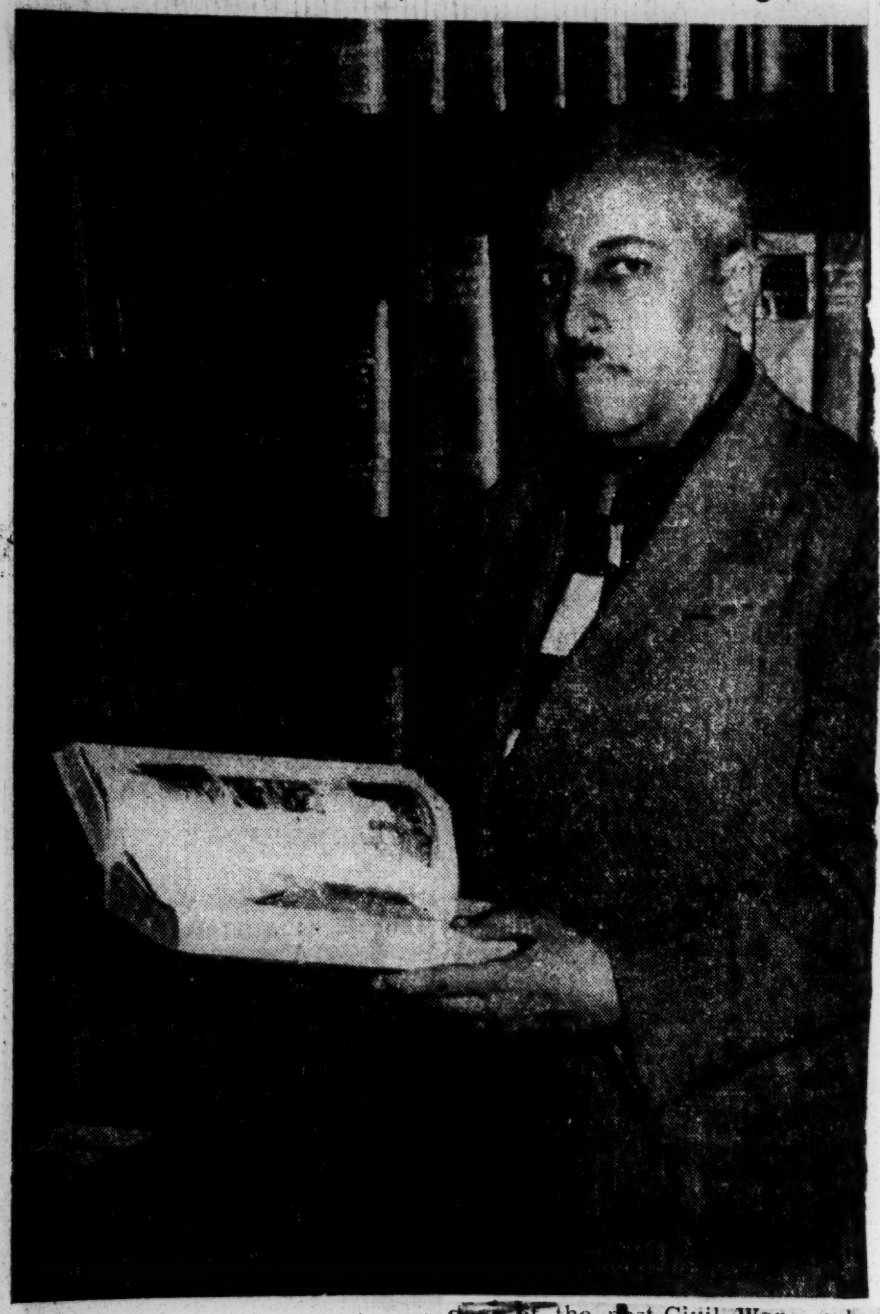
Showing remarkable scholarship and research, Dr. Tatum's book attempts to analyze the causes and consequences of the changing political allegiances of one of the major voting groups in this country. The book is well documented with quotations, tables and statistics.

Much of the 1928 presidential campaign and the Hoover administration along with the FDR and the New Deal is discussed in the historical survey. A number of interesting letters are included, explaining the personal stands of several individuals on political issues.

Dr. Tatum is a graduate of Howard University, University of Illinois and Loyola University where he received his Ph. D. degree in 1946. He was instructor of political science at Morgan State College and Stowe Teachers College. He came to A M and N College in 1949.

PROF. EDITS BOOK—Professor of history and government at Arkansas M and N college, Dr. Elbert L. Tatum's book, "The Changing Political Thought of the Negro, 1915-1940," came off the press last week. Dr. Tatum is a graduate of Howard university, the University of Illinois and Loyola university, where he received his doctorate in 1946.

Fisk Librarian Recreates First Jubilee Singers



ARNA BONTEMPS, Librarian at Fisk University in Nashville, sees a long-time wish fulfilled with the publication of his latest book, "Chariot in the Sky." A story of the Jubilee Singers. "I have known, ever since coming to Fisk, said Mr. Bontemps, "that I would eventually write something about this fascinating group who gave the world Negro spirituals and the South its foremost Liberal Arts College for Negroes."

A story of the Jubilee Singers is the latest book from the pen of Arna Bontemps, Librarian at Fisk University and well-known author of books about the American Negro. Published on April 23, "Chariot in the Sky" recreates the tumultous days of the post-Civil War when Fisk set up classes in an abandoned Army barracks at Nashville; when the idea of the Jubilee Singers' tour was considered visionary by many of the school's own supporters.

"It's a story I've long wanted to write," says Mr. Bontemps. "The first thing that one sees on entering Fisk Memorial Chapel," he continues, is the life-sized portrait of the Jubilee Singers painted by Edmund Havell, Jr., Queen Victoria's favorite court painter, when the group was touring the British Isles in 1871. It's a most impressive picture. Ever since I came to Fisk in 1943, I have known that I would eventually write something about this fascinating group of singers who gave the world Negro spirituals and the South its foremost liberal arts college for Negroes."

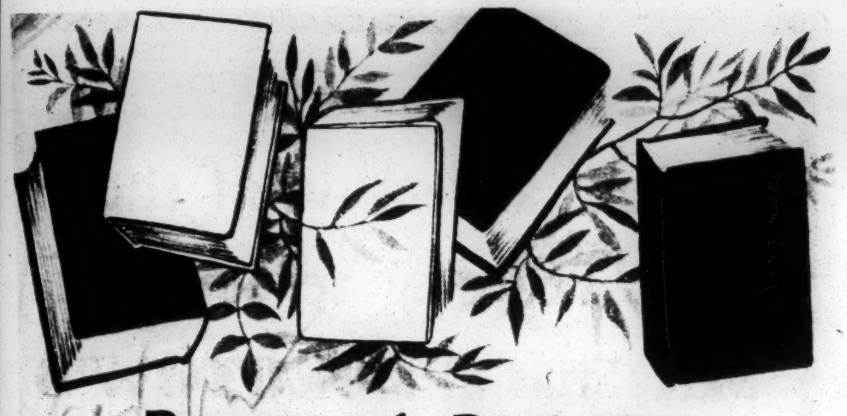
On still another count, Arna Bontemps found much satisfaction in writing "Chariot in the Sky," for in the halls of Fisk Library hang a collection of drawings and paintings by Cyrus Leroy Baldridge. "The series includes scores of strong works depicting Negro personalities," says the author. "I knew that I wouldn't be satisfied until this artist had illustrated one of my books. "Chariot in the Sky," became THE book."

Born in Louisiana and now living in Nashville, Arna Bontemps nevertheless considers himself a Californian. His parents went West when he was only three and he grew up around Los Angeles where he received a good but interrupted schooling. He graduated with a B. A. from Pacific Union College and headed East for a teaching post in New York.

His first poetry and short stories appeared at this time. Several awards and prizes were followed by a fellowship to do graduate work in Library Science at the University of Chicago. While working for this degree, he was twice granted a Julius Rosenwald Fellowship for creative writing through travel and study in the Caribbean. These honors enabled Arna Bontemps to delve into the rise and progress of the Negro from slavery to the present day and was the subject for some of his best works. His "Story of the Negro" is said by many critics to be the best treatment yet written on this subject. The recent granting of a Guggenheim Fellowship for further research and study on this subject is to result in a still more controversail three-way presentation of findings .

His first novel, "God Sends Sunday," appeared in 1931 and was later made into a play, "St. Louis Woman," which was produced on Broadway. Since then he has written or collaborated on over a dozen books and plays. Among them are "Black Thunder," "Drums at Dusk," "Creole," and "The Story of the Negro," and "The Poetry of the Negro."

The R. M. Mills Bookstore at 408 Union Street in Nashville held an autographing party feting Arna Bontemps on Thursday afternoon, April 26, at the International Student Center at Fisk University.



Roots of Prejudice

CHRISTIANS AND JEWS. A psychoanalytic study. By Rudolph M. Loewenstein, M. D. 213 pp. New York: International Universities Press. $3.25.

THIS is a profound, dispassionate and sincere book about anti-Semitism. Dr. Loewenstein, president of the New York Psychoanalytic Institute, analyzes anti-Semitic reactions in his patients, reviews the history of anti-Semitism, considers its motives, its use as a political weapon (e. g. by totalitarian regimes), examines the formation of Jewish character traits and the psychological interactions between Jews and Christians. He bases the explanation of anti-Semitism on his original theory of a "cultural pair" formed by Christians and Jews, dividing and binding them.

"The basic reason * * * for the Jew's role of scapegoat * * * is his participation in the death of Christ and hence in the birth of Christianity. Jesus became Christ only after he was crucified. Christians, who benefit by his death, must unconsciously rejoice in it. Each individual Christian has therefore to deal in some way with the problem of his share of guilt in Christ's death.

"One way of atonement is * * * through identification with Christ. Another way to lessen the burden of guilt is to throw it all on the Jews instead of sharing it jointly with them. * * * Spiritually, Christ is the Redeemer, psychologically he is the divine scapegoat. And though the Jew may not be a 'divine' scapegoat, he is nevertheless * * * a scapegoat whose suffering can be rejoiced in with impunity."

The writing is simple and clear, reflecting disciplined and uncompromising thinking. Christians and Jews should read this book and learn to understand and control a social disease from which both have suffered.

HERMAN VOLLMER.

Charge Civil Rights A Political Football

By JAMES BOOKER

In a joint 96-page report on "Civil Rights in the United States in 1950," the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the American Jewish Congress sharply criticized both houses of Congress for making civil rights issues "a political football," and for failure to take action to eliminate "those patterns of discrimination and segregation which deny to many Americans that equality of opportunity and right which is the essence of our democratic system."

These criticisms were the highlights of the third annual balance sheet of group relations by Dr. David Petegorsky, executive director of the AJC, and Walter White, NAACP executive secretary. The report released Monday, deals with discrimination in employment, education, housing, mob violence, immigration and naturalization, the nation's capital, and community action.

Asserting that only a handful of Senators and Representatives in the 81st Congress showed any realization of how deep this neglect of affairs affects our country's position internally and internationally, the report pointed out that no substantial action had been taken by the Congress on poll tax, anti-lynching bills, the prohibition of segregation in the armed forces, or any bills for self-government or equality in the District of Columbia.

Charging the army with lagging behind in eliminating segregation of troops, the report emphasizes that while a directive was issued ordering assignment of personnel to all units without regard to race, and 10% Negro quota on enlistment was formally dropped, there was no indication that the army had yet agreed to seek full integration of Negro and white troops at any time in the future.

Most Spectacular

The report hails as the most "spectacular" developments in the protection and extension of intergroup equality during the year, three decisions by the United States Supreme Court.

The decisions referred to are (1) that the establishment by a state of separate law schools for Negroes and whites would be condemned on a showing of no more than inequality in "those qualities which are incapable of objective measurement but which make for greatness in a law school"; (2) that a Negro admitted to graduate studies in a state university could not be subjected to segregation in the classroom, library or cafeteria or to any other form of separation which might impair or inhibit his ability to study, engage in discussions or exchange views with other students; and (3) that interstate railroads, prohibited by Federal statute from discriminating, could not set aside one table in the dining cars for Negroes since, even if that means more service on the average for Negroes, the right to equality belongs "to each particular person."

In housing, the two organizations criticized several of the major cities for poor housing records, and censured both city-aided Stuyvesant Town for its refusal to admit any but a token group of three Negro families in 1959 and the operators of Levittown, a private housing project on Long Island, the sales of whose homes had been facilitated by a vast amount of FHA mortgage insurance, for similar reasons.

South Improved

In the South, the report states: "a very real gain" was made in the public attitude toward mob violence with the recording of jury convictions against nine police officials and nine private citizens who killed or assaulted Negroes. "These events prove," the report said, "that it is a mistake to yield to the belief that it is impossible to obtain justice for a Negro in the South."

"Lynch acquittals continue, but convictions have begun, and vigorous prosecution can halt the mockery of false acquittals. There is increasing opposition in the South to terrorism and the practice of taking the law into one's own hands."

The report concludes that "the year 1950 and particularly its last six months revealed a marked change from the encouraging trend the balance sheets of 1948 and 1949 had noted. The country has been concerned with repelling international aggression and internal subversion. It has been far less concerned, unfortunately, with maintaining and expanding those democratic freedoms and rights which can make that defense meaningful and worthwhile.

Slave World and Free

CLOUD ON THE LAND. By Julia Davis. 404 pp. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50.

IN 1822 Angus MacLeod, red-headed and hot-tempered, leaves his Virginia plantation to make a fortune by fur-trading on the Missouri. The second day he meets 16-year-old Lucy and marries her. The first two-thirds of the novel recount the western adventures of Angus and Lucy—adventures invited by their stupidity or arranged from the author's research. The research, dealing with river-boat travel, Indian ethnology and the era of the fur traders, is possibly of primary interest; and the tale of the couple, mismatched as to temperament, is merely a thread on which to hang it.

There are Abolitionists, assorted fights, a transparent coquette, a transparent villain, childbirth and, finally, the love between Lucy and her brother-in-law Edward, with whom she agrees about slavery. Discovering this parallel love, Angus flees to the Crows for two years, takes two wives and has one son, while his wife manages Fort Recovery with éclat. A message that his brother has left brings Angus back to Lucy, resulting in two more children, an Indian kidnapping and the decision to return to Virginia.

Apparently the real core of the narrative now begins—the conflict of irreconcilable ideas about slavery—and the emphasis falls on character rather than background. At the climax, Lucy, realizing the depth of her love for Edward, must decide whether her principles are more important than her family. Shall she allow a spoiled white girl to sell her kind mulatto half-sister into a slave coffle? Certainly not—but how does she prevent it?

For those who have read nothing about Indians and frontier life, the first part will have some interest; for those who like a developed story, the latter part has some touching passages. And, while it must be admitted that portions of "Cloud of the Land" are contrived for specific effects, its over-all impact is superior to that of the average historical novel.

H. C.

26b 1951

The Communists: Friends or Foes of Civil Liberties

NEW YORK: The American Jewish Committee, 386 Fourth Avenue, has just published "The Communists: Friends or Foes of Civil Liberties?" by Irwin Ross who concludes that "The Communists are about as devoted to the Bill of Rights as Hitler was to the Brotherhood of Man." This twenty-six-page pamphlet is "must" reading for those Negroes who foolishly believe that "the Communists are fighting our battle."

26b 1951

Color, Ebony

YOUNG AUTHOR—"C o l o r, Ebony" is title of autobiography written by Helen Caldwell Day, 23-year-old mother, of Memphis, Tenn. The book, her first, was published by Sheed and Ward of New York. With her royalties Mrs. Day plans to open a "house of hospitality" in the South.

26b 1951

COMMUNISM VERSUS THE NEGRO, by William A. Nolan (Henry Regnery, $3.50). A study of Communist activities among American Negros.

Communism Versus the Negro.

The Cooperative Movement in Negro Communities of North Carolina

Cooperatives in North Carolina

"The Cooperative Movement in Negro Communities of North Carolina" by Nathan Alvin Pitts is published by the Catholic University of America as one of its Studies in Sociology. The work was presented by Mr. Pitts as his doctoral dissertation.

Mr. Pitts has studied in detail the growth of the cooperative movement among North Carolina's Negroes as well as the position of the Negro in the state. He concludes from the data collected that although the movement has been beneficial, it does have its limitations in improving the lot of the Negro in North Carolina. Leadership is of prime importance in the success of the particular cooperative and those cooperative programs organized locally to answer a specific need thrive better than those organized by outside interests.

The cooperative movement is an important trend today, especially to underprivileged groups among whom the Negro finds himself. It is for this reason that Mr. Pitts' study is of general interest, although it deals with a limited field.

"The Cooperative Movement in Negro Communities in North Carolina" by Nathan A. Pitts; The Catholic University of America Press; Washnigton, D. C.; 1950.

"The Cop"

It is clear from reading of the career of Earl Morris, the author of "The Cop," that his life has been a full and interesting one to date. But somehow, although he has drawn on some of his own experiences for his novel, it is far from successful.

The central character, Charles Hawkins a Negro who has fought in World War I, returns to his home in Los Angeles after the Armistice and joins the police force after some months as a postal clerk. Hawkins, like the other characters, is completely wooden and unconvincing. The dialogue is not natural and without warning one or another character disgresses to voice the author's ideas on a variety of unrelated subjects. In general, the conversation is marked with a high degree of non-sequitur, and the book has little to recommend it in style or content.

"The Cop" by Earl J. Morris; Exposition Press Inc.; New York City; 1951; $2.50.

New race novel by

NEW YORK — Jan Helmut has written a first novel of Negro-white relationships that has just been published by Vantage Press, Inc., New York.

Miss Helmut's book, titled "Daisy's Fanny," will be ready for distribution this month.

Jan Helmut is the pen-name of a Southern writer.

BOOK REVIEWS

by

GERTRUDE MARTIN

"DARK DRUMS," a novel set in the Jamaica in the last years of the eighteenth century, follows what has become a somewhat stylized pattern in historical fashion. In this case, the heroine, Kate Donley, comes to the island penniless as a bound servant, ruthlessly pushed her way to the top, then gradually met her downfall.

The title refers to the drums of the natives that speak a language of their own and which drew the natives to the hills on occasion for obeah ceremonies. The native leader, Koshi, attracts Kate's attention early and she wishes to learn the secret of his magic.

Mr. Brown has given his story a few novel twists, but for the most part it is stock treatment of characters, scene and situation.

"Dark Drums" by Wenzell Brown; Appleton-Century-Crofts; New York City; 1950; $3.00.

The Dark Light

Religion, Race and Mystery

A clever blend of religion, race and mystery make "The Dark Light," by Bart Spicer, an out of the ordinary mystery story. It is in the Bestseller series at 35c.

The plot centers around the disappearance of the Rev. Matthew Kimball, who was slated to appear at the river front mission in the Negro district. "General" Jackson, one of the mission's junior deacons, hires Carney Wilde, private detective, to find Kimball.

Before he solves the case, Wilde comes to admire both Kimball and Jackson. Even non-mystery readers will find this one will hold their attention.

"Daughter of Strangers"

All the stock characters of the moonlight and magnolias school of writing appear in "Daughter of Strangers" by Elizabeth Boatwright Coker. There is the beautiful mulatto, Charlotte; the Southern man of honor and plantation owner, Innes; his frigid wife, Emily; the voodoo leaders, Chloe and Hagar; and the slave, Cuffee, who still lives in Africa, mentally.

The basic situation when Charlotte is first brought to South Carolina as a slave (although she has always thought of herself as white) might be acceptable, but the author strains the reader's credulity over and over. The characters remain stereotypes and nothing is ever resolved.

"Daughter of Strangers" is a mediocre novel which suffers from an abundance of characters, plot and pages.

"Daughter of Strangers" by Elizabeth Boatwright Coker; E. P. Dutton Co.; New York City; 1950; $3.00.

"Deep Is The Hunger"

Book By Howard Thurman Like Oasis In The Desert

In this world of confusion and chaos, the reader will find this 212-page book by Dr. Howard Thurman like an oasis to a traveler in a desert. These pages are full of valuable suggestions and rich observations which everybody needs, especially in the critical moments of this life.

Dr. Thurman's book is the result of years of study, meditation and prayer on the problems which drive men of less wisdom and inner self control to despair. Both the contents of the book and technique the author uses are unique, inspiring and convincing.

Writing in the realm of morality and religion, the author does not appeal to the intellect to prove his points as much as he strives to compel the will to act and the heart toward a longing for righteousness.

* * *

IN THE SECTION on "A Sense of History," Dr. Thurman drives home an important truth by repeating a statement his grandmother made to him when he came before her in triumphant attitude he was told: "No one ever wins a fight."

Sure, life is a battle, but the winner must use the right weapons. And the author's own view is "Of all the weapons, love is the most deadly and devastating."

Dr. Thurman, who is widely known for his meditative style of speaking and writing, resorts to nature to illustrate truths that have a daily relation to life.

* * *

SUCH STATEMENTS as "Only humility can never be humiliated," "You must go through some things, crying all the way, perhaps, if you are ever to live with them without crying."

The author, who is minister of the Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples in San Francisco, Calif., observes that "one of the great gifts of God to man is the sense of concern that one individual may develop for another the impluse toward self-giving that finds its ultimate fulfillment in laying one's life for his friend."

"It is difficult," the author warns, to keep the sense of concern free from those subtle desires to place another under obligation and thereby stifle and strangle that which one wishes to bless and heal."

* * *

THE SECRET OF CALM repose in the midst of confusion and uncertainty in the world, the reader will find, comes from a sense of presence—a belief in the destiny of history under the guiding hand of God. The beauty of the prose-poetry in this book is reward enough for the reader in addition to the rich heritage of truth based on the Bible and the fundamentals of religion.

The last division on "For the Quiet Time" is a gem for those who will take the time to read slowly and meditatively. For, as the author says, on the preceding division:

"Cultivate the mood to linger. If you do not know how to start, or if the conditions under which you live make it difficult, try getting up early on Sunday morning and establishing a meditation period. Who knows? God may whisper to you in the quietness what he has been trying to say to you, oh, for so long a time.

The book was published this year by Harper and Brothers. It sells for $2.50.

Dixieland Jazz' Book Tells True Story of American Music

NEW YORK — Ragtime, as it was known in the early days of jazz, has now taken over the name of "Dixieland jazz". In this book, the two authors attempt with quite good success, to give the "true story of American music," its beginnings, those who played a prominent part in fashioning the style, and to alert contemporaries and post-contemporaries to the fact that an American expression is in danger of being lost.

Material for the book was gained through personal interviews and correspondence with those who were either active in or closely associated to the rise of the musical form, and by research into records of the Library of Congress, the Central Public library in New York and its attendant Schomberg collection, the library of St. Louis, Chicago, and Cincinnati, and the Grosvenor library in Buffalo.

The story begins at Sedalia, Mo., credited with being the cradle of ragtime, and treats with its growth in St. Louis, New Orleans, Kansas City, Chicago, the rise of the so-called "white" ragtime in Kansas City, both the Negro and white ragtime in the east and finally the birth of Tin Pan Alley.

Such names as Scott Joplin, Jelly Roll Morton, Ada Brown, Noble Sissle, Eublo Blake, Luckey Roberts, James P. Johnson, W. T. (Ed) Kirkeby, Fats Waller, Jimmy Durante, Joseph Lamb and others who contributed to the advent of ragtime.

Author Rudie Blesh is an outstanding authority on jazz music, and has written a definitive history of jazz, "Shining Trumpets" and a monograph, "This Is Jazz." Co-author Harriet Janis has a parallel interest in Afro-American music. In 1947, she edited a 12-album series of documentary recordings by Jelly Roll Morton, entitled "The Saga of Mr. Jelly Lord," for the Library of Congress. The series was issued by Circle Sound, the phonograph recording company devoted to the documentation of Afro-American music, of which she is co-founder with Blesh. He is president, and she vice-president.

Books of The Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

IT is only a coincidence, but a provocative one, which finds two such different approaches to politics as "Dominations and Powers" by George Santayana and "Reunion and Reaction: The Compromise of 1877 and the End of Reconstruction"* by C. Vann Woodward published in the same week. Mr. Santayana discusses politics in philosophical theory only, in the abstract and from a remote distance, unconcerned with the methods and problems of practical politics. Professor Woodward has analyzed in microscopic detail the actual mechanics of one of the most fateful and celebrated political deals in history.

C. Vann Woodward

Seldom has a work of history been presented to the American public garlanded with such eloquent advance tributes from fellow historians as "Reunion and Reaction." Ten distinguished authorities are quoted on its jacket in rapturous praise of the historical importance and superb writing of Professor Woodward's book. As far as the historical value of "Reunion and Reaction" goes, its new information based upon prolonged and painstaking scholarly detection, there can be no disagreement. But as regards the literary quality of this book, I herewith register a violently dissenting opinion.

Politicos Crossing Borders

"Reunion and Reaction" is a dull and academic performance, written, one must presume, for other historians. It is clogged with scores of names of persons who are never adequately introduced. Its copious quotations from private letters, newspaper editorials and public speeches document Professor Woodward's points on every page; but they make marvelously tiresome reading. The sordid details of politics in the Gilded Age are assembled in such quantities that the view of the forest is much obscured by so many trees. Consequently, this is a technical contribution to historical scholarship, but not a well-written work of general interest.

The subject of Professor Woodward's investigations is the great compromise which ended the Reconstruction period and broke the impasse caused by the disputed Hayes-Tilden election of 1876. The mysterious bargain between Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats was the result of "secret covenants privately arrived at" after months of negotiations, pressures, bribes and compromises. Patriotic and public-spirited motives were important; but those of personal economic gain were even more important.

*REUNION AND REACTION: The Compromise of 1877 and the End of Reconstruction. By C. Vann Woodward. 263 pages. Little, Brown. $4.

In late 1876 the nation still suffered from the great depression which followed the panic of 1873. The South was struggling in the last phases of Reconstruction. Their "Redeemers," Conservative Democrats, former Whigs and allies of the new financial and industrial interests, distrusted the Northern Democrats and seemed ripe to be split away from them. The Republican hope of enlisting these Conservative Southerners in their own party failed. But their alliance lasted long enough to end the Reconstruction period and put Hayes in the White House. Northern Democrats were threatening armed resistance if Tilden were not recognized as President. He had 184 electoral votes. Hayes had only 166.

Working on the Railroad

The fraud and corruption of the elections in Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina had been so great that their votes were in dispute. If all of them were declared Republican, Hayes could be elected by one electoral vote. They were and he was. In return for the Presidency the Republicans made a Southerner a Cabinet member and Postmaster General, removed the last Federal troops of occupation, granted generous patronage to Southern Democrats. Other parts of the bargain were not kept. The Southerners did not permit the Republicans to win control of the House of Representatives; the Republicans did not subsidize the Texas and Pacific Railroad.

Professor Woodward's chief accomplishment is his blow-by-blow account of the intricate maneuvering which produced these results. Much of it was done by a group of Middle Western publishers and editors who were friends of Hayes and powers in Washington. Much was done by Southern leaders intent on purging the South of carpetbag state governments and occupying troops. But more was accomplished by railroad lobbyists than by any other group. Tom Scott, president of the Pennsylvania and of the Texas and Pacific, Collis P. Huntington of the Southern Pacific and Jay Gould bought Congress members in batches. They organized waves of "spontaneous" public opinion. They juggled railroad finances with ruthless dexterity. Although usually bitter rivals, they had entered a temporary alliance to further a Federal subsidy for the Texas and Pacific, a railway mostly on paper.

It is one of the ironies of American history that the great compromise of 1877, a compromise which had many beneficent results in spite of the skulduggery which accompanied it, was largely brought about by the unprincipled efforts of the railroad lobbies. And it is comforting to realize that they failed to get that particular subsidy.

"Reunion and Reaction" may be oppressively heavy reading, but it is an eloquent demonstration of the role played by economic interest in practical politics.

26b 1951

Don't Touch Me

"Don't Touch Me"

An up-to-the minute story of the pilots of the planes which fly over Korea today, today, "Don't Touch Me" by Mackinlay Kantor is largely the racy and sexy account of one man's love affair. It gives some idea of the tensions and hardships of the lives of these men but devotes more time to the sexual encounters of Major Gregory Wolford and his one love, Antonia Borley.

When Major Wolford unexpectedly runs into Tony at Nyoka Air Base and discovers she is married to a fighter pilot his problems are magnified. He had refused to marry her in the past because he felt the imminence of death. Now she pleads with him in the words of the title and he determines to find evidence of her husband's infidelity in order to win her back.

At times it is difficult to tell if the author intends for hs deathless romance to be taken seriously. In either case he overworks the sex angle and introduces a number of rather fetched incidents new even to bedroom literature.

Mr. Kantor's story is swiftly paced and ably told. It would have been a far better book if sex had not been over played.

"Don't Touch Me" by Mackinlay Kantor; Random House; 457 Madison ave.; New York City; 1951;

26b 1951

Dred Scott's Case, by Vincent C. Hopkins, S.J. (Fordham University Declan X. McMullen, $4). A study.

'Broad' Gains Found In Study of South

The traditional theories adduced to explain the slower economic progress of the South, such as low labor productivity, poor soils, absentee ownership and high freight rates, are only partially true, usually overemphasized and not the main reasons, according to an exhaustive study published today.

Factors of more significance, according to the investigation, are lack of managerial training and initiative in the South, its late start in industrialization, and unfavorable "terms of trade" of the region, which sells farm products in a more competive market than that of the finished goods it must buy.

The analysis appears in a new book, "Economic Resources and Policies of the South," the research for which was sponsored by the National Planning Association's Committee of the South. The authors are Calvin B. Hoover and B. U. Ratchford, ranking professors of the Duke University economics department. Both have served extensively in important Government positions.

Conclusions Hopeful

Their general conclusions on the future of the area are hopeful. They find that in the last 20 years Southern "economic progress has been broad and general, reaching into every segment of the economy." Therefore, it is concluded, the gains "are more likely to be permanent than if they were restricted to a few special sectors."

"It may be," Hoover and Ratchford write, "that the South is over the hump in economic development and may find the going easier in the future."

They attribute the economic gains made by the South in recent decades principally to growing industrialization and increasing diversity in agriculture, away from the concentration on cotton. Cotton, they point out, now accounts for only 6 percent of the region's income.

Southern agriculture, the authors believe, must be improved through larger farm units, more power equipment and a mixed type of farming with more emphasis on livestock, poultry, dairying and grain and less on cotton and tobacco.

Income Ratio Improves

As evidence of the South's economic improvement, they cite the fact that in 1929 the per capita income in the area was only 47 percent of the rest of the country's average; in 1948 it had risen to 64.

The book assails the notion that Southern labor is inherently less productive than other workers. The authors also feel there is little validity to the claim that lower wages are justified in the South because living costs are less.

Aside from less need for fuel, they point out that the only other major factor in lower costs is that which comes from residence in small towns, which is as true of the North as of the South.

The authors feel that there is little basis for the common belief that lower wages attract industry to the South. More usually, they say, industry moves there because of availablity of manpower. Once there, more often than not, it pays wages equivalent to those outside the South.

Industrial wages in the South the authors note, are about 25 to 30 percent below the national average, but this is largely explained by the fact that there is a higher proportion of low-productivity industries in the South than elsewhere. When comparing wages in the same industries it is discovered that Southern rates are about 15 percent below those in the North.

The study devotes considerable attention to the subject of migration. It comes to the conclusion that while the population in the South is highly mobile, it is not true, as commonly believed, that the area loses the cream of its human crop, in terms of the best educated, through movement to other areas. Figures appear to indicate that more people of better education move into the area than out of it.

Negro migration continues high, with the result that the ratio of whites to non-whites is steadily growing. The racial situation has changed from two whites to one Negro in 1900 to three whites to one Negro in 1940.

Ratchford, an expert on the TVA, gives it credit for much economic improvement to the region because of its production of electric power and work in conservation practices. It demonstrated, he feels, the effect of lower electric rates on stimulating use.

He does not think, however, that the TVA was in itself the "mainspring" for starting or driving the movement of economic improvement throughout the South, nor did TVA create a "dynamic pattern" that was followed or imitated elsewhere in the area.

BOOK REVIEWS

by

GERTRUDE MARTIN

Sat. 8-4-51

In "Education and the Cultural Crisis," Dr. Charles S. Johnson, president of Fisk university, outlines some of the problems facing American education today. His short but very able exposition of the subject is published as one of the Kappa Delta Pi Lecture Series.

In examining the role of education at a period of crisis, Dr. Johnson points out: "In times of crisis, such as the present, unless the cultural process itself is understood there is danger that the role of education, as well as that of the school, will be sadly confused."

He devotes chapters to the attempts made to educate the American Indian, the democratize the Japanese educational system, and to educate the rural American Negro to show the relationship of education to culture.

Dr. Johnson makes it clear that Southern schools for Negroes have not been successful in meeting the needs of their students. "Since education is for many a symbol of improved social status, there is a terrific social and escape drive in many of the youth that is met by discouragingly poor schools and uninspired and unimproving rural teachers. The schools thus become areas of tension of a most serious character."

In conclusion the author states that although our ideals are democratic, our schools are largely authoritarian and this organization of school life itself must be changed if cooperative attitudes are to be taught. He also sees the need for "a new concept of character education more directly related to what our psychologists, psychiatrists, and social scientists generally are painfully learning about human nature."

This brief study is an extremely important one since it goes to the roots of one of the most pressing problems of our time. Dr. Johnson has included many facts and points the way to improvement. His book is both interesting and informative.

"Education and the Cultural Crisis" by Charles S. Johnson; The Macmillan Company; New York City: 1951; $1.75

26b 1951

Black-White Melodrama

EVERY MAN HIS SWORD. By Irving Schwartz. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.

FOUR lynchings, discrimination against the Negro, discrimination against the Jew, homosexuality, adultery, the Klan, corrupt officials, all set in a town which the writer actually calls Jemimah, comprise this unhappy item. A Negro is lynched, and then mysteriously white men are found dangling from the same tree, night after night. The local authorities are conceivably disturbed by this strange fruit, being persuaded that the underdogs are after them. However, the principal suspect is snug in jail the night the evil plantation owner is lynched, so the tables are turned in the black-white situation. Newshawks of the South are notably asleep at the switch during all the commotion.

CHARLOTTE CAPERS.

EVERY MAN HIS SWORD

26b 1951

Every Man His Sword

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

"EVERY MAN His Sword" by Irving Schwartz is a better than average novel about violence in a small Southern town. Mr Schwartz has introduced a number of unusual characters some of whom the reader will not easily forget. His style is forceful but unadorned and he understands the complex etiquette of race relations in the South.

When the book opens Jemimah, a Deep South town, is feeling the effects of the brutal killing of a Negro on its streets. These opening pages when the author describes the varying reactions brought forth by the crime are among the best in the book. The three white men who killed the Negro become the leaders in an organization patterned after the Klan destined to keep Negroes, Jews, and labor unions in line.

A great many persons are involved in the action of "Every Man His Sword," and for the most part the characterizations are excellent. It seemed to me that the "good" characters were less convincing than the villians of varying degrees. The laying bare of the rotten underside of Jemimah reminded me a bit of "Strange Fruit" in which Lillian Smith also showed the uglier aspects which underlie the soft Southern graces.

Irving Schwartz has written his first novel with great understanding and directness. It is a book which will hold your attention.

"Every Man His Sword" by Irving Schwartz; Doubleday & Company; New York City; 1951; $3.00.

26b 1951

FACTORY MAGAZINE
Survey of Worker Opinion on FEPC

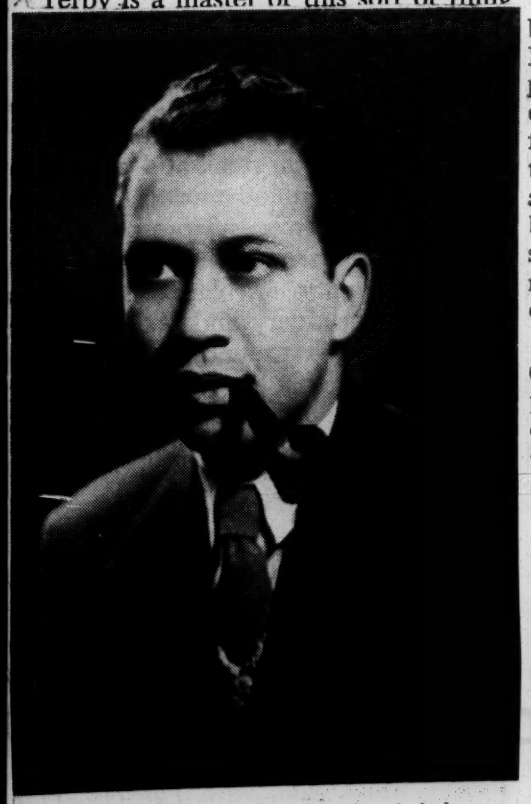
FACTORY MAGAZINE has published a survey of worker opinion on FEPC from thirty-four states containing 87 per cent of our industrial force. New England approved 85 per cent; Middle Atlantic states 73 per cent; East North Central 68 per cent, West 56 per cent, and South 48 per cent. In disapproval, South was tied with West at 34 per cent. Sounds pretty good, eh? Congress, please note.

Natchez Under the Hill

The first four novels of Frank Yerby sold more than a million copies apiece and the latest one, "Floodtide," seems likely to be as popular. It is the story of Ross Pary, an architect who helped build half the imposing mansions of old Natchez but could not enter them because his family came from Natchez under the Hill.

Ross is befriended by a wealthy planter, Lance Brittany, who helps him get established with a plantation of his own. He loves a beautiful Cuban refugee whose feeling about slavery leads him to free his own slaves and a homely girl named Cathy who smokes and swears and rides like a man. There is also Lance's sadistic wife, who wears garments "devastatingly transparent or just as devastatingly opaque," who forces Ross to make love to her at pistol point and who, when all his senses are "drowning in the surf pounding of his blood," plugs him.

Yerby is a master of this sort of thing.



Yerby: Historical romanticizing

his story moves from one such incident to another with a tireless and uncluttered prose. If the total effect is barely above dime-novel romanticizing, there is a certain genuine emotion in Ross's exclusion and a latent class consciousness or color consciousness in such episodes as the Negroes rescuing Conchita from the Spaniards who have raped and tortured her. The rapidity with which the characters get into each other's arms after a first meeting gives the book a hurried air and historically may seem a little precipitous for Mississippi in 1850, but it certainly speeds up the action. (FLOODTIDE. *By Frank Yerby.* 342 *pages. Dial.* $3.)

Gertrude Martin

'Floodtide' Has Romance, Color, But Lacks Punch

"FLOODTIDE," another historical novel by Frank Yerby, has the same ingredients he has used more or less effectively before: romance, color, beautiful women and strong, handsome men, but somehow the result is not as successful. A great many things happen to the hero, Ross Pary, but the book still has a static quality. Perhaps this is because there is little struggle, since Ross has practically achieved his ambition to leave the Natchez-Under-the-Hill slums and become a member of the society on Natchez-on-the-Hill when the book opens. His chief problem becomes resisting the wiles of Morgan Brittany, the predatory wife of one of his new friends.

Mr. Yerby's heroes usually are the center of triangles, beset by one passionate beauty and in love with a more restrained one. In "Floodtide," Ross Pary not only has Morgan to plague him pleasantly, but the girl with whom he falls in love is fiery Conchita Izquierdo, a Cuban beauty who is also an advanced type for 1850. Morgan is an odd one whose beauty makes men wilt at the sight of her. The author has Ross do a little pre-Freud psychoanalyzing of her and discovers her childhood experiences have brought her to her present half-mad state. Although he understands her, he does not succeed in resisting her. In the end what might have been an ironic twist becomes only another tiresome episode in his relationship with her.

A series of misunderstandings with Conchita takes him to Cuba, where she and her father are fighters for Cuban independence. He suffers untold hardships there, but this entire sequence seems contrived and unreal. Ross and Conchita become separated in Cuba and each has a number of harrowing experiences before the book ends.

Mr. Yerby does not write as smoothly in "Floodtide" as in his previous books ("Foxes of Harrow," "Golden Hawk," "The Vixens" and "Pride's Castle"). For one thing, he translates French and Spanish literally in some of his dialogue and the result is very stilted, as when Ross warns Conchita against spending the night in his rooms: "I assure you that a scandal of formidable size would arm itself!" In addition, his usual careful research is not as much a part of the whole, but stands out like a sore thumb, as in his long description of the clothes Ross wears.

"Floodtide" by Frank Yerby; The Dial Press; New York City; 1950; $3.00.

"A STRETCH ON THE RIVER"

Life on the Mississippi, spiced with considerable on the shore activity with girls from the various river towns, is the subject of "A Stretch on the River" by Richard Bissell. Mr. Bissell writes with wry humor and sympathy of the men on the Inland Coal, a towboat pushing coal-laden barges up the Mississippi.

Mr. Bissell does not romanticize river life, but without reading the biographical sketch on the back cover, one would realize he knows and loves the river himself. At times he has devoted a disproportionate amount of space to the sex life of his characters, but as a whole the book is a realistic slice of a lusty life.

"A Stretch on the River" By Richard P. Bissell; Little, Brown and Company; Boston, Mass.; 1950; $3.00.

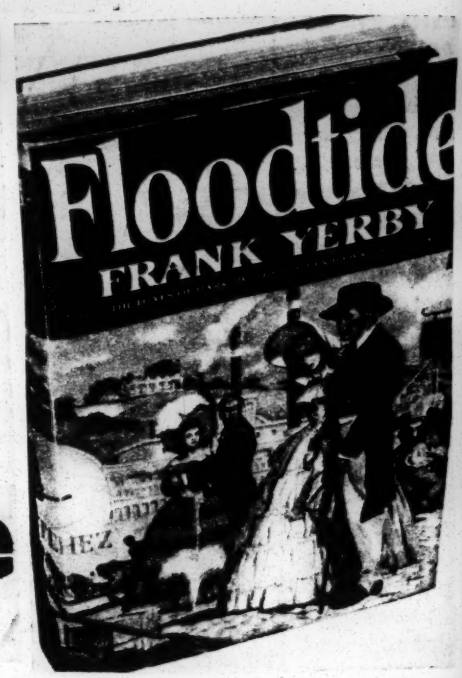
"FRANK YERBY has done it again!"

—Denver Post Book Reviewer

● "FLOODTIDE is a rich, violent story of Natchez in the heyday of the slave-holding South . . . of gentleman planters and lovely ladies whose love-making equalled their violent politics."—*Chicago Tribune.* "A lush and heady successor to THE FOXES OF HARROW, THE VIXENS, and PRIDE'S CASTLE."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.* $3.00

Floodtide

By Frank Yerby



Old Guilt, New South

THE FORTUNE TELLERS. By Berry Fleming. 442 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.75.

AT 47, Cleve Barfield is the owner of the most successful business (a kaolin mine) in Fredericksville, Ga. He is also the uneasy possessor of his town's most sordid secret, a Negro's conviction for the murder a white man had committed. Barfield himself had nothing to do with the crime—but twenty years before he had stood silently by while his in-laws railroaded the innocent Negro into life imprisonment to protect a murderer among them and save the family name. Georgia novelist Berry Fleming's eighth book (the Literary Guild's choice for December) is an extended report on what happens when a Pulitzer Prize reporter from up North, with a nose for racial injustice, arrives in the Georgia city one rainy day and starts asking questions.

To complicate matters, a mighty flood arrives, at about the same time. Through the larger part of a hectic, novel-length week, hero Barfield does what he can to head both menaces off. When the railroad refuses to blow a million-dollar bridge to help divert the flood, Emergency Commissioner Barfield destroys it himself. When Fredericksville citizens are slow to join the sandbag gangs on the levee, Barfield kidnaps the help he needs and makes it work at pistol-point until the danger is past. He even stoops to stealing some newspaper files so that the news hound will be unable to find out the truth about Negro Brown's frame-up.

THE river of Faulkner-like language which floats this hell-and-high-water plot is broad enough to accommodate a whole townful of people, and smooth enough to mirror their race-conscious, family-loving, Yankee-hating mores. But in his eagerness to give the South a fair hearing on its own terms, Fleming burdens his book with bias. For the villain of "The Fortune Tellers" is not the unreconstructed patriarch who callously framed Negro Brown, but Vitner, the crusading Northern newspaper man. As author Fleming and his Georgia townspeople see him, Vitner is a rude, bloodless, self-seeking, Leftist meddler who does more harm than good when he goes looking for racial injustice in Southern backyards.

A novelist with wider sympathies might have given Vitner at least the well-meaning motives and the three-dimensional humanity that Fleming lavishes on the least savory of his Southern characters. And a more penetrating writer would have created the man who stands at the heart of the matter: innocent, long-suffering Negro Brown. Brown is only a name in the novel; his twenty years in prison, ending in death, are left dangling and meaningless.

ROBERT LOWRY.

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

A PRESENT day Southern town and its reaction to a Northern reporter interested in digging up an old murder case, for which a Negro was serving a life sentence, is the main plot line in the new novel by Berry Fleming, "The Fortune Teller." But there are a number of secondary plots, including the love of one of the town's first citizens for a young married woman, and how the town meets the challenge of a flooding Savannah river.

Fredericksville, Georgia, is the name the author gives his town. There he draws together a large group of characters in a period of great stress, with a startling rise of the river threatening the levee and exaggerating the tensions to which the leading characters are subject.

From the opening pages of the book, when G. Cleveland Barfield meets the reporter, Vitner, he suspects him of wishing to find the truth about the old murder in which his wife's family was involved. Without an exception, everyone in the town who guesses Vitner's interest in the crime cooperate in keeping the truth from him.

Mr. Fleming gives a panoramic view of life in a small town South and of a large number of its people. The principal characters are well defined with the exception of the reporter, who is made a symbol of the intruding North rather than an individual. No one of the townspeople approaches him as a person and none seems to feel shame at covering up the truth in the interests of Southern pride.

This aspect of the book, the treatment of Vitner and his attempts to find evidence of a definite miscarriage of justice, is its weakest point. The latter half of the book is less convincing in this approach to Northern "meddling." Characters like Miss Alice Barfield and Hannah somehow seem weaker in their retreat from reality as practical business man and independent woman to fearful shadows of themselves.

"The Fortune Tellers" is at times wordy but the reader's interest seldom lags. It is a well written book which ties a great many diverse characters and situations together. It might have been an even better book had the author made the reporter more This aspect of the book, the rather than a hovering menace which even the good people of the town are ready to take drastic measures to erase.

"The Fortune Tellers" by Berry Fleming; J. B. Lippincott Company; E. Washington Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.; 1951; $3.75.

Adult South

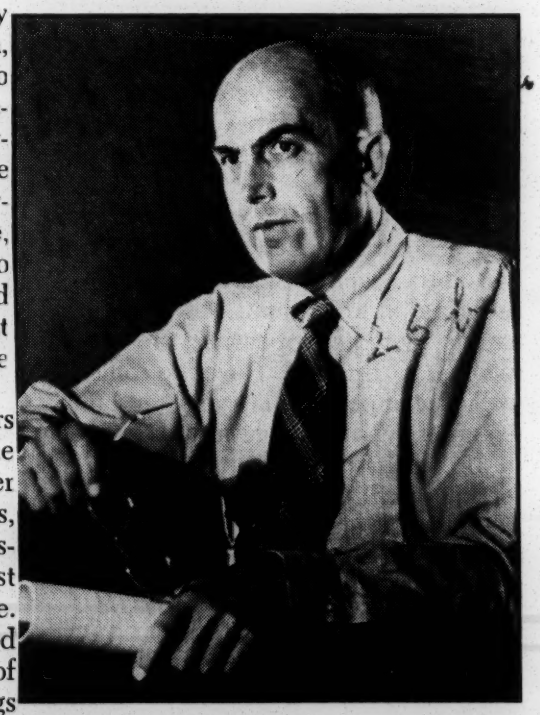
There is a note of urgency in Berry Fleming's novel about a Southern town, "The Fortune Tellers," that seems to come not only from the tense events described but from a desire to give a different picture of the South than the one ordinarily communicated in novels nowadays. In 1929 the city of Fredericksville, Ga., had begun an 11-mile levee to protect itself against the Savannah, and when the levee withstood a 38-foot crest it was declared to be worth ten times the $3,000,000 it had cost.

Now after nineteen years the waters threatened to reach even higher. The deep orange-red current of the river washed along branches and tree trunks, and the Negroes worked frantically to dislodge the driftwood that jammed against the granite piers of the railroad bridge. Sandbags were packed into a neglected 8-foot gully. The pool at the base of the bags grew larger, and the top bags sagged. A Negro living nearby loaded his children, chickens, and household goods into his wagon and headed for higher ground. The waters subsided, and then rose again at the rate of a foot an hour.

There were 20,000 able-bodied men in town, and appeals for help went out every fifteen minutes over the radio, but it was impossible to raise 3,000 volunteers. Prisoners, convicts, conscripts snatched off the streets, the personnel of a factory were rushed to the levee, with sandbags, picks, shovels, and wheelbarrows, to a 48-hour nightmare of drenched confusion.

Against this background Fleming has unwound his story of Cleveland Barfield, a middle-aged widower with three children, who has married into the town's old family and permitted the frame-up of an innocent Negro on a murder charge rather than break with his in-laws. Now he is directing the fight against the flood at the same moment a Yankee newspaperman is threatening to revive the scandal. To save the levee the railroad bridge has to be dynamited, and in making his decision Barfield faces the same choice he faced before.

Fleming's novel is perhaps worked out too neatly, and the writing has a ragged haste, but his characters are adults, and they are a great relief after so many Southern novels of apathetic acceptance of nature on the loose. (THE FORTUNE TELLERS. *By Berry Fleming. 442 pages. Lippincott. $3.75.*)



Fleming's Southerners are not passive

26b 1951

Negro Progress Is Theme of NewBook

HILL AND MILLER WRITE "FROM YESTERDAY THROUGH TOMORROW" PUBLISHED BY VANTAGE PRESS.

NEW YORK, N. Y.— The struggle of black men to achieve economic, social and political equality in the United States is the keynote of a new book, "From Yesterday Through Tomorrow," published recently by Vantage Press, New York.

The book is co-authored by Arthur C. Hill and Jesse W. Miller, both of St. Paul, Minnesota.

"This is a graphic and moving story," says Alan F. Pater, president of Vantage Press, Inc., "from the beginning of the African slave trade nearly 300 years ago, to the discriminatory practices against the Negro today. It is a story filled with heroism and disaster, agony, tears and defeats, and some triumphs.

"Messrs. Hill and Miller have written a harrowing but true story sparing neither the South nor the North, but focusing rather on the uncontrolled greed of groups and individuals as the root-cause of the Negro's plight both yesterday and today."

In their preface, the authors said: "It is our hope that men and women, upon reading the following pages, will come to realize one great truth: in guaranteeing the Constitutional rights of minorities, the Constitutional rights of the majority are protected as well."

Mr. Hill was educated at Clark College, Atlanta, Georgia, and at Agricultural and Industrial State Teachers College, Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Miller was also educated at the latter institution and did graduate work at the University of Minnesota. He has taken an active part in politics and race-relations work.

Vets Write Book Rapping U. S. Bias

NEW YORK—Jesse W. Miller and Arthur C. Hill are the authors of a new approach to the presentation of Negro history and racial prejudice in the United States — "From Yesterday Thru Tomorrow."

Published by Vantage Press, Inc., of New York, this volume utilizes the voice and wisdom of "Mr. Eternity" as he tells a lynch victim who has just died the story of the Negro's more than 300 years in America. Both authors served in the Army during World War II, formerly attended Tennessee State College and now live in St. Paul, Minn. —(ANP)

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE, by Constance Robertson (Random House, $3). A historical novel about Southern sympathizers in Ohio during the Civil War.

books

Edited by J. F. Rothermel

Sans honeysuckle and magnolia—

A Southerner writes of the South—simple and true

THE GOLDEN LIE, by Thomas Hal Phillips. Rhinehart & Co., Inc. $3.

A SOUTHERN author has written a book about the South of which Southern people can justly be proud. Without painting a picture of the South as a land of honeysuckle and magnolia, without pointing out ways to solve race problems, without preaching, or using bombastic, violent language, Thomas Hal Phillips, an alumnus of Hudson Strode's fiction-writing group, gives us a beautiful, tender, sensitive story of plain, everyday people, an example of how race relations can be and are being solved, in the way these people live.

* * *

MR. PHILLIPS makes no issue of it, just as no issue should be made of it, and the simple, true facts of everyday human relationships, as whites and Negroes work and live closely together, show that it need not be a racial problem to be solved, but that it can be simply one of loving one's neighbor as one loves oneself. Then it becomes no problem, but better living and more happiness for all concerned.

This is the story of Walter and Savanna Lloyd and their son, Foster, on their farm in Old Shiloh. Savanna wanted to be a saint, to be recognized by all who knew her as a saint, and she struggled to bring her family into her religious life, into her way of thinking and believing. Her husband and son, however, refused to conform, preferring to go their own unobstructive way, doing good wherever it came to hand, their religion being expressed in the way they lived, in their relationship with fellow human beings.

* * *

IT IS THE STORY of a beautiful bond of understanding be-between father and son, and a bond of friendship between a white boy, Foster, and a Negro boy, Kirby. It is a story of human weaknesses and strengths, of the soil, neighborly attitudes and family relationships. The language is simple, and down-to-earth. The author knows the South, its people and its problems. He speaks its language with well chosen words and well written sentences.

Thomas Hal Phillips won high praise from the critics for his first novel, "The Bitterweed Path," and this second book shows promise of placing him right up among the top-notch writers of today. His character portrayal is excellent, and with a knowledge of his subject, a sensitive but sure touch, he tells his story in a manner that makes it become real and beautiful—THELMA PEARSON YOUNG.

Controversial Novel Of The South

THE GOLDEN LIE by Thomas Hal Phillips, Rinehart & Company, Inc., 232 Madison, New York, 1951; 279 pages—$3.

The high point of this book is so questionable to Southern people that this writer cannot go all out in praise of it, even though it is a wonderfully well written book and a novel highly enjoyable. We really liked it, overwhelmingly, up to a certain point, and then we were so let down, and the situation so impossible today, and we say today with intention, that we were disappointed.

Thomas Hal Phillips is a gifted writer, he has studied under a master, Hudson Strode, but he has wondered away from the pathways designated for a Southern writer. Not that we blame him for that, but rather his undenied talent could be put to so much more usefulness.

Phillips has written a father and son story that remains exciting. He tells about a woman, whose frustrated love for a man too much for her, breaks her down. It is the 1930's. It is religion without love. Here is the true love of a father for a son.

It is small town life, it is Negro and white, with deftness, sensitivity, ability, poise, delicacy, and religiousity. It tells of Savannah Lloyd, a mother with religion a primal force. She is a Primitive Baptist, with all the "golden lies" at her command.

And it is Walter Lloyd, her husband, a famous football player, now a farmer, and his son, Foster. But this was Mississippi and Foster had made the Mid-South All-Star eleven. So we have a Negro boy, Kirby, who has been Foster's buddy since childhood, who also was a great football star on his own Negro team.

Old Shiloh town has had many vicissitudes, and in this novel you reach most of them. Roy Bynam, who wanted Savannah but who married Arnett. You learn about Laura and Taylo Dirk, and several other characters who are reflected in the glow of this unusual novel.

—R. G.

Catholic Bishop, University Head Sons of Mixed Couple

RIVER FOREST, Ill., — The second Catholic bishop of Portland, Me., and a president of Georgetown University, Washington, who served as university rector 26 years were sons of an interracial marriage, a booklet published by Rosary College here reports.

Sister Mary Ellen O'Hanlon, O.P. is author of the 31-page booklet on "The Heresy of Race." It bears the imprimatur of Samuel Cardinal Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago.

Ordained Before Civil War

"Among the priests of acknowledged colored stock in the United States, the first three were brothers — the Fathers Healy of Boston who were ordained before the Civil War," the Dominican nun writes.

"They were the sons of a Catholic interracial marriage, their father being a native of Ireland and their mother of mixed stock from the deep South.

"One of these priests, James Augustine Healy, became Bishop of Portland, Maine. The second Father Healy, the Rev. Patrick Healy, S.J., became president of Georgetown University. Healy Hall still the main campus building, is a monument to his memory.

"During my recent visit to Georgetown, the archivist, a native Washingtonian, made many complimentary remarks about Father Healy who was the 22nd rector of the university.

"Speaking of this rector's gifts of mind and spirit, he said that it was Father Healy who made Georgetown University. His period of rectorship was continuous from July 31, 1874 until his death in 1900.

"The third Father Healy, the Rev. Sherwood Healy, died during his pastorate at St. James Church, Boston. As pastor of this church, he was successor to his brother, Father James Healy, when the latter was consecrated Bishop of Portland.

Two of Three Daughters Nuns

"A fourth brother, Michael Healy, became a famous ship captain. Of this family of mixed ancestry, there were also three daughters, Eliza and Josephine who both became nuns and Martha married a Mr. Cashman of Boston.

"The Healy children were born in Macon, Ga., their parents' marriage having occurred before any of the laws which might have prevented it were promulgated. Later the family lived in Boston."

Bishop Healy was consecrated in 1875 and died in 1900.

26b 1951

Current reading . . .

By Minnie Lomax

ETHEL WATERS TELLS ALL

"His Eye Is On the Sparrow." By Ethel Waters with Charles Samuels. New York: Doubleday and Co. 278 pp. $3.00.

The great moral shock experienced by those who read the digest of Ethel Waters' autobiography, appearing a few months ago in the Ladies Home Journal, prepared us fully for an almost unexampled baring in the book of things which most people would wish to conceal. Anyone who reads widely, however, and, in addition, is familiar with the tenets of modern biography will find this particular sordid record, which is yet interspersed with things fine and lovely, touching and impressive. "Biography," writes Sir Sydney Lee, "is a truthful picture of life, of life's tangled skein, good and ill together."

The same holds true for autobiography, it would reduce to the vanishing point the desire to know anything about celebrated people if one thought everything was written to fit the requirements of a Sunday School narrative.

Without giving the details, best learned by reading the book, we might initiate interest in the story with a quotation which could have served as the opening sentence of the autobiography, and proceed to sketch from there. "No performer," says Miss Waters, "was ever pulled out of childhood so dark and cold." No reader would challenge her statement. Born out of wedlock to a mother not yet 13, unloved, unwanted except by a maternal grandmother who was herself no paragon of virtue, moved about from shanty to shanty and never having the same place of residence for more than a few weeks, except one in a redlight district, the child Ethel grew up encountering every injury which the human personality can sustain. She stole, lied, fought, served as a lookout for prostitutes and an errand girl for dope users, and by the time she was 7, "knew all about sex and life in the raw." By 11, she had become converted and her greatest interest was the church, but this did not alter the Jekyll-Hyde personality which made her take pride simultaneously with her piety, in being the heroine of her slum associates because of her "atomic delivery of the king's profanity.

"Whatever moral qualities I have," Miss Waters tells us, "came from all the sordiness I observed as a child;" much of which was seen at close range in her own family of aunts and uncle. The grandmother, whom she adored, worked out in service and slept in to pay for the shanties in which her three daughters, worthless son, and granddaughter lived. The reader comes to know them all well through the bare-skinned descriptions of their faults, virtues, and experiences.

It was interesting to discover that Miss Waters' first ambition was to be a lady's maid, with the hope of an opportunity to travel. More interesting still, however, was following the development of her singing and acting ability, or rather her rise from performer in a Philadelphia saloon to stardom on Broadway. Miss Waters writes that she was a star at the age of five when she appeared on a children's program in a small Philadelphia church and was a success the first time she appeared on the stage, in the movies, and on radio. That much-prized adjective, "first," has been chalked against her name several times; first woman to sing the "St. Louis Blues" professionally, first to make the song, "Dinah," an international song hit, first colored person to be starred with whites below the Mason-Dixon line, and first Negro on Broadway as a dramatic star.

Some of the frankest passages in the book have to do with Miss Waters' love life which she says was always an epic and an epidemic. She had the misfortune on several occasions to mix romance with her bank account and each time came out with no dough and less love. Married twice, the first time at the age of 13, she was never a mother but played the part of mother to at least 20 girls.

His Eye Is On The Sparrow

"His Eye Is On the Sparrow" is just what we expected it to be, a mixture of spirituality and bawdiness, recorded in a direct and simple manner which gives the impression that Charles Samuel wrote it down exactly the way it was told to him. Like all autobiography, it is necessarily incomplete but takes us up to the moment of the subject's latest Broadway triumph, "Member of the Wedding." It is instinct with truthfulness and, to this reviewer, Miss Waters' achievements, viewed against the monstrous obstacles which beset her path, seem all the more glorious.

Without knowing it, perhaps, the actress has written up an excellent case study for a psychiatrist and, at the same time, a terrible indictment of the age in which she lived. One need only read the book to discover how grossly miserable was the lot of the mass of human beings in the first two decades of the 20th century. Let the actress summarize it for you: "Nobody felt underprivileged or victims of society. Everybody had a hard time—the daily struggle was universal."

In an interview, Miss Waters said, "I told my life story to stop people from having curiosity, to stop them from having to ask me questions, from wanting them to know my life so that maybe it could help somebody." And she might have added, "I wrote my life story to show that hope can spring from the vilest, lowest conditions that can be conceived. 'To know all is to forgive all.'"

At the Book and Author Luncheon

Ira Rosenberg

Left to right at the Astor: Capt. Walter Karig, author of "Battle Report"; Ethel Waters, who wrote "His Eye Is on the Sparrow," and Arthur Mizener, author of "The Far Side of Paradise"

3 Authors Tell Book Luncheon Of New Works

Capt. Walter Karig, Prof. Arthur Mizener, Ethel Waters Speak at Astor

Three authors whose books are receiving wide circulation spoke yesterday at the season's fifth Book and Author Luncheon under the joint auspices of the New York Herald Tribune and the American Booksellers Association.

The speakers were Capt. Walter Karig, officer in charge of the Navy's narrative history, "Battle Report" and author of the novel "Caroline Hicks"; Arthur Mizener, who wrote "The Far Side of Paradise," a biography of the late F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Ethel Waters, singer and actress, whose autobiography, "His Eye Is On the Sparrow," was recently published.

Capt. Karig, who recently returned from a three-month duty tour in Korea where he gathered material for the sixth volume of "Battle Report," told the Book and Author audience of 1,500 at the Hotel Astor that the United States would continue to "take a licking in little corners of the world" until the nation manifests some of the "lust for life" he observed in the Communist hordes of North Korea.

Spirit Held Lacking

"When you read criticism that our military leadership has fallen flat, it is possibly true," he said, "although I am not qualified to judge and I doubt if any one is. The answer is that we, the United States, the whole civilized world, is inadequate to the job. We lack the enthusiasm."

Capt. Karig said that current debates about what age youths should attain before being eligible for the draft was "nonsense." He said it was useless to talk of a United State withdrawal from Korea, since such a move would "inflame all of Asia." He said the United States was held in esteem by Asiatics because it was regarded as the conqueror of the Japanese who were oppressors in Korea for forty years.

"If we retreat now, we will be second to the Japanese," he said. "The effect would go westward to Berlin and Moscow and World War III would be averted—if that's what we want—without a shot being fired."

Reason for Red Appeal

Capt. Karig said the United Nations forces were fighting an "anachronistic" war in Korea, pitting the equipment of modern war-making against skillful guerrilla fighters.

"We command the air and the sea, have better tanks and better troops, but we have taken a licking," he said.

The answer, he said, is that the North Koreans are an "abused, hungry people—hungry in the sense that they want any sort of freedom of action." The Communists have capitalized on the situation and "inflamed" the North Koreans, he said.

As a consequence, United Nations troops "have to murder unarmed men who charge our guns," he said. "They fight with fists, teeth, rocks and sticks, inspired by the belief that if they can get rid of the 'alien,' they will have freedom. Our men have become sick of shooting down wave after wave of almost demented Communists."

In discussing his work on the biography of Fitzgerald, Mr. Mizener, a professor of English at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., said that it was "unfair to the '20s to call them 'The Jazz Age,' even if Fitzgerald did," and that it was equally unfair to associate the novelist solely with that train of thought.

Fitzgerald as a Writer

"Fitzgerald was much more than that," Mr. Mizener said, adding that while Fitzgerald's popularity waned in the '30s and none of his books was in print when he died in 1940, there were still many who admired him greatly. He said college English departments "never stopped assigning 'The Great Gatsby'" to undergraduates and that other admiring authors, such as John O'Hara, frequently had characters in their books talk about him.

"Why?" he asked. "Because Fitzgerald was a far better writer than people gave him credit for in the '30s."

Mr. Mizener pictured Fitzgerald as a man of great personal appeal and said the novelist's life was "the secret life of the Walter Mittys of the 1930s." He likened him also to Byron who, he said, "was a good poet but is largely remembered as Byron, a fabulous character."

Miss Waters Speaks

Miss Waters, who wrote her autobiography with Charles Samuels, humorously paraphrased Nathan Hale when she told the luncheon guests: "I have but one life to live and I've told it to the public." In a more serious vein she discussed the squalor, poverty and other difficulties of her early life and then added: "My life isn't dated. Things that happened when I was three, are happening now in that same environment.

"I hope in baring my soul like I have that it will have its reward among my fellow men," Miss Waters said. "It's not a colored story. It's a human story."

She said it was a story she believed many could understand because, "privation, starvation and misery are not segregated."

Mrs. Irita Van Doren, editor of the Herald Tribune Book Review, presided. The next Book and Author Luncheon will be April 17.

Ethel Waters Feted At Book-Author Luncheon

NEW YORK - (ANP) - Ethel Waters, star of the stage play "Member of the Wedding," was feted at a "Book and Author" luncheon held in the spacious ballroom of the Hotel Astor here last week.

The luncheon, given in honor of the publication of Miss Water's book, "His Eye Is On The Sparrow," was sponsored by the white daily New York Herald Tribune and the American Booksellers association. Flanking Miss Waters on either side at the celebrities table were guest speakers Arthur Mizner, author of "The Far Side of Paradise," and Capt. Walter Karig, officer in charge of "Battle Report," the U. S. navy's narrative history project. Mistress of ceremonies was Irta Van Doren, literary editor of the Herald-Tribune.

Talk With Ethel Waters

By HARVEY BREIT

AS every American knows, Ethel Waters is a powerfully moving dramatic actress and a great singer. She is not a writer. Or is she? She has written a book, her autobiography, "His Eye Is on the Sparrow," and Doubleday labels it "by Ethel Waters with Charles Samuels." Now, the "with" is significant. Did Mr. Samuels write a single line of Miss Waters' book? He did and he didn't. Miss Waters talked it for several hours a day, five days a week, through four months; Mr. Samuels recorded what Miss Waters said. And after listening to Miss Waters, the answer from this overwhelmed corner is, Miss Waters is a natural-born speechifier and probably a first-rate writer; and Mr. Samuels has a first-rate ear and an exacting scrupulousness.

Miss Waters, when you see her off-stage and off-screen, is bigger than you'd think. She is something of a presence, tall and straight and statuesque and with enormous physical dignity. When she gets into conversation she has more than dignity: she is monolithic, intent, emotional, and pushes aside any attempt to prompt or swerve or even engage her thought processes. Her speech is a miracle, rich and conglomerate, a spectacularly unpredictable mixture of testament spirituality and earthy slang. She is thoughtful; her conversation is a visible enterprise; you can *watch* her think, her words are the result of a patent struggle to express accurately what is in her mind. And this is a struggle not ever to be disparaged, for it exists everywhere, and has its parallel among writers in their writing, if not in their speech.

How did Miss Waters write the book? (Did Miss Waters accept such an easy gambit? She did not.) "It is no book," she said. "It is my life. There is no mechanics. You don't live a life span and say it in one paragraph or in one line. There's nothing commercial or melodramatic in it. I told my life story to stop people from having curiosity, to stop them from having to ask me questions, from wanting them to know my life so that maybe it could help somebody."

MISS WATERS gestured beautifully. "It's not a Negro story," she said. "It's a human story. Things have happened to me that have happened to every people and race in the world. The only miraculous thing is that God's hand kept me above it. The credit is only to God's helping me. But don't misunderstand me. My life was not sorrowful—it was all right and still is. . . . Would I want to live my life over again? Yes, I'd say yes. I don't want no halo [Miss Waters said hayloo], I don't want no credit. I don't know whether I'm talking sense. But what I mean is I'm no better today than I was when I was living the story. No better, no worse. I could fight back then, I could fight back now." Miss Waters laughed at the prospect of what surely would be her triumph in any fight.

"So you darling, I hope you don't misunderstand what I'm trying to say, I hope you try to. . . . " Miss Waters stopped momentarily, then went on, "Well, I don't have to ask you, I'll ask God." Miss Waters was apparently deeply moved at this point. "I'm kind of sad today," she explained, "because the one who made this story possible isn't here — my grandmother."

Would Miss Waters talk a little about her singing? "I guess singing is the traditional outlet for the colored people," Miss Waters replied with surprising amenability. "The very thing that is paramount in my mind I can find

Ethel Waters.

expression for in just humming a song. But, of course, there is solid prayer for the other things in my mind. Oh, I can get angry and curse a little (of course, the Lord look the other way). I don't take the Lord's name in vain, don't get that idea. But I have a vocabulary without the Lord's name that could raise the roof. You understand what I'm saying, sugar?"

TURKS and madonnas, this writer did. Miss Waters continued: "Life isn't poetic. I didn't want to make my life fantastic. All my life I was taught to tell the truth. I didn't fear anything but God and so I wasn't afraid to tell the truth ever. I find you can't remember a lie, but you can't forget the truth. I raised myself, I had to teach myself. I got a space between my teeth. Where I come from they called it a lie gap. And when I told the truth no one would believe me because of that lie gap. I took many a slap in the face on account of that lie gap."

Did the fact that Miss Waters had to forage for herself as a youngster help her later on as an actress? "I'm not an actress," Miss Waters said unequivocally. "I'm never acting. Everything I'm able to portray on the stage I've fitted in from my life. I've given out to the theatre what came out of my life. Whatever I have to do I've been. I'm reliving my experience. I was brought up a Catholic. I'm a Catholic, a Baptist, a Methodist, I'm everything that's to help people."

Ethel Tells Why She Wrote the 'Sparrow'

NEW YORK—Ethel Waters, who has just observed her 35th year in show business, during a party at the Empire Theatre in her honor, told guests why she wrote "His Eye Is On the Sparrow," her life story.

Miss Waters said it was not to publicize immorality (so freely spoken of in the story), but to let the little fellow (she compared with the sparrow) know there was hope for him.

"I want the sparrow to know that out of great darkness and sorrow can come light and eventually happiness for those who worship God and work hard and apply themselves," she said.

"I took a chance on opening to full view the skeletons in my closet. I felt that this sacrifice would let others who struggle know there is a kindred spirit from one who rose from the muck of poverty and suffering into the sunlight of achievement.

"Indeed, my life has been enriched from these experiences. When I'm on stage, I'm not acting, I am simply reliving my experiences before the public.

"Yes, I want the little fellow to know that there is a fellow champion who has met the challenge and won. This is not a book about a colored person, it is one about another human being."

Books of The Times

By CHARLES POORE

THE Pulitzer laurelers will do well to choose "His Eye Is on the Sparrow,"* by Ethel Waters, for their book-of-the-year club. It is already a Book-of-the-Month Club choice for March, and it will not be topped in that field. Miss Waters and Charles Samuels, who put it all down, present a magnificent autobiography, a revelation of squalor and splendor and fortitude and laughter.

Ethel Waters

The mandarins in search of the great American novel can stop here for an interval and read the story of a great American life, the triumph of the undefeated. For Miss Waters has survived a dozen catastrophes that would have killed off whole armies of the howling and bewildered heroes who march through the cadenced agonies of so many recent novels.

When Miss Waters was born in the slums of Chester, near Philadelphia, unwanted and unloved, her future was not spectacularly bright. And there is nothing in the whole desperate catalogue of man's inhumanities that contemporary novelists force their characters (and invite their readers), to share, that she did not face in the years that followed, the years she describes in "His Eye Is on the Sparrow" with Elizabethan candor. But she fought on.

When Miss Waters was starred with Beatrice Lillie in "At Home Abroad" Brooks Atkinson referred to her in his review as "the gleaming tower of regality," and Miss Waters herself noted that "the first-rate supporting cast given Lady Peel and the former shining star of Edmond's Cellar," in Harlem, included Reginald Gardiner, Eddie Foy Jr., Paul Haakon and Eleanor Powell.

Beyond Deepression to Despair

Miss Waters probably did more than Herbert Hoover to lighten the depression years in America. Yet her own life, in that time, was often beyond depression and closer to despair. The Catholic faith that sustains her is decidedly not a matter of quaint old blues-singing folklore.

Although she is a tremendously hospitable person, Miss Waters takes a very dim view indeed of the marshmallow tones of patronage.

An agent once offered her fabulous riches in return for a chilled-steel contract that would have lasted well into the suburbs of eternity. Miss Waters said no.

"Why?" asked the agent.

"Because," Miss Waters explained, "Lincoln freed me too."

On board the Ile de France *(liberté, égalité, fraternité)*, her fellow passengers, who had ignored her under her married name, gushed around in a swivet of compliments after she triumphantly appeared as Ethel Waters in the ship's concert.

"Where have you been, Miss Waters?" they wanted to know.

"Why, ladies, I haven't been hiding anywhere," she said. "I've been on the deck every day in my chair. But none of you spoke to me. Yet I'm the very same person I was yesterday. I have the same face, same body, and same color."

If you saw Miss Waters recently in Carson McCullers' fine play, "The Member of the Wedding," where she deliberately killed applause—how many actors or actresses get to do that in a season?—when she has sung enough, you know how her personality shines through any part. And that's the way she is in this book.

In her tribute to Sam Harris, Miss Waters says that "it was the emotional impact on an audience that Mr. Harris reveled in. That was his real pay, as it has always been mine." That's true of her life everywhere, as the story of the ship's concert shows. Incidentally, the main number she had chosen, as appropriate for that occasion, was "Trav'lin' All Alone."

She Remembers Slum Childhood

Miss Waters has had some happy and some unhappy experiences in bringing up adopted children. Her main principle has been to do for them what should have been done for her in her own childhood in the savage wasteland of the slums. And since she is clearly able to remember every detail of that time, she has not needed to talk to the eminent theoreticians about how to prevent a youngster from growing up to a life of idle bad manners or industrious arson.

The way she sang her songs, "Dinah" and "Stormy Weather" and the rest, her parts in "Mamba's Daughters" and "As Thousands Cheer" and the rest, are woven into the living history of our time. She feels that if one song can tell the whole tragic history of a race, Irving Berlin's "Supper Time" was that song. In singing of the woman who was preparing the evening meal for a husband who had been lynched, she says, "I was telling my comfortable, well-fed, well-dressed listeners about my people."

When Miss Waters tells you a story, in a song or in the pages of her autobiography, you know she is fulfilling the purpose of story telling as Joseph Conrad defined it: to make you see. Her book, as a matter of fact, will give a certain unexpected immortality to some very minor, very shady characters who have from time to time won the flayed ribbons of Miss Waters' scorn.

"'Stormy Weather,'" she says, "might have been the theme song of my life." What storms she has visited on others in her righteous wrath you will see in these living pages. She has fixed her share of tin-horn tyrants everywhere.

"All my life I've dreaded being around people who can't laugh," Miss Waters says, early in her book. And then proceeds to tell some of the saddest as well as some of the most hilarious stories of the year. Her true story is better than the most sensational new novel. She belongs with the great company that William Butler Yeats wrote about long ago: with

Achilles, Timor, Babar, Barhaim all
Who have lived in joy and laughed into the face of Death.

**HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW. An Autobiography. By Ethel Waters. With Charles Samuels. 278 pages. Doubleday. $3.*

ETHEL WATERS WRITES "BOOK OF THE YEAR"

NEW YORK CITY — (CNS) — There is nothing quite like "His Eye Is On The Sparrow," the life story of our great Ethel Waters, who, in the past two years has made a magnificent, and lucrative, comeback to the stage and screen. So unusual is this story that it has been already suggested to book buyers as truly a "book of the year". For Miss Waters, as one critic puts it, "survived a dozen catastrophes that would have killed off whole armies of the howling and bewildered heroes who march through the cadenced agonies of so many recent novels. When Miss Waters was born in the slums of Chester, near Philadelphia, unwanted and unloved, her future was not spectacularly bright. And there is nothing in the whole desperate catalogue of man's inhumanities that contemporary novelists force their characters (and invite their readers) to share, that she did not face in the years that followed, the years she describes in "His Eye Is On The Sparrow" with Elizabethan candor. But she fought on."

One of her pet stories comes when she was on board the Ile de France. Her fellow passengers ignored her under her married name. But as soon as she appeared at the ship's concert as Ethel Waters, they began buzzing. "Where have you been, Miss Waters?" they wanted to know "Why ladies I haven't been hiding anywhere," she said. "I've been on the deck every day in my chair. But none of you spoke to me. Yet I'm the very same person I was yesterday. I have the same face, same body, and same color."

Indeed, "His Eye Is On The Sparrow" is a fascinating book.

BOOKS AND THINGS

By LEWIS GANNETT

HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW. By Ethel Waters, with Charles Samuels. Doubleday. 278 pages. $3.

ETHEL WATERS' grandmother was thirteen when she was married to Honey Anderson, the youngest drum major in the Civil War. Honey may have been a good drummer, but he was also a drunk. He stayed around long enough to give Sally Anderson three children, then disappeared.

Designs for Living

The second of these three children, Ethel Waters' mother, was raped by a bright-skinned man when she was twelve, and that was how Ethel came to be born.

Ethel Waters

Ethel Waters herself was married at thirteen to a man twice her age, who was soon "a lost ball in the high weeds." Ethel went to work substituting for her mother as a scrubwoman. She was seventeen before she got her chance. A man who had heard her sing "When You're a Long, Long Way From Home" in the back room of Jack's Rathskeller in South Philadelphia on Halloween Eve offered her a professional engagement in Baltimore at ten dollars a week. That was three times what she was then earning, and twice the top salary her mother had ever earned in her life. Billed as "Sweet Mama Stringbean," Ethel Waters sang "St. Louis Blues," the second person and first woman ever to sing it professionally, and money fell like rain on the stage.

Ten years later she was on Broadway in "Africana," and she's there today, top-billed in "The Member of the Wedding." But it's been a long, rocky road.

A Rocky Road, North or South

Her autobiography is a short, rocky book, and the best part of it is the rockiest. Ethel Waters—she was called Ethel Perry then, after her grandmother's second husband—grew up tough. She doesn't remember ever seeing her father alive, but she remembers his funeral. She was three years old then; he had been a pianist and was poisoned by one of his jealous women.

Her beloved grandmother died just after Ethel's thirteen-year-old marriage. Ethel hadn't seen much of her mother in those first years; almost as much as losing her grandmother she regretted that her devoted Aunt Vi, her grandmother's favorite daughter, had been too drunk to attend the funeral. Her Uncle Charlie was "woman-simple" and a thief. Part of the time the family lived in a red-light district. Once, when they lived in Chester, her mother for a few months possessed an installment-plan parlor organ. It was on that that Ethel learned to play with one finger "His Eye Is on the Sparrow," which she sings today for the second-act curtain in "The Member of the Wedding."

For years she sang blues in sweaty little Negro theaters, where the audience shouts and stomps when it likes a performer, and that is still the kind of audience she likes best. After an auto wreck she learned how a Southern white hospital can treat a Negro patient; years later she learned how a semi-Northern hospital could treat a Negro patient, when her mother was caged in Philadelphia. But it was a white Southern nurse who got Ethel Waters out of the Birmingham hospital; and in Bessemer, Ala., she learned that it was possible for a Southern white man to use "nigger" as a term of affection. In Atlanta a white theater owner taught her the near-equivalent of lynching, but it was another Southern white man, head of the Negro booking circuit, who got her out of that job. This Tennessean was the first white man who ever addressed her as "Miss Waters."

Including Rights to the Jaw

There are, inevitably, flashes of bitterness in Miss Waters' story, including sideswipes at some of her former fellow performers. Mostly, she doesn't deal in sideswipes; in South Philadelphia she learned both the art of tongue-lashing and the womanly art of self-defense, leading with the left. In her narrative—I don't know just how much of the writing her collaborator, Mr. Samuels, did, but he certainly didn't pretty the story up or gentle the language—she spares no one, least of all her erstwhile boy friends or herself.

In the end hers is, of course, a success story—from "Africana" through "As Thousands Cheer," "Mamba's Daughters," "Cabin in the Sky," and "Pinky" to "The Member of the Wedding." But success tends to be monotonous to read about—except when Miss Waters is repeating the set of rules, beginning, "I don't like to mix with white people," which she sends along when writing for hotel reservations. The drama of this story is the tale of the beginnings of one of the great personalities of the American stage. I think I'll remember it the next time some sentimentalist tries to excuse the failings of a near-artist on the ground that the poor fellow was born on the wrong side of the tracks.

26b 1951

How to Conduct a Community Self-Survey of Civil Rights

HOW TO CONDUCT A COMMUNITY SELF-SURVEY OF CIVIL RIGHTS, by Margot Haas Wormser and Claire Selltiz, foreword by Gordon W. Allport (Association Press, $3.75).

RACE ISSUE CALLED DEMOCRACY TEST

Fisk University Forum Reports Links Problem to U. S. Role in Guarding Civilization

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 11—The problem of relations between racial and cultural groups in this country has become a matter of national and international concern involving a realistic testing of the process of democracy, according to a report by the Race Relations Department of Fisk University.

The report, entitled "Human Rights and Human Relations," summarizes the findings of interracial, civic, religious, educational and labor leaders presented in forums before the Institute of Race Relations on the campus of Fisk University.

The ninety-two-page publication sets forth the problems of minority groups and relates them to such subjects as historical background, civil rights implications, areas of approach, industrial relations, politics, the church and the community, techniques and programs and preface of action.

U. S. Called Guardian

It was prepared under the direction of Dr. Herman H. Long, director of the Race Relations Department, and Dr. Charles S. Johnson, president of Fisk University and United States delegate to the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization.

"A vast and mighty sweep of forces that involves most of the world has telescoped our national role into one of guardianship of a democratic civilization," the report stated. "We now find ourselves concerned only incidentally with the relations between racial and cultural groups, and basically with the realistic process of democracy."

An introductory report by Dr. Johnson points out that the American creed stresses the ideals of individual dignity, equality of opportunity and right to personal, political and economic liberty. This way of life, he said, is being offered to other countries with our emphasis on material wealth and productive power.

"It is my conviction," he declared, "that the breakdown of American democratic theory when it comes up against the issue of race is, to a much greater extent than most of us realize, responsible for the failure of the peoples of the world to rush up and buy our product as we took it for granted they would do at the first opportunity."

But Points to Leadership

Despite the weaknesses of our system, Dr. Johnson held, it can still be said that we have been able to enjoy beneficial conditions of labor, health and social welfare more than any other country. And in our princples of civil rights, he added, we have much to offer those people who recently have come through a period in which the most elemental rights have been ruthlessly disregarded.

Lecturers and consultants included in the report are Dr. W. W. Alexander, former director of the Farm Security Administration; Dr. George S. Mitchell, director of the Southern Regional Council; Dr. Belle Boone Beard, chairman, Department of Sociology, Sweet Briar College; Aaron J. Brumbaugh, vice president, American Council on Education; Robert K. Carr, chairman, Department of Government, Dartmouth College.

Also, Samuel H. Flowerman, director, Department of Scientific Research, American Jewish Committee; Theodore Haas, Office of Indian Affairs, United States Department of Interior; Julius Thomas, director, Department of Industrial Relations, National Urban League; Mrs. M. E. Tilly, field director, Southern Regional Conference; Dr. Preston Valien, director, Social Science Department, Fisk University, and Joseph Lohman, University of Chicago.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Negroes In The Navy

THE INTEGRATION OF THE NEGRO INTO THE U. S. NAVY, by Lt. Dennis D. Nelson. Farrar, Straus & Young; $4.

Lt. Nelson, a Negro, tells the story of what the Navy has done with Negro enlisted men and officers. Until World War II the only ratings open to Negroes in the Navy were in the steward's branch. Chief stewards received the pay and the privileges, but not the grade or rate, of chief petty officers.

On June 1, 1942, the Navy began to accept Negro volunteers in the Navy proper, but segregation policies were not relaxed. In March, 1943, Negroes were inducted for service in the Navy and Marine Corps, and as the Navy's monthly quota increased to more than 12,000 it was found that not enough employment existed in shore installations and that a cross-section of the Negro community included a large number of men possessing technical skills lost to the Navy by segregation. In August, 1944, an experiment was tried which assigned Negroes to 25 auxiliary ships of the fleet to be integrated completely with white crews. In April, 1945, the Navy removed all restrictions on number and types of auxiliary vessels to which Negro personnel could be assigned. In December, 1945, the secretary of the navy issued a directive stating that "in the administration of naval personnel no differentiation shall be made because of race or color." In February, 1946, the Navy opened up general service assignments without restriction. Since then, says Lt. Nelson, integration in the Navy has become a reality.

A foreword by RAdm. T. L. Sprague tells us that Lt. Nelson had full access to official Navy documents and records in compiling the book, and the author acknowledges the interest of Adm. Sprague as an incentive to his research. Thus the book may be said to have official favor and to represent official feeling about the problem discussed.—D. L. HUNT.

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

"THE Integration of the Negro Into the U. S. Navy" by Lt. Dennis D. Nelson, USN, is a factual presentation of the progress to date of the Navy in its new racial policies. Lt. Nelson has written objectively with no attempt to skim over the Navy's past prejudice and discrimination toward Negro recruits.

In a chapter devoted to the historical background of the Negro in the Navy the author discusses the role of the Negro seaman from Revolutionary days to the present. The pressing need for manpower in the early years made the Negro a valuable addition to the Navy, and he was fully integrated in the service.

It was only at the period of World War I that segregation began to be the pattern in the Navy. In this connection Lt. Nelson writes: ... "in fairness to the Navy it should be stated that reaction and discrimination in the service were but a reflection of the national social pattern."

Many Negroes are no doubt familiar in a general way with the story of the Negro and the Navy in World War II but the details of that story and the interesting sidelights included here are not as well known.

By the end of the war a policy of integration had been established and was being put into practice, but it developed only after long and costly concessions to tradition and outmoded ideas of racial inferiority had been made.

One of these was the training program as set up at the Great Lakes Naval Training center under Lt. Commander Daniel W. Armstrong, a firm believer in segregation. This program resulted in poor morale, waste in manpower and facilities, and a gradual realization on the part of all concerned that racial differences do not eixst.

The author does not believe that the millennium has been reached in the Navy's integration of the Negro but he does believe that great advances have been made and the future is bright.

One problem today is interesting qualified young Negroes in Navy service training programs largely because the Negro has not forgotten the Navy's past.

The author emphasizes that the present policy of the Navy was evolved when "after much bitterness, multiple problems and wastage, the Navy found that integration of personnel in training and utilization was far more practical, desirable and efficient than a system of segregation that only tended to develop friction, create misunderstandings, lower morale and help perpetuate traditional theories of inferiority."

Lt. Nelson's book is a valuable history of Navy policy, and one that should be widely read. It includes a number of excellent photographs of the Negro in the Navy.

U. S. Navy Gives The Negro A Chance To Act Like A Sailor

By JOHN ED PEARCE

IN THE SPRING of 1945, the Navy assigned three Negro sailors to the seaplane tender Barnegat, in which I was serving. The executive officer made a fine talk to the crew in which he urged fair play, decency and democracy toward the new sailors. But the majority of the crew didn't take to the idea at all.

Negroes had "always" been relegated to mess-boy duty. They ate, lived and worked apart from the rest of the crew. Now, thought the sailors, the Navy was making them the goats for a radical experiment.

Actually, we were helping to re-establish a custom as old as the Navy itself. Negroes served as gunners and pilots in the Revolutionary War. In the War of 1812, Captain Isaac Chauncey wrote Oliver Hazard Perry: "I have yet to learn that the color of skin or cut of the coat can affect a man's qualifications or usefulness."

The Integration of The Negro Into The U. S. Navy. By Lt. Dennis D. Nelson, U.S.N. 233 pages. Farrar, Straus and Young. $4.

In fact, Negroes served in all ranks, and were carried on ships' books without distinction as to color until World War I.

Now Lt. Dennis Nelson has written a book about how the Navy happened to begin segregating its Negro sailors, how it found that segregation was stupid and wasteful, and how the barriers were finally broken down until today the Negro gets a better deal from the Navy than from any other service.

No Explanation?

Nelson does not explain why segregation crept into Navy policy.

Perhaps there is no logical explanation. Perhaps the idea just grew with the worsening of national race mores.

At any rate, at the beginning of World War I it became obvious that segregation was part of naval policy—in practice if not on paper. Negroes were being segregated to the messman branch.

MIXED SERVICE ISN'T NEW

Between the wars, this practice hardened into rigid Navy policy, until the beginning of World War II found the Negro in the Navy the victim of a particularly humiliating Jim Crowism.

Naturally, the Negroes resented this treatment. They sensed the injustice and absurdity of being asked to die for democracy in segregated service. Occasionally their resentment boiled over into riots.

First Steps Related

The Negro did well in the Navy when given a chance; and the Navy came to realize that he would do better if given broader opportunities, free of segregation.

There was no altruism in the Navy's decision to end segregation. Actually, the decision came slowly, as the admirals saw that dices against Negroes crippled educational efforts, and how integration was slowed by the unusual percentage of illiterate Negroes, especially those from the South who had had little chance for schooling.

The Navy did a lot of experimenting before it adopted outright integration. It set up quota segregation wasted money and man power and must, therefore, stop.

Nelson tells, in minute but interesting detail, how the Navy took the first timid steps toward ending the policy of segregation. He shows how difficult it was to overcome the resistance of white officers and men; how the prejudsystems for the induction of Negroes. It limited rated Negro sailors to shore "housekeeping" duties or construction battalions. It manned destroyer escorts with all-Negro crews — officers and men—except for the skipper.

But it found, finally, that the Negroes worked best when treated like sailors—with neither favor nor disfavor.

It is to the immense credit of the Navy, a starchy outfit by tradition, that it has carried out its program of integration so

fairly and effectively. Today, there are Negro officers, men and women, as well as petty officers and sailors in the Navy. And though social lines still tend to relax but little, segregation is a pretty dead issue.

'You Know How . . .'

Last year, I traveled with a "joint orientation conference" to military installations at Fort Benning, Eglin Field and Norfolk Operating Base, three prime centers of the Army, Air Force and Navy.

I heard Negro sergeants at Fort Benning tell of the quietly effective segregation policies that divided the clubs as well as the bus-station waiting room, through segregation had been officially abolished. I heard Negro officers tell how they had been "frozen" from the officers' club and threatened with ostracism.

At Eglin Field, I saw Negroes doing only menial tasks, and heard a young Air Force major remark glibly, "Oh, we can't segregate them exactly, but we don't have to give them any real responsibilities. We make truck drivers out of them when we can. They can't learn much else. You know how niggers are."

Different on Ship

But aboard the U.S.S. Franklin D. Roosevelt off the Virginia Capes, I saw Negro sailors diving on their bellies across the flight deck to unhook cables from landing jets, taking their places alongside white sailors on the crack flight-deck teams. I saw Negro petty officers working on the intricate aircraft engines on the hanger deck, standing in chow lines and bunking in crew compartments next to the white boys.

"Do you get along all right with the white sailors?" I asked one aviation machinist's mate.

"Oh, some I do, some I don't," he said. "Like anybody else."

"Any of the officers give you a hard time?"

"Not because I'm colored," he replied.

Nelson's book tells how this change was brought about. It's a pretty good story; in fact, a pretty good book.

1940-1948, by Lester V. Chandler (Harper, $6). A study.

INSECTS IN YOUR LIFE, by Dr. C. H. Curran (Sheridan House, $3.50). An account of how insects affect our lives.

INTERRACIAL HOUSING: A Psychological Evaluation of a Social Experiment, by Morton Deutsch and Mary Evans Collins (University of Minnesota, $3).

INVITATION TO THE THEATER, by Frank Hurburt O'Hara and Margueritte Harmon Bro (Harper, $3). A guide to drama.

Interracial Housing: A Psychological Evaluation of a Social Experiment.

In a lighter vein with welcome transition from violence to brotherlines, comes a reprint from The Chicago Defender and published in Interracial News Service. This INS is a Manhattan publication giving 'a digest of trends and developments in human relations?' It's esponsored by at National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U. S. A. Here's the Defender story as reprinted in INS:

Twenty-five Negroes were included among the 53 Opportunity fellowship recipients announced last week by the John Hay Whitney foundation. The Fellowship winners will receive grants for training and study totaling $100,000.

Among this year's fellows are Negroes, American Indians, Spanish-Americans, Japanese-Americans, displaced persons and Filipinos. Men and women from Guam, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, the Canal Zone, the District of Columbia and 16 states will be enabled, under these grants, to continue their training or pursue creative work.

* * *

New Novel On Negro Life

Hailed by pre-publication readers as one of the great novels of our time. Iron City, by Lloyd L. Brown, will be published on June 22 by Masses and Mainstream, Inc.

Iron City is the inside story of the frame-up of a Negro youth in large Northern steel-mill town and the desperate fight to save his life.

Paul Robeson, who read the work in manuscript, declared: "This is it--the book we've all been waiting for...unforgettable and moving."

Samuel Sillen, chief editor of the publishing firm, described the novel as a work of "poetic power and beauty," and added that "with this book Lloyd Brown, a young Negro writer, emerges as one of the outstanding novelists in our country today."

Negro Life Novel Wins Acclaim

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John Howard Lawson, noted Hollywood screen-writer, said of Iron City: "Here, [illegible] is a novel of Negro life that matches te greatness of its theme."

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How to Get It From the Government, by Stacy V. Jones (Dutton, $1.50, paper). Information on benefits and services.

John Brown's Soul, by Jerome Ellison (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3). A novel. 5-13-51

The Joy of Chinese Cooking, written and illustrated by Doreen Yen Hung Feng (Greenberg, $7.50). Recipes.

A Man Gets Around, by John McNulty (Little, Brown, $2.75). Articles originally published in The New Yorker.

The New Official Gun Book, edited by Charles R. Jacobs (Crown, $1.50, paper).

Open Vistas, by Nell K. Walker (Vantage Press, $2.75). A novel.

The Oxford Group: Its History and Significance, by Walter Houston Clark (Bookman Associates, $3.50).

John Brown's Soul

26b 1951

JOHN BROWN: THE MAGNIFICENT FAILURE

Books—Authors

"John Brown: The Magnificent Failure," by Harry Dean Saddler, is the only book published today. It is a novel about the life and death of the abolitionist. The book is published by Dorrance and sells for $3.

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

"THE GOLDEN HAWK," Frank Yerby's novel set in the West Indies and published in 1948, will be made into a movie by Columbia. Several years ago, Mr. Yerby's first book, "The Foxes of Harrow," was filmed with Maureen O'Hara and Rex Harrison miscast in the leading roles.

Three of Mr. Yerby's four novels are now in 25c editions and currently available which is certainly unusual. Another author with three works being displayed in the cheaper editions is Richard Wright who is represented by "Native Son," "Black Boy," and "Uncle Tom's Children."

Bontemps Writes Of Fisk Singers

Arna Bontemps has written a book about the Fisk Jubilee Singers called "Chariot In the Sky." It will be published by the Winston Press on April 30. It is one of the Land of the Free Series for older boys and girls.

Mr. Bontemps recently collaborated with Jack Conroy on another juvenile called "Sam Patch" which was published by Houghton Mifflin.

Book Dispensers Appear

A mechanical book dispenser called the Vend-Avon has made its debut in New York City, Boston, Washington, and Tucson, Arizona. Each machine holds 400 to 600 books, depending on their thickness, and twenty-four different titles. The machines dispense books after a quarter is inserted and a lever pulled.

The Avon Publishing Company which sells 25c editions under that name leases the book machines. Their greatest problem in designing the dispenser was to insure that each buyer got the book he wanted. Titles are changed from time to time. The machines have been installed on ferryboats, in airports, supermarkets, motion picture lounges, hospitals, luncheonettes, and military posts.

"Jesuits For The Negro"

"Jesuits for the Negro" by Edward D. Reynolds was published some time ago, but came to my attention only recently. It recounts the part that this Catholic order has played in the religious care and education of the Negro in Africa, Jamaica, and the United States.

The principal work of Jesuits among Negroes in this country has been in Maryland. From the earliest day of that colony the priests worked with whites and Negroes. Some had slaves themselves and on occasion slaves were even sold out of the parishes to private persons although this practice was frowned upon.

In other countries the Jesuits of different nationalities have worked with large numbers of Negroes. American Jesuits from New England care for 70 thousand in Jamaica; English and Polish Jesuits for 30 to 50 thousand in Rhodesia; and Belgian Jesuits for 300,000 in the Congo.

Jesuit high schools in the United States in 1947 had only 20 Negro boys enrolled out of a total of 23,494. Some of these schools in the South do not accept Negro students. In the same year Jesuit universities listed 436 Negro students of a total of 81,794.

"Jesuits for the Negro" contains much interesting information but its method of presentation might have been improved. The author quotes a great many sources and, although many of these quotations are of value, some references might easily have been given in footnotes instead of in the body of the text. The author is refreshingly frank in discussing instances of discrimination by Jesuits.

"Jesuits for the Negro" by Edward D. Reynolds, S. J.; The American Press; New York City.

Prof Publishes Book

ATLANTA, Ga. (AP) A history work, Lafayette and Slavery, by Melvin D. Kennedy, professor of history at Morehouse college here, has been published by the American Friends of Lafayette, Easton, Pa.

M'house Professor Publishes Book On Lafayette

A history work, LaFayette and Slavery, by Melvin D. Kennedy, professor of history at Morehouse College, has recently been published by The American Friends of LaFayette, Easton, Pennsylvania, 1950.

LaFayette and Slavery is based on the letters of the famous Frenchman (who fought in the American Revolution to aid the Colonies to obtain their freedom from England) to Thomas Clarkson and Granville Sharp. These letters now form a part of the collection of Stuart W. Jackson, of Gloucester, Virginia.

LaFayette was an ardent defender of liberty and equality, which he considered inseparable; and his whole life was dedicated to the defense of that conviction. In his native France, he also fought for the triumph of that idea and aided in the French Revolution. He also exerted a tremendous influence on the abolition of slavery in the French colonies.

Doctor Kennedy, the author, is a native of Worcester, Mass., and he holds the B. A. degree from Clark University of that city. His master's and Ph. D. degrees were earned at the University of Chicago. His doctoral thesis was "The Abolition of the Slave Trade to the French Colonies—1814-1833." Part of the research for this work was done in France. In addition to being the chairman of the Department of History at Morehouse, Dr. Kennedy is also co-ordinator of the recently-inaugurated General Studies Program.

Langston Hughes, Internationally Known Poet and Playwright At Fisk University

LANGSTON HUGHES

Aptly described by literary critics as, "one of the few young writers in America whose works have kept pace with a growing reputation," Langston Hughes is the internationally known poet and playwright who read from his poems, Thursday, Feb. 10 at 8:00 p. m. in Fisk University's International Student Center.

Hughes, who recently completed a tour of Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina during Book Week, is making his visit to Fisk coincide with Negro History Week. His readings included selections from his new volume "Montage of a Dream Deferred" as well as selections suitable to Negro History Week. During the program, the Music Department presented some of Hughes' poems which have been set to music.

A writer of great versatility, Hughes has written for radio, the motion pictures, and Broadway music revues. He has written musical numbers for such concert artists as Marian Anderson, Lawrence Tibbett and Roland Hayes. During the war he created several radio scripts for the War Writers' Board and composed a ballad opera called "The Man Who Went to War" for the British Broadcasting Company. He wrote the lyrics for the Broadway hit musical, "Street Scene," and the libretto for the oepar, "Troubled Island."

Hughes is the author of a weekly column which appears in the Chicago Defender. He has also made a number of translations of the writers of Cuba and Haiti. In the spring of 1949 he was poet in residence at the Laboratory School of the University of Chicago.

Langston Hughes' works are concerned in the main with Negro life in America. One of his principle interests has been the encouragement of literary ability among colored writers, and the development of a typically American Negro litreature.

Famous Negro Poet Publishes First Book-Length Poem

Langston Hughes, often named America's finest poet, is the author of Montage of A Dream Deferred (Henry Holt and Company, New York, $2.00), a poetic "dream of Harlem," published today. Mr. Hughes has translated the street sounds, the music, the speech, the passions and the angers of the people into a song that will undoubtedly be the most popular work he has published so far. It is a bold and exciting portrait of the community and a people in translation. It is popular poetry in the best sense of the word.

Mr. Hughes was Class Poet of the eighth grade graduating class in the Lincoln, Illinois grammar school in 1916—and he has been writing ever since—in Cleveland, Mexico, Paris, Spain, and Harlem. One winter in Washington, D. C. when he was a bus boy at the Wardman Park hotel, he was "discovered" by Vachel Lindsay. Mr. Hughes writes a column for the Chicago Defender, lectures widely at colleges across the U. S., and was librettist for the musical Street Scene and the operas Troubled Island and The Barrier.

Paragraphs from the recent Josephine Baker book

BY WALTER WINCHELL

NEW YORK, Nov. 24—"Les Memoires de Josephine Baker" was published only 2 years ago in 1949 in Paris. . . . The publisher is Correa and the ghost (or the writer to whom the star told her story) is Marcel Sauvage. . . . Josephine, the breast-beater, who cries to the Heavens against discrimination of herself, out-Goebbels Hitler on Page 319: "In Harlem the Jews subject the Negroes to slavery. In Harlem all the bosses are Jews. They burden all the Negroes. All the movies, the one-price stores, belong to the Jews. The salesmen are Negroes and they are robbed like nowhere else. Negroes cannot work without Jews. They cannot go to work on Broadway without the help of the Jews. They depend completely upon the Jews. They are in their hands, completely subjected to their harsh demands.

"And not a Negro raises his voice, not one would dare, against the Jews. The Negroes know from their sad experience that they would die of hunger if they raised their voices against the treatment which the Jews subject them to.

"'I'm giving you the opportunity of your life,' say the Jews to the Negroes in Harlem, whatever be the occupation that the Negroes choose. And the Negroes are compelled to accept the opportunity that the Jews offer them because otherwise they wouldn't have the slightest chance to be able to survive, no matter what they do. The opportunity that the Jews offer is the enslavement of the Negroes.

"When a Negro artist, for example, strikes it lucky, the maximum is $3,000 a week. The Jew, who has made sure that he controls the income, levies upon each one everywhere and always, an outrageous cut.

"All the managers of Negro boxers are Jews. Many are the Negro boxers who get only a 10th of what they earn for their broken noses. Among the gangsters there are many Jews. They are less dangerous than the other Jews for the Negroes of Harlem and elsewhere." . . . On Page 321: "Don't the Jews realize what they're doing? Why do they do it? And they arrive from the four corners of the world—to do that? Can we believe their sincerity when they complain about other people and accuse them? Don't they see that they are calling down more misfortune on themselves and on their children and that then they will be more to be blamed than pitied? . . . Why must it be that the unfortunate Negroes of Harlem by a mockery of fate should be the victims of the Jews?"

* * *

THE LETTERS-TO-THE-EDITORS section of the current Time magazine reports that the majority of letters it received—commenting on the article attacking Sen. McCarthy — supported Time.

This is to remind Sen. McCarthy that Noel F. Busch's biography of Britton Hadden (Time's co-founder) reveals that Time magazine's staffers have written and published spurious letters in its letters-to-the-editor department. Period.

* * *

AMERICANS HAVE been infuriated by the unspeakable Communist atrocities. . . . But one of history's most tragic facts is that national indignation has a short memory. . . . Americans were also aroused by the Nazi atrocities. But shortly after the war ended—numerous Nazis convicted of those crimes had their sentences commuted and many were not even put on trial.

Some of the Nazis who massacred innocent people are today being supported by American dollars.

* * *

HISTORY IS A great teacher but Sen. Taft's version of history proves how much he hasn't learned. . . . Last week he declared he still believes he was right when he opposed fighting the Nazis in 1940. . . . Mr. Taft asserted that "at no time had the Germans menaced the security of the United States." . . . It's an obvious historical fact that the United States did not have the war or peace choice. . . . Japan attacked us and Germany declared war on us. . . . The only choice we had was to fight or surrender. . . . If we had surrendered, Taft would not have the freedom to run for president today—or the right to prove his ignorance.

IF YOU PARK your car on the wrong side of the street—you pay a fine or go to jail. . . . But Communists over here break the law and escape punishment. . . . Last year Congress passed the internal security act. . . . It requires that all Communist Party members, Communist organizations and "Communist-front" members must register with the Department of Justice and make periodic reports on their activities. . . . That law was passed one year ago. . . . But not one Communist has registered with the Justice Department to date—and nothing has been done about it.

LETTER FROM THE author of "Ross and The New Yorker": He (Ross) does lots of denying. He told me he was fired off a paper for misspelling a name. But he threatened to sue Doubleday, my publisher, if it was said in the book he was fired off any newspaper at any time. . . . What irritates the hell out of me about Ross is his phony aloofness. He claims he doesn't care what is written about him—just isn't interested. In such case, what was his man doing over at Doubleday asking that my book be stopped? Why did he make it official policy of no cooperation? And why did he, as he wrote me, use all the eloquence at his command to head me off?

"In the current issue of The New Yorker is a review interesting in several ways. . . . The review violated the magazine's vaunted editorial code by failing to fully identify the man in the book title. . . . The thing is, of course, an effort to put the aloof touch of death on my book. Ross is sore because he couldn't keep me from getting the story and therefore tries to say with vast condescension that I don't have it. But I saw everybody I wanted to see. Mimeographed drafts were read by former and present staff members, and annotated. I saw Ross all I needed to see him. him.

"Writing about contemporaries has its rough spots, as I judge you could testify at some length. —Sincerely, D. K."

BOOK REVIEWS

by GERTRUDE MARTIN

IT IS ONLY in fairly recent years that much attention has been given the effects on personality development of discrimination. That both Negro and white are affected is well accepted today. Lillian Smith, in her writing as well as her lectures, emphasized again and again the ills we suffered as a result of the oppression of one man by another because of the color of his skin.

Now in "The Mark of Oppression," a psychological study of the American Negro by Abram Kardiner, M. D., and Lionel Ovesey, M. D., reports are made on twenty-five cases studied over a considerable period of time. In their Preface the authors explain that four years were required to work up this number of cases and a year to write the summaries and text. As they point out, 25 cases represent a large number from the standpoint of psychodynamic analysis."

The twenty-five persons studied were chosen from the upper, middle and lower classes of Negro society. In every case the fact of being a Negro added to the problems the subject faced. The lower class Negro wages and never-ending struggle for security and "the chief of these vicious circles that plague the lower-class Negro are the broken home and the disturbed relation between the sexes." Middle and upper-class Negroes are concerned with questions of status and self-esteem.

The authors summarize their findings on the cases studied as follows: "The Negro, in contrast to the white, is a more unhappy person; he has a harder environment to live in, and the internal stress is greater. By 'unhappy' we mean he enjoys less, he suffers more. There is not one personality trait of the Negro the source of which cannot be traced to his difficult living conditions. There are no exceptions to this rule. The final result is a wretched internal life. . ."

In the course of their study the authors break down a number of the most popular stereotypes of Negro personality. The Negro is not happy-go-lucky, his sex life is often far from satisfactory, his dancing is an expression of aggression, rather than abandon, the Negro mother, especially in the lower classes, is often harrassed and over-strict, and her limited time frequently leads to neglect of her children.

"The Mark of Oppression" is an important book and a pioneering one. A great many studies have been made of the various other aspects of Negro life, economic, sociological, and anthropological, but the psychological approach has been neglected. The case histories here are written in simple language but the rest of the text seems unnecessarily full of specialized terms. On the whole the book is one that any interested layman would find both interesting and informative. It should certainly open the way to greater understanding of the handicaps which every Negro faces today.

* * *

"The Mark of Oppression" by Abram Kardiner and Lionel Ovesey; W. W. Nor Company; New York City; 1951; $5.00

The Mark of Oppression

Detail from a painting by Thomas Hart Benton

What It Costs to Be Denied

THE MARK OF OPPRESSION: A Psychosocial Study of the American Negro. By Abram Kardiner and Lionel Oversey. 387 pp. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $5.

By ROBERT K. MERTON

IN the large and rapidly growing company of books on the Negro in American society there are few others like this one. Ordinarily they have been centered on the character of relations between the races in this country or, with such distinguished exceptions as the work of John Dollard and Allison Davis, on the outward and easily visible facts of race discrimination: the Negro's limited educational resources, job ceilings, poverty, substandard housing, and all the rest of the bleak catalogue of human denial.

In this book two sociologically oriented psychiatrists (Abram Kardiner is Clinical Professor of Psychology at Columbia and Lionel Ovesey is an instructor in psychiatry at Columbia) turn instead to the inner psychological damage inflicted by a caste system operating in an open society that proclaims equitable opportunity in principle and denies it to millions in practice. They have produced a document that can be ignored by no one seriously concerned with that most un-American of American institutions: race discrimination.

The two-chapter "comparative survey of white and Negro social organization" with which the book opens is hurried and thin, intended more as an overview of the numerous sociological materials on this subject than as a contribution in its own right. These chapters, however, only lead up to the heart of the book, which consists of elaborate psychodynamic analyses of the life history and personality structure of twenty-five Negro men and women, drawn from diverse economic and social strata.

THE informative complexity of these psychosocial studies is not easily summarized. In case after case the authors show how the Negro has been forced to evolve, often unconsciously, varied and self-defeating maneuvers to cope with a harsh, depriving social environment. Typically, these maneuvers are caught up in truly vicious circles of mutually aggravating forces. Thus, discrimination invites aggressive responses, but these are suppressed for fear of eliciting further punitive measures. This leads in turn to deepened anxiety, lowered self-esteem and emotional preoccupations which only lessen the effectiveness of adaptation to a difficult environment.

In this setting, occasional economic success can become a heavy and unwelcome burden. In some cases middle-class Negroes develop an acute fear of success, which is experienced virtually as an act of aggression against their fellows who have been surpassed.

What is more, and this is the central theme of the book, even seemingly effective efforts of Negroes to counter the threats and deprivations of their social environment exact a heavy psychological cost. Energy and emotion are consumed in vigilant anticipation of episodes charged with hostility. Self-assertion is dangerous; docile compliance degrading. All manner of expedients are necessary simply to maintain self-esteem. We have always known that race discrimination forces many Negroes to pay higher rents than whites for equivalent housing accommodations. Now we are shown that discrimination also requires them to pay a higher psychological price to maintain even a precarious balance with their environment.

THIS book deserves the double audience it will probably have. Although the authors make no dubious concessions to popularization, the general reader should have no difficulty in following the often intricate and always informative analyses of what the caste system does to personality.

There is occasion for numerous criticisms of detail, above all, when the authors violate their own proper cautions and write as though these two dozen cases provide sufficient basis to generalize their findings to the Negro population at large, or to the major social strata within that population. So, too, in emphasizing that discrimination has its impact on Negro personality primarily by affecting family organization and parental disciplines, they seem to hold that the personality is formed once and for all in the early years. Their own clinical reports suggest, however, that these early experiences are not all-controlling.

As yet, there is no other work that tells us so much about the psychological waste resulting from race discrimination.

Journal Of NMA Heaps Praise Upon Hon. Oscar Ewing

The Journal of the National Medical Association, and considered the "voice" of the colored physicians and surgeons of the country, comes out in its November issue with an editorial giving a ringing endorsement of the Hon. Oscar R. Ewing, Federal Security Administrator. Mr. Ewing is defended "for his fight to advance democracy in health matters" and it is stated he has given special attention to problems of health care and to undercover opposition of "anti-Negro elements which have resented his liberal policies." Under Mr. Ewing, the editorial says, the FSA has "come to be known as the most liberal Government Agency."

The editorial credits Mr. Ewing with having abolished the office of Negro Health Work and the Federal Sponsorship of "Negro Health Week" which originally was sponsored by Dr. Booker T. Washington.

The editorial also says that Mr. Ewing, soon after he took office, familiarized himself with the health problems of the American Negro by reading a pamphlet put out by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, "The Medical Care and Plight of the Negro" and as a result, both the Howard University Medical School and Meharry Medical College have felt the good influence of his leadership.

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING, by Carson McCullers, 184 pages: The extraordinary novel that became a Broadway hit starring Ethel Waters and Julie Harris.

In the Eyes Of a Slave

MEMOIRS OF A MONTICELLO SLAVE: As Dictated to Charles Campbell in the Eighteen Forties by Isaac, One of Thomas Jefferson's Slaves. Edited by Rayford W. Logan. 45 pp. Charlottesville: The University of Virginia Press. $3.

By NASH K. BURGER

ISAAC JEFFERSON, a slave of Thomas Jefferson, was born at Monticello in 1775. He was with the Jeffersons in Williamsburg and later in Richmond. When the British captured Richmond in 1781, they also captured 6-year-old Isaac and took him to Yorktown. After the war he was returned to Monticello and for many years served the Jefferson family. In 1790, when his master went to Philadelphia as Secretary of State, Isaac went along, was apprenticed to a tinner and later served as official tinsmith and nail-maker at Monticello. When Jefferson was an old man, Isaac helped take care of him.

In the Eighteen Forties, some fifteen years after Jefferson's death, a Virginia historian, Charles Campbell, took down Isaac's reminiscences of the period and of the informal, relaxed Jefferson he knew—"a mighty good master." The manuscript was recently published for the first time in the William and Mary Quarterly and now appears in book form. It is a brief book but an interesting one, which is made more revealing by the careful editing and introduction of Rayford W. Logan of Howard University.

The memoirs cast a variety of sidelights on Virginia life of the time. Wolves and wildcats still roamed the woods and preyed on livestock. Deer and other game wandered into the Monticello grounds. The plantation was a largely self-contained unit, capable of supplying most of the necessities of life. On the other hand, many things, from bulldogs to French fashions, were imported from Europe. Relations between masters and slaves were good, sometimes too good, for Isaac touches on miscegenation, among other matters.

Mr. Burger is on the staff of The Book Review.

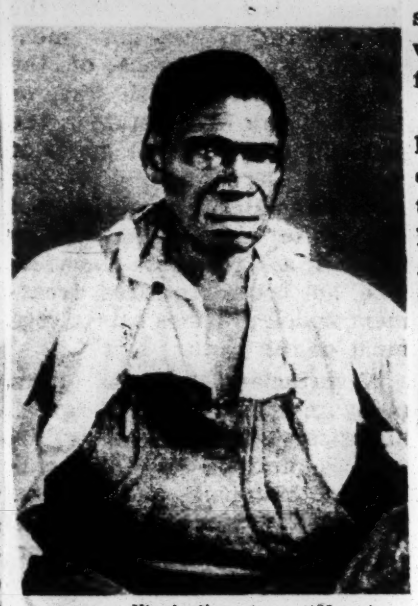


Illustration from "Memoirs of a Monticello Slave."
Isaac Jefferson in the 1840's

Isaac had an observing eye, a gift for thumbnail description. There was "old Colonel Cary," a frequent visitor at Monticello, who would "walk right straight into the kitchen & ax de cooks what they hab for dinner. If they didn't have what he wanted —bleeged to wait dinner till it was cooked."

Of his master, Isaac says:

"Mr. Jefferson was a tall strait-bodied man as ever you see, right square-shouldered: nary man in this town walked so straight as my old master: neat a built man as ever was seen in Vaginny, I reckon or any place—a straight-up man: long face, high nose.

"Old master had abundance of books: sometimes would have twenty of 'em down on the floor at once: read fust one, then tother. Isaac has often wondered how old master came to have such a mighty head: read so many of them books: & when they go to him to ax him anything, he go right straight to the book and tell you all about it."

Jefferson had his lighter side, too. Though Isaac never heard of his "being disguised in drink," he kept "plenty of wine and rum —the best," and he was fond of hunting and playing the fiddle. "Mr. Jefferson always singing when ridin or walkin: hardly see him anywhar out doors but what he was a-singin: had a fine clear voice."

Other aspects of Jefferson's life and character are touched on by Isaac: his interest in nature, his kindness to animals, his love of music, his temperance and decorum, and his intense intellectual curiosity. Obviously this is no new Jefferson that Isaac reveals, but a Jefferson seen from a new perspective.

26b 1951

Memorandum Covering the Progress made in the legal battle for equality for the year ending June 30, 1951. By- Thurgood Marshall, Special Counsel for the NAACP

Teachers Did Not Have To Wait

Thurgood Marshall, special counsel for the NAACP, has issued a memorandum covering the progress made in the legal battle for equality for the "year ending June 30, 1951." It is an impressive and interesting report and shows how effective a weapon the courts can be in this fight. Mr. Marshall says that "most of the lawsuits filed have been directed at securing admission of Negroes to graduate and professional schools, but that "a major effect is now under way which is designed to utilize these decisions in outlawing segregation at the grade school level." At its Atlanta convention not so long ago, at Mr. Marshall's suggestion, the NAACP decided that no other or further effort would be made to improve the educational opportunities of the children of the masses of Negroes beyond the effort toward "outlawing segregation at the grade school level."

The tragedy of it all lies in the fact that Negro teachers did not have to wait for "outlawing segregation at the grade school level" before the NAACP went to their defense to improve their lot in the segregated schools. Mr. Marshall and his associates made a cause celebre out of their law suits to get equal salaries for Negro teachers in the segregated schools. No explanation has ever been given to the masses of Negroes, who put up most of the money for the law suits to get equal salaries for Negro teachers in the segregated schools, as to why the teachers were entitled to equal salaries while teaching in segregated schools, if the Negro children were not also entitled to equal buildings in which to attend segregated schools. Why make fish of one and foul of the other?

The question is also of the utmost practical significance. Take the recent Clarendon County, South Carolina, case as an example. According to the 1940 Census, Negroes constitute 71.7 per cent of the population of Clarendon and whites only 28.3 per cent. This makes it obvious that the present schools for whites in Claredon County are far too small to accommodate all of the Negro and white school children in the county. That means that, when the Supreme Court of the United States rules that segregation of schools in Clarendon County is unconstitutional, if it should so decide, then some of the Negro and white children can go to the present white schools, while many of the Negro and white children will have to go to the present inferior Negro school buildings or not go to school at all.

Houston, Texas

What is the logic or the justice of waiting until the Supreme Court outlaws segregation in the grade and high schools of Clarendon County before undertaking to force the county to provide decent and equal school buildings and other facilities for all of the Negro and white children of the county? Especially is the question pertinent when it is remembered that the Negro teachers did not have to wait before getting their equal salaries for teaching in the segregated schools.

New book by Langston Hughes off press

NEW YORK — Langston Hughes is the author of "Montage Of A Dream Deferred," a poetic "dream of Harlem," published today by Henry Holt & Co.

Hughes was Class Poet of his 8th grade graduating class in Lincoln, Ill., in 1916—and he has been writing ever since. One winter in Washington, D. C. when he was a busboy at the Wardman Park hotel, he was "discovered" by Vachel Lindsay. Newspaper columnist, he lectures at U. S. colleges, and was librettist for the musical "Street Scene" and the operas "Troubled Island." and "The Barrier."

Friends Gather to Honor Hughes, His New Book

NEW YORK. — (ANP) — More than 200 persons attended the book party held in the new home of the Afro-Arts Bazaar at 7 West 125th street here last week to receive both Langston Hughes and his latest book of poetry, "Montage of a Dream Deferred."

The book, is a long panoramic poem of the moods and emotions, hopes and dreams of contemporary Harlem. It is composed of poetic word pictures which have been superimposed upon each other.

Among those paying glowing tributes to the famous poet were Herbert Kingsley, composer who played and sang four original compositions with lyrics by Mr. Hughes; Murial Rahn ,who had the lead role opposite Laurence Tibbett in the "Barrier," a play by Hughes set to music; and Juanita Hall of "South Pacific," who has also sung songs by Langston Hughes.

Others included W. C. Handy, father of the blues and author of many songs by Langston Hughes; Mercedes Gilbert, the original 'Core Lewis" of 'Mulatto" another Hughes' contribution in plays; J. Richmond Johnson, violinist; Dots Johnson, star in the Italian movies, "Paisan' and "No Way Out;" and Mrs. Countee Cullen, co-owner of the Afro Arts Bazaar. Mrs. Estelle Osborne was emcee.

26b 1951

My Patients were Zulus.

Another doctor's account of service in out-of-the-way places will be issued on March 29 by Rinehart, entitled "My Patients Were Zulus." Dr. James B. McCord, in collaboration with John Scott Douglas, recounts his forty years in Durban, Africa, of his building clinics and dispensaries among the natives, inspiring a school for Zulu doctors and the McCord Zulu Hospital.

MY PATIENTS WERE ZULUS, by James B. McCord, M. D., with John Scott Douglas. (Rinehart, $3). A record of forty years of medical practice in Durban, Africa.

Richard Wright Shines In Intellectual Paris

By WILLIAM A. RUTHERFORD

In spite of the fact that the annual doldrums are supposedly upon us—that generally let-down period which inevitably comes every year between the end of the winter holidays and the first days of spring—comings and goings are as marked as ever here. Not only on the international level—with the deplacements of U. N. Secretary-General Trygve Lie and the French Prime Ministers, Nehru and Pleven—but in the local community as well.

Richard Wright the famous writer lately turned movie producer and actor for the filming of one of his best-selling books, "Native Son," took leave of Paris and his family, where they have made their home since 1947, to make a short tour and deliver a series of lectures on literature in Italy. Traveling under the auspices of the Italian Cultural Association, a non-political, non-profit organization backed by the Fiat fortune which has for its principal aim the popular spreading and appreciation of world culture in Italy, Mr. Wright spoke to great acclaim before several thousands of people in the principal theaters of Turin, Genoa and Rome, before going on to Capri. While much pleased by his experiences in Italy Mr. Wright was anxious to return to Paris to continue his work with the Franco-American Fellowship, the new liberal organization which he helped to found here.

Unique Position

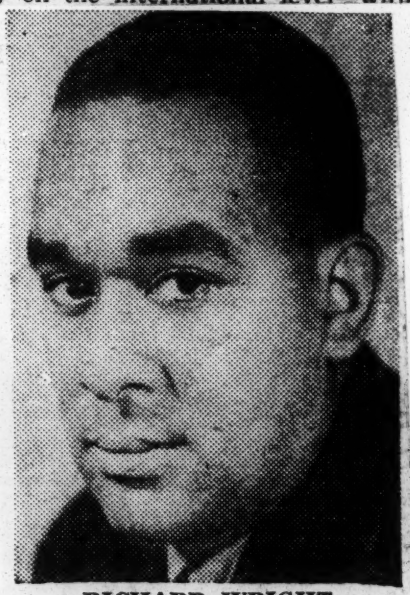
For several words on Mr. Wright: His position in Paris society is a unique one. Ostensibly a foreigner in a strange country, he and his family have adapted almost completely to French life and because of his work and energetic social activities he is a force in French intellectual circles to be reckoned with. Since his original welcome to France several years ago by the late Gertrude Stein and other internationally famous intellectuals he has become as much a Parisian as anyone who has lived here for many years more. Only one of his books, Native Son, has been translated into French, yet his work is as much in demand here as he is himself as critic and speaker.

In spite of the decision to live and work in Paris, "the most human of cities in a world bent on destroying humanity," his burning, driving interest in the relationship of man to man in modern society has kept him active in all kinds of social endeavors. He has been continually in the forefront of some of the many intellectual movements in this dynamic city. He was one of the original supporters of the principles behind the Gary Davis World Citizens movement before it was associated with the existentionalists, Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir and other leftwing writers such as Albert Camus and Ignazio Silone in the "Third Force" which sought to form a "non-Stalinist left." But for some time now he has not identified himself with any organized political group or movement.

Contrary to some beliefs, far from disassociating from the struggles of American Negroes, he has become their most vocal and highly respected spokesman and champion outside the continental U. S. On innumerable occasions he has spoken before various social and cultural groups, and written articles and stories on the plight of the American Negro which have attracted invaluable support from European audiences and readers.

Old Jim Crow

Wright's major occupation at the present is the Chairmanship of the powerful programme committee of the Franco-American Fellowship which he helped to found and which originally came into being because of the difficulty of Negroes in France in getting jobs with American agencies abroad. Investigations of this situation are still in progress and no definite conclusions can be drawn as yet. But it would be strange indeed (or would it?) if it were shown that the American government at the present time were occupied in exporting Jim Crow to countries where it is neither known nor wanted.



RICHARD WRIGHT

* * *

Eartha Kitt who not long ago received rave notices while playing a leading role in an Orson Welles production here has closed up shop at the Perroquet night club near the fashionable Champs-Elysees where she packed the customers in nightly, and is off to London. One town's loss is another's gain; she is now singing in swank "Churchill's" in the English capital.

* * *

The setting up of SHAPE, General Eisenhower's command headquarters under the Atlantic Pact Alliance has seen the arrival here of the first Wacs since the general exodus of allied personnel at the close of World War II. Among these women soldiers come to do their bit in France is pretty Negro Corporal Frances Sherman. Part of a contingent of 38 sent here to work in the new headquarters, Corporal Sherman is from Jamaica, New York and arrived here early in January from Kitzingen Training Center in Kitzingen, Germany.

* * *

Rumors

That lovely and talented actress Hilda Simms will have the starring role in her husband's new play. Said husband, Dick Angarola, was tossed out of film, "Captain Hornblower," presently being made in England and starring Gregory Peck. This, ostensibly because of technical difficulties, but could it be true that he was too good-looking for Mr. Peck?

That the embarrassing situation of a group of 50 Negro ministers being unable to obtain group surface transportation to bring them to the recent Baptist ministers convention in Holland was due to an ungentlemanly gentleman's agreement between steamship line representatives in New York not to accept the group since their presence together might make other passengers think that a given boat was their usual means of transportation and this would have a bad effect on the more regular —white—passengers use of that particular line.

(Last sad rumor) that the publicly announced urgent need of nursing help at the American Hospital here in Paris lost its urgent nature when two Negro nurses offered their services.

26b 1951

Negro Colleges-Statistical Circular
Released by the Federal Office of Education

Negro Colleges Show Great Progress In Half Century

WASHINGTON — (ANP) — Negro colleges during the first half of the 20th century have shown greater progress, more in most instances than the nation's colleges as a whole, according to a statistical circular just released by the federal office of education.

These conclusions are based on a survey taken this past year of colleges attended mainly by Negroes. Not all colored schools answered the survey, however. Negro students at predominantly white colleges are not included in this report.

Student enrollment at these schools has jumped 28.4 times since 1900. For 1951, an estimated 74,526 were enrolled in these schools, compared to only 2,624 during the 1899-1900 school year. For the nation the increase was only 10.7 times.

Another advance along this line was virtually the elimination of the less-than-college grade students from the rolls. In 1900, nearly all students registered in the so-called colleges were not of college level.

These schools conferred 13,103 bachelor's degrees in 1950 compared to 156 in 1900, and 768 master's degrees in 1950 compared to none in 1900. There is no record of Negro school's awarding a doctor's degree at any time.

More Negroes are faculty members than in the past. In 24 schools supported by public funds mainly, 85 per cent of the teachers are colored, and in colleges privately financed, slightly more than 50 per cent are colored.

Financially, the schools are a lot better off today although their growth in this phase has not been as great as the national average. In 1900 they had an income of $1,111,783, and in 1948, a sum of $38,318,254.

Physical value of these schools' property 50 years ago was $7,930,943, and in 1950, $119,857,859.

This survey included schools for Negroes that call themselves university, college, normal institute, or normal school. Some included do not confer a bachelor's degree.

General information about these schools reveal the following facts:

Texas and North Carolina are states with more schools, 12 each, than any other state. A total of 19 states and the District of Columbia have schools attracting Negro students mainly. Only Pennsylvania and Ohio are northern states that have colored colleges.

Books Published Today

COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE FROM THE BIBLE, by Walter L. Moore, foreword by Dr. Daniel A. Poling (Signet Books, 25 cents).

THE NEGRO AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY, by Wilson Record (University of North Carolina, $3.50). A study of the Negro's fight against communism.

Siren Song That Failed

THE NEGRO AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY. By Wilson Record. 340 pp. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.

By SAUNDERS REDDING

THE Communist party in the United States has failed in three major attempts to win any dependable and potent share of the American Negro's allegiance. The first effort was made in the crisis after 1918, when the more than a million Negroes who had migrated to the North were at least partly responsible for the widespread social disorganization.

A little more than a decade later, as Wilson Record points out in "The Negro and the Communist Party," the Communists tried again. Always a party of crisis, the screaming bugles sounded the rally for the Herndon case and the Scottsboro case, and it sowed dragon's teeth in the great depression, but only a small closetful of warriors sprang up and, brave though they may have been, they were ill-prepared and rather ridiculous. Finally, as the world stumbled toward its second war, the party tried again. It made a little headway, especially among Negro intellectuals, but this effort, too, must not be recorded a failure.

The reasons for this pitiful showing are not far to seek. In the first instance (1919-23), misled by the theatrical but insubstantial success of Marcus Garvey, the policy-makers of the party completely misunderstood the bourgeois aspirations of the Negro. It was a period of intense race-chauvinism. Garvey himself played upon this, but cleverly. He preached "Back to Africa," but Negroes knew that this slogan was meant only to placate white reactionary groups who thought that everything would be fine if only there were no Negroes. When the Communists advocated a forty-ninth state for Negroes, the latter would have none of it.

In the second effort, the Communists failed to take account of the Negro's long-standing ignorance and suspicion of organized labor and of his equally long-standing loyalty to capitalist politics. Such education in labor and politics as the party provided was not widespread enough; neither was it geared to what the Negro considered his immediate needs—jobs and job security, political patronage, political power. By this time the Kremlin had taken over the direction of American Communist party strategy, and the Kremlin subordinated the Negro question to the general struggle of the proletariat against capitalism. Moreover, godlessness and the campaign of atheism were in full swing, and the Kremlin declared the church its sworn enemy. "Nowhere was * * * the misunderstanding of the colored masses more apparent than in the position [the Communists] took on religion."

WRITTEN by an Assistant Professor of Sociology at San Francisco State College, "The Negro and the Communist Party" is a full and penetrating account of radicalism among American Negroes. It is an account that must take the heart out of those who hope to penetrate the Negro's armor of Americanism, for its thesis, abundantly documented, is:

> Negroes in the United States have had plenty of provocation to revolt. But they have chosen to protest within the constitutional framework. They have not succumbed, as a group, to any "siren song sung in bass." And because the aspirations of the American Negro are essentially egalitarian, a "bourgeois" document like the American Constitution has a liberating potential in the Black Belt of Alabama and in the ghetto of Harlem that the Communist Manifesto could never hope to have.

Commies and Negro in America

THE NEGRO AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY by Wilson Record; University of North Carolina Press; $3.50.

* * *

MR. WILSON RECORD has written a fascinating account of the tortuous meanderings of the Communist Party in the United States as it has tried to follow the "line" laid down by the Comintern on the one hand and on the other sought the support and enlistment of American Negroes. Mr. Record makes it clear that the former effort is the major reason for the failure of the latter.

For example, the "self-determination doctrine" (Negroes should secede and form a Negro Soviet Republic in the Black Belt) laid down by the Sixth World Congress of the Communist International in 1928 and sporadically revived since then has been as unattractive to Negroes as any other form of Jim Crow. Again, the venomous attack by the party on the moderate (and successful) Negro organizations such as the N. A. A. C. P. and the N. U. L. at all times except during the "united front" period of the late '30s and the war period when the U. S. was fighting to save Mother Russia shows that the party is only incidentally concerned with the welfare of American Negroes.

* * *

THE MAJOR CONCLUSION of Mr. Record's book is best stated in his own words: ". . . the American Constitution has a liberating potential in the Black Belt of Alabama and in the ghetto of Harlem that the Communist manifesto could never hope to have." There is an even simpler way of putting it: In the United States it's bad enough to be black without being Red, too.

"Cy" Record is known to many Birminghamians. He was in our city during most of the 1940s except for the period of his war service, first as an investigator for the F. E. P. C. and later as an organizer of adult education groups. — HOWARD HARLAN, professor of sociology, Birmingham-Southern College.

26b 1951

NCC Professor's Book Out May 26

Dr. Helen G. Edmonds, of North Carolina College, Durham, has written a book, "The Negro and Fusion Politics in North Carolina, 1894-1900." It will be issued Saturday, May 26, by the University of North Carolina Press.

Dr. Edmonds is a graduate of Morgan State College and the holder of a Ph. D. from the Ohio State University.

This book is certain to create controversy among southern historians who have written only superficially about Negroes in North Carolina since the Reconstruction period.

The Negro and Fusion Politics in North Carolina, 1894-1900

NEGROES IN HISTORY

IT is a source of great encouragement to have leaders who live and work in the South where the problem of racial tension is most acute, set forth a progressive idea in the realm of better racial understanding and co-operation. Dr. Mason Crum, assistant professor of biblical literature at Duke university, Durham, N. C., has recently published a book under the title, "The Negro and The Methodist Church," in which he proposed that American high schools, especially in the South, give attention through history courses to the role of eminent Negro leaders in this country.

"There is need for more information about talented Negroes in business and professions," Dr. Crum writes. "Widespread ignorance of the Negro's ability to achieve when given a chance is one of the chief blocks to better interracial co-operation in America." Dr. Crum reports that there are more than 180 Negro colleges in this country. These institutions are attended by about 75,000 students. Another 2,500 Negro students are enrolled in universities in the North, he stated, and about 6,000 bachelors' and masters' degrees and some 250 Ph.D. degrees are awarded annually to Negroes.

Dr. Crum observed that greater progress is made in racial understanding through the schools than through the churches in general. "Strange as it may seem," Dr. Crum writes. "the separation of races in the church is more complete than in the area of public education. Certainly such a situation cannot be viewed lightly by Christians, nor can it be put aside as final or inevitable."

We believe with Dr. Crum that much of the lack of mutual respect in race relations is due to the fact that too little is known of the Negro's contributions to the cultural life of America. There are thousands of white students who know little or nothing of the achievements of the Negro and his contributions to the general culture.

Oddly enough, the curricula for high schools among Negroes generally do not provide such a study. Consequently, many Negro students fail to get an understanding of their own cultural background and the achievements of their people. It is our conviction that an unbiased study of the Negro in American life on the part of high-school students of all races would be a highly rewarding experience.

Schools Urged To Stress Negro's Talent

Duke Teacher's Book To Be Used By Methodists

Special to The New York Times and The Courier-Journal

Durham, N. C., May 24.—A proposal that American high schools, especially in the South, give attention through history courses to the role of eminent Negro leaders in this country is put forward in a volume released this week by a Southern educator at Duke University.

The work of Dr. Mason Crum, associate professor of Biblical literature at Duke, under the title, "The Negro and The Methodist Church," the book will be used in Methodist churches throughout the country. Film strips keyed to the volume are being prepared for Methodist training schools and study groups.

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Dr. Crum finds greater progress is being made in racial understanding through the schools than through the churches in general. He writes that anyone who becomes downhearted about race relations "should visit Durham, where a spirit of fraternity exists among liberal leaders at Duke University, the University of North Carolina, and North Carolina College for Negroes."

Situation 'Not Inevitable'

"Strange as it may seem," Dr. Crum writes, "the separation of races in the churches is more complete than in the area of public education. Certainly such a situation cannot be viewed lightly by Christians, nor can it be pushed aside as final and inevitable.

"The outstanding possibilities for better interracial relations are in the Baptist and Methodist groups. There are 6,000,000 Negro Baptists and 2,000,000 Negro Methodists in the United States today."

Dr. Crum also points out that it is generally not known that Negro denominations in the United States conduct foreign missionary work in addition to their home-mission activities. They have missions in Africa, South America, and the West Indies.

90 Pct. Have Own Churches

About 90 per cent of all Negro Protestants are in churches of their own, Dr. Crum reports. This situation is not altogether the fault of the white Protestants, he holds. because many Negroes prefer the separation because it provides greater opportunity official status and fellows He adds that "there seems to a self-acting principle of sepa tion at work which is as m the fault of Negroes as whites."

A native of South Carolina Crum has studied at Harva Vanderbilt Universities, W College. and the Univer South Carolina.

Housing Official Says All Facilities Open To Students

CHAPEL HILL, N. C. —(INS) — Two of the Negro students who will begin classes at the University of North Carolina law school Monday were assigned rooms in a campus dormitory Friday.

Harvey E. Beech of Durham, N. C., and J. Kenneth Lee of Greensboro, N. C., were given rooms at Steele dormitory in the center of the campus. They will be the first Negro students on the Chapel Hill campus in the 162-year history of the school.

Another Negro student, James Lassiter, is expected to be admitted to the University this weekend. He will be the fourth law school student to be accepted for summer classes starting Monday.

James Wadsworth, the University Housing officer, assigned Beech and Lee to the dormitory at their request. Lassiter said if he is accepted he will continue to commute to Chapel Hill from Durham.

Floyd B. McKissick, the fourth students, is expected to appear at the University over the weekend.

White students who saw the Negroes on the campus Friday greeted them with indifference. Wadsworth said there would be no discrimination shown toward the new students and that all the facilities of the school will be open to them.

The announcement by Dean Henry P. Brandis, of the Law School, Thursday, that three of these students had been accepted for the summer term came three days after the Supreme Court's refusal to review the decision of a Circuit Court of Appeals stating that Negroes must be admitted.

Mr. Wadsworth said Thursday he did not expect the white students to object to the Negroes. They are actually the second, third, and fourth members of their race to be admitted to the University. A Negro medical student was previously accepted for admission next fall.

NEGROES IN HISTORY URGED FOR STUDY

Southern Educator Declares Role of Leaders Should Be in Secondary Courses

By JOHN N. POPHAM

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

DURHAM, N. C., May 12—A proposal that American high schools, especially in the South, give attention, through history courses, to the role of eminent Negro leaders in this country is put forward in a volume to be released next week by a Southern educator at Duke University.

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About 90 per cent of all Negro Protestants are in churches of their own, Dr. Crum reports. This situation is not altogether the fault of the white Protestants, he holds, because many Negroes prefer the separate set-up for the greater opportunity it provides for official status and fellowship. He adds that "there seems to be a self-acting principle of separation at work which is as much the fault of Negroes as of whites."

A native of South Carolina, Dr. Crum has studied at Harvard and Vanderbilt Universities, Wofford College and the University of South Carolina.

A HARVEST BECKONS

15 Million Americans With 15 Billions in Income Want to Buy

By JOSEPH D. BIBB

(The views expressed in this column are those of the writer and do not necessarily express the editorial opinion of the Courier.—The Editors)

"THERE are hundreds of good reasons why advertisers should cultivate the Negro market." The editors of Tide magazine made this statement in their issue of July 20. Tide is a recognized journal for advertising executives. Tide points out further, "Here is one of the greatest markets in the United States for increased sales for advertisers."

Mr. Bibb

For peculiar reasons, big business in America has neglected a lucrative, capable market. Competent salesmen have for years laid down arguments tending to show that a harvest of profit was beckoning.

It has now been proven by the facts and figures presented by Tide and by the public relations departments of publishers representatives, such as the Interstate United Newspapers and the Associated Publishers, that the colored market offers superb opportunities. Interstate and Associated represent almost all of the colored publications. They control the concentrated circulation of more than three million readers.

* * *

ADVERTISERS LIKE General Motors, Radio Corporation of America, Armour's, Pillsbury, Proctor and Gamble, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Lever Brothers, Colgate, Coca-Cola and numerous other famous concerns have taken advantage of this almost untapped source of profit. These great organizations have made a bid for colored business and have been gratified and pleased.

It has long been known by advertising experts and students of human relations that "the colored press is the greatest single power in the race." Gunnar Myrdal, world-famous sociologist, economist and co-author of "The American Dilemma," made that statement when making his penetrating study of racial phenomena in this country.

Experts, who have made a scientific and accurate **appraisal of advertising investments**, state, "Anyone who has advertised for colored business, in the right way, has found out that the colored American is as good a customer as the white person in the same economic group." They also discovered by "precept and example" as well as by "trial and error," that he is often a better buyer of advertised brands than many whites.

It has also been learned that no other media covers its field like colored publications.

* * *

PIONEER PUBLISHERS of colored newspapers took a terrific beating before they could gain an entry into big business. Few would face the facts. Many would contend that advertising in colored publications would be "duplication" because the daily white press saturated its field. That contention has been blasted. Space buyers have learned that no media so thoroughly covers the field of fifteen million colored Americans, earning fifteen billion dollars annually, as does the great battery of colored publications.

There was a time when struggling publishers would "puff" their circulation claims and get away with it. But not any more. The Courier's great chain of sixteen editions, with a circulation of 280,000 and more, can back up its claims by the authority of the Audit Bureau of Circulation. The Audit Bureau of Circulation is the Bible of advertising executives.

They do not question its accuracy. Wherefore space-buyers do not have to guess and gamble when making out their schedules. They are rapidly learning that colored Americans have greater buying power than all of Canada and that their markets are potentially acres of diamonds.

* * *

COLD, HARD facts are not opening new vistas for advertising in the colored press. Sound, solid values are admitted. But skillful, incessant salesmanship is still necessary. The surface for business has not been scratched.

It has been a long, hard pull for the salesmen of the colored press. Indeed, it has been an Herculean task for them to convince members of the colored race, themselves, that skillful advertisement in carefully selected media would prove advantageous. In truth, it must be admitted that colored business has been hard to sell and harder to educate into the advantages of sustained advertisement.

Tide, magazine for advertising executives, has made a comprehensive analysis of this field. This is the second made within the last four years. The study is enlightening and stimulating. No longer does the colored press just travel "around the corner." It penetrates into the homes and hearts of fifteen million members of America's largest minority.

Praise 90 Plants for Fair Job Plan

NEWARK

Prejudice appears to be decreasing and wholesome relationships seem to exist between members of different racial, religious and cultural groups in many industrial plants in Hudson County.

This is the observation of the New Jersey State Division Against Discrimination which, last Thursday, released a study of employment policies and practices involving minority groups in 129 selected plants in Hudson County.

5-Year Gains Cited

This study reveals that colored people are employed in 90 of the 129 firms employing 76,902 workers, of which 6,578 or 8.5 per cent are colored.

These minority workers hold skilled, supervisory and white-collar positions to a greater extent today than was prevalent five years ago, The DAD points out.

The lot of the Negro in Europe and the Near East...it's not good

No Green Pastures

by Roi Ottley

James Book Review

To all who believe that America is the only country with a Negro "problem," this book presents a carefully documented answer. Roi Ottley frankly reveals the situation, as he found it, of the Negro in England, France, Italy, Germany, the Balkans, Greece, Egypt, and Israel: fascinating information not to be found anywhere else on London's "Harlem," "Monsieur Jim Crow," and Israel's 40,000 black Jews. Here is the unvarnished truth of the attitudes of the whites, the prejudices, and the opportunities available for the Negro—intimate details on prejudice abroad.

$3.00

NO GREEN PASTURES

More Subtle Than In U. S., Jim Crow's In Europe, Too

OTTLEY

Independent - 10-27-51

Ottley Says Foreigners Flunk Acid Test Of Intermarriage

Installment I

By ROI OTTLEY

Excerpts with permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

I FELT THE lift and magnitude of being an American abroad — Negro though I am! I shared abundantly the esteem, admiration affection often lavished upon white men of America. These were offered in a thousand ways, subtle and outlandish, even sometimes exquisite. To be sure, this was exhilarating, but it had to be accepted initially with a grain of salt. Maybe, I thought, I was traveling under fradulent colors, for when you live on the outskirts of American democracy, you sometimes come to feel there is not much inside to brag about, especially if one has Mississippi memories. But with the suddenness of a thunderclap, I realized that to be born an American citizen today is to be part of a real good thing—like being born into a rich and powerful family. America is the greatest success story in human history. Afterwards I came to recognize that abroad I was a sort of walking neon sign advertising the nation's unique achievements. For I and my countrymen enjoy a share of material things which most white people do not enjoy elsewhere in the world today.

But beyond the thrilling implications of being American, Europe has much to offer which is distinctly satisfying to a Negro born and reared in the U. S. For one thing, he is given a unique sort of racial experience, often involving intangibles of the spirit, which enables him to realize himself as a whole being. He steps into the mainstream of Europe's community—a step from a feudal to a modern society, racially speaking. There is no need to accommodate himself to racial prejudice in the numerous subtle ways characteristic of the U. S.

The Negro while abroad need not observe any of the racial amenities that are carefully followed back in the U. S. — such as allowing a white man to precede him through a door. No white woman hastens her step anxiously at his approach on a dark street. He rarely has to debate

with himself or his fellows where to eat, rent a hotel room, have his hair cut, or where to find amusement and companionship. Doors to concert halls, museums, libraries and smart cafes are open to him. He is not compelled to obscure himself in dark corners of public places, nor to avoid a casual flirtation with a white woman he happens to meet casually. Briefly: in the absence of America's elaborate racial etiquette, he enjoys a self-respect, dignity and personal worth unknown to Negroes in the U. S.

And yet I always doubted the genuine ardor of the European's racial tolerance. I sometimes felt he was only playing a part to aggravate skin-proud Americans—and in the process, making me the fall guy. I soon found ample justification for this early racial cynicism. Actually, I discovered, there is a deep strain of racial prejudice toward Negroes running through the cultural fabric of the Continent (and England), often so subtle that it is not always seen by the naked eye. Consequently, even many sophisticated Negroes are taken in by the shiny appearance of things—spectacular, to be sure, when compared with the racial situation for Negroes in sections of the U. S. But though relations between the races in Europe may be less cruelly degrading than in the U. S., actually racial prejudice is no less real.

Comparison with America is always implicit in a Negro's observations of places abroad. So, even Negroes who have shared abundantly in the good things of the United States become greatly impressed by the racial patterns abroad and applaud them beyond their actual worth. They do so, I suppose, because American accomplishments win them acclaim in Europe, which is manifested in social privileges and cultural associations not allowed Negroes in the U. S. For example, upon arrival in England as one of the first Negro war correspondents, Ollie Stewart began his first dispatch to the Baltimore **Afro-American** newspaper with, "I am most happy to report that London has not shown me even a hint of color prejudice." Richard Wright, who wrote the blazing **Native Son** and is today perhaps the most feted American in Paris, bluntly declares "There is more freedom in one square block of Paris than in all of the United States." Paul Robeson, lionized by Europeans, stumps in identical vein. He says racial liberty is characteristic of Europe, especially of those sections dominated by the Soviet Union.

To obtain the complete book, "No Green Pastures" by Roi Ottley, send $3 cash, check or money order (plus 12 cents postage) to Douglass Book Distributors, P. O. box 1552, Chicago 90, Illinois.

Reports like these make exciting reading. Consequently, rank-and-file Negroes frequently are ill-prepared for the racial realities—indeed, such Negroes are very often innocents abroad and are dumbfounded by the discovery of racialism, Continental style. This seems to have been the case during World War II, when Negro soldiers were stationed in Holland. A little town in the southern Netherlands, so the story goes, decided to celebrate **Sinterklaas** in full-blown fashion. According to Dutch tradition, Santa Claus hails from southern Spain and always arrives accompanied by a Negro servant, called **Zwarte Piet** or Black Peter. The Dutch inhabitants, streamlining this version, borrowed a jeep from the Americans to convey Santa and his black servant about the town to distribute gifts. But to the shock and humiliation of Negroes, they discovered Peter being impersonated offensively by a Dutch woman who had blackened her face with burnt cork.

To be sure, tolerance of different races and colors in Europe is no myth. But the Continent (and England) is no racial utopia—indeed, the case for liberalism abroad has been greatly romanticized. The fact is, beyond earshot, Negro Americans are labeled with such terms as "exotic," "musical," "backward" and "oppressed," and even described as a "brutish people." But the chief reason why most Negro Americans escape the more nauseating aspects of Europe's racial prejudice, rests squarely upon the fact that they enjoy a unique status while abroad. They are glamorous novelties. Moreover, they are infinitesimal in number and therefore never in competition with white men socially or economically. Above all Negro tourists (and transient soldiers, singers, dancers, musicians and boxers who often are lionized are dollar-carrying Americans who benefit by the tradition that the customer is always right.

The story is quite a different one for the Continent's home grown Negroes, who are born reared, and must make their living in Europe. For white men abroad react to the same racial illusions that feed the vanity of white men in the U. S. The bulk hold tenaciously to a belief in the superiority of the white race and inferiority of the Negro race, though manifestations of this belief rarely are crude, blustering or heavyhanded. But they do indulge themselves in a blanket racial stereotypes no less degrading to the Negro in Europe than racial segregation is to the Negro in parts of America. For instance, with the exception of an ebony elite, Negroes are described as "primitive" and "savage" and held ill-equipped mentally to do white men's work. Even without the elaborate machinery of Jim Crow, they are relegated to the galleys of cabarets and dance halls—dancing, singing or tooting a horn in the way of employment, a fact which has driven many Negroes into crime. The bulk of blacks in Europe is abysmally poor.

Except for a handful of educated black Africans, most of the Negroes seen in Europe and the British Isles are backward and illiterate, often belonging to the Moslem faith, and unused to Western ways. This falsely documents the African's inferiority in the eyes of Europeans, a fact which affects Negro Americans indirectly. But this yardstick rarely is applied directly to Negro Americans (and West Indian Negroes); they are received with an indulgence not extended the colonial blacks.

Negro Americans never upset the social, economic or religious equilibrium. For as Christians and Americans they are products of Western Civilization — and, as such, different from Europeans only in color of their skins. And because they are essentially a racially mixed people of brown complexions mostly, Europeans are not inclined to place them in the same racial group as black Africans. Many are surprised by the color (and cultural) contrast between Negro Americans and Negro Africans; even Negro Americans themselves often are amazed by the sheer ebony blackness of the pure-blooded African.

To grasp the racial realities abroad, one must understand that feeling against Negroes increases the further up one goes in the social and economic scale—whereas the reverse is the case in the U. S. But the races do not live on different sides of the railroad tracks — essentially, differences are based on caste, not color exclusively, as in America. The racial equation is one of top hats over tom toms. But any Negro —by solid achievement, family or wealth— may belong to the upper classes and enjoy their privileges. Crown princes of African tribes and nations are given lavish respect. But this implied racial liberalism is wholly false, for the white man in Europe cannot survive the final and acid test of racial equality, which, of course, consists of marriage between the races. The European will vigorously oppose his daughter's marriage to a black man, and call into support all the hoary legends, stereotypes and folklore insinuating the racial inferiority of the Negro.

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

"No Green Pastures" is an apt title for Roi Ottley's excellent new book about the treatment of Negroes abroad. Mr. Ottley "always doubted the genuine ardor of the European's racial tolerance", and during his stint as foreign correspondent for Liberty Magazine and PM had ample opportunity to investigate the situation. He visited 22 countries and traveled 30,000 miles in Europe and Africa. The result is an extremely interesting look at the racial mores of England, France, Germany, Italy, Israel, Hungary, Greece and Egypt.

Britain, for instance, bases its color distinctions on caste and to a lesser extent on color with mulattoes enjoying more social freedom than blacks. Professional men "can function without the restrictions implied in racial bias." Even here there is a catch the author points out because many whites go to Negro doctors with the feeling that "Black brings luck". For the most part in England, Negroes face prejudice in employment, housing and social relationships—all of which has a familiar sound to Negro Americans.

Each country has a somewhat different approach to Negroes and the French Mr. Ottley found take great delight in the exoticism of the Negro. In France there is much true liberalism and the Negro finds there he is treated as an individual but France's colonial policy is something else again. "There is prejudice, brutality, cheating, forced labor, and even decimation of whole populations," the author writes of French colonialism.

Despite Germany's virulent racism under Hitler, the Negro before and since found little prejudice there as compared with other European countries. Negro soldiers have found life there pleasing since German girls pursued them "openly and aggressively".

The author has combined a look at present day conditions in the various countries he visited with a historical background of race relations in each. He has unearthed a great many bizarre and unusual facts, and has put them together in an easy, reportorial style.

"No Green Pastures" sets the record straight on the treatment of Negroes abroad, and in doing so fills a long-felt need. I have only two minor objections to the book: the author's constant use of "the Negro" in referring to someone he has mentioned before instead of using the person's name; and his naming as peculiarly Negroid certain traits which are not necessarily so. But these are a small part of a very good book which should have wide appeal.

"No Green Pastures" by Roi Ottley; Charles Scribner's Sons; New York; 1951; $3.00.

No GREEN PASTURES, by Roi Ottley (Scribners, $3). A picture of the situation of the Negro in Europe.

NO GREEN PASTURES

By ROI OTTLEY

Installment III

Excerpts with permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

John Bull Knows Uncle Tom Well

Negroes Benefit By Ill - Will Fostered By Whites Abroad

THE INCIDENT was not without brutal humor. One night in the '30's, a Negro actor in the mixed cast of Show Boat, emerged briskly from backstage of a Piccadilly theater. He suddenly was pounced upon by a white man. Not until the two men squared off and were pummelling each other, did the Negro discover that in pushing through the stage-door and jostling a white actress good-naturedly, he had outraged a white countryman.

People quickly gathered and soon recognized a racial conflict between white and Negro Americans. Cockneys in the crowd promptly took up the Negro's cudgel and loudly urged him on with, "Beat 'im, Mister Darky! Beat 'im, Mister Darky, beat 'im!"

OTTLEY

There is in fact a definite hostility to white Americans in England, which often is expressed spontaneously in sympathy to blacks — indeed, racialism is frequently the explosive point of contact between rank-and-file Englishmen and Americans. For Englishmen rarely see eye-to-eye with Americans on any racial point. The English recognize the right of every man to be as he is, a fact which enables them to accept a colored man for his personal worth.

They are so certain of their own status that they do not feel it threatened when, for example, a Negro enters a pub, theatre or social gathering. To be sure, Englishmen do believe in making racial and color distinctions. But their attitude is something like that of the North towards the Negro. They oppose crude and brutal exhibits of prejudice as offending good taste, which explains why racial prejudice in England is so deceptive.

Traditionally, Englishmen have been generous to the American Negro, though this generosity is diluted by a subtle racialism which always makes clear to the Negro that he is different from Englishmen. Tom Molineaux, a runaway slave from Virginia, found sanctuary among the English at the turn of the last century. He afterwards won a great reputation among English sportsmen as a pugilist. But when he fought Tom Cribb, says a contemporary reporter, "the whole of the Sporting world were on the alert, and disgusted at the idea that a black man should become champion of England." The Negro was defeated after forty blistering rounds because, according to the British, "he didn't have an English heart." Molineaux's black compatriot, Bill Richmond, who conducted a boxing academy, called the Horse and Dolphin, frequented by Lord Byron, prepared him for his return bout with Cribb. The Negro's dignified challenge, which appeared in the London Times, Christmas Day, 1810, revealed that he had been made acutely conscious of his black skin.

However, until World War II, only a trickle of American Negroes entered England, and these principally as tourists and performers. But afterwards roughly two hundred thousand arrived in the British Isles — as soldiers, sailors, merchant seamen and as civilian workers. Along the streets and highways of cities, towns and villages, black faces became as familiar as in any Southern town. For most rural Britons it was the first time they had seen so many Negroes. They were a trifle apprehensive in the beginning. But they nevertheless wer hospitable Eventually, Britons lionized these Negroes. They were seen at horse races, picnics, concerts and churches with English families, often escorting mother and daughters.

Negroes, on their part, were not accustomed to asserting themselves freely socially with white people. They were neither pushy nor aggressive; in fact, their initial conduct in England was timid and tentative. But they set out to prove their personal worth. They were confident they could achieve this in England's sympathetic atmosphere — for, after negotiating the delicate business of daily living Jim Crow in the U. S., they felt able to live and deal with any sort of white folks. This fact conditioned their manners and approach, and enabled them to make easy and friendly associations, which brought them social equality in more ways than theory — a social equality not extended to colonials or black Britons.

"These Negro boys are good fellows and as straight as you like," one Englishman remarked typically. "They're certainly teaching the English manners." The London News Chronicle carried a characteristic letter from a country clergyman. "The impression our Negro guests made on Nuneaton, was one of natural and profound culture. Their courtesy, their politeness, their manly bearing, their frankness, and, above all, their unfailing cheerfulness and good humor quickly endeared them to the inhabitants. They brought with them next to no rowdiness or gross drunkenness, and on the very rare occasions when tempers rose there had been more than adequate provocation. We were sorry when they left."

These easy associations shocked a good many Americans attempted to introduce American racial folkways, Dixie style. Racial feelings often became so bitter that they were displayed with

BOOK REVIEW

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

No Green Pastures, by Roi Ottley. Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York. 234 pp. $3.00.

Roi Ottley's **No Green Pastures** is a sprigthly, readable account of the colored people in England, France, Italy, the Balkans, and Israel. To say that it is not very profound is nothing against it.

Mr. Ottley did not mean it to be, for he knows perhaps better than the next man that profundity often obscures the facts; and as a good newspaper man, he was after the facts. He gives them to us in a skip-and-run style that leaves no time for boredom.

The facts are not many, and sometimes there were contradictions in them that were beyond my resolution. For instance, on one page (32), Mr. Ottley cites the charter adopted by the English League of Colored People, which declares for "the same economic, educational, legal and political rights" for all persons whatever their color. He says that this is a "dead give-away of how the British treat" their Negroes.

But two pages later, he says, "The English recognize the right of very man to be as he is, a fact which enables them to accept a colored person for his personal worth." There are quite a few unaccountable contradictions like this.

But there are lively stories too, some of them of Mr. Ottley's own experience as a traveler in Europe, and others of the experinces of colored Europeans. One of the latter that especially appealed to me concerned one Antoine Montbrun (which is too symbolic a name to imagine that it is other than a pseudonym) a gangling colored leader of the French underground during the Nazi occupation.

I liked the conclusion which Mr. Ottley tied to this story of French heroism and patriotism and national recognition: the blacks of France are not cabined and confined, as American blacks are, by the fact of color.

Redding

The historical background which the author supplies is not so much history as background—in short, a technical device which, however competently handled, is unworthy of Roi Ottley. It reads like something out of J. A. Rogers' **World's Great Men of Color** and **Sex and Race.** Even as background, it's really not too important. Too much is missing. There is no documentation at all. It is like a "Who Was Who" among European colored, only without the names.

But nothing spoils the liveliness of **No Green Pastures.** It is a book of first hand material reported with warmth and humor by a skilled journalist.

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a venom unknown in the U. S. Nearly every English city, town and village witnessed racial clashes — not only between whites and Negroes, but between Englishmen and Americans. For Britons often vigorously resisted the imposition of American racial ways — a fact which undoubtedly had inspiration in the widespread anti-American feeling. This attitude was expressed in a variety of ways. For example, when two Americans boarded a bus in London and attempted to eject a Negro from a seat he occupied, a conductor took the Negro's part. "You can't do that sort of thing here," he protested. "We won't have it. Either you stand or off you go."

One evening in a drenching rainstorm, I was escorting two English girls home along with a Negro friend, John Velasco. The taxi in which we were riding suddenly developed engine trouble and stalled somewhere near Trafalgar Square. A cockney, accompanied by two girls, ducked out of a sheltering doorway and hailed the taxi. The cabbie explained his dilemma and said he was awaiting a substitute cab to carry his fare. "You want to ride those dammed bribing Americans!" the man shouted. "Either you ride us, or I shall call the police!" He flung open the door and was about to climb in, when he spied us. "Oh, they're blacks," he exclaimed. "I beg your pardon, sirs." And with that he closed the door and quietly went his way.

Every English newspaper carried comment about the race problem. That is, as they presumed that Americans had introduced it to a country where prejudice was unknown! In prejudiced Liverpool, a judge who had a case come before him involving Negro discrimination, in which witnesses declared American instigation, used the occasion to lash at American race prejudice. He observed that the position of Negroes had changed radically since the arrival of white Americans and self-righteously declared: "I think it is impertinence for any country to accept the aid of colored people from any part of the world and then to say: 'Our laws don't enable us to deal with you on terms of complete equality.'" Hannen Swaffer, one of England's widely read columnists, bluntly declared: "Discrimination against blacks started at the request of the American authorities."

This sort of pro-Negro expression was exhilarating to Negroes But they took it all with a grain of salt, perhaps instinctively suspecting British hpyocrisy, as they more and more associated with black Englishmen in Britain's "Harlem." For instance, they were not inclined to accept the word of a town councilor who declared: "I have no feelings of race prejudice. I've been led to believe, however, that our relations with Americans will be better if we conform to what I understand to be American practices of discrimination." Nor did Negroes believe the pub proprietor in Bristol, who said Americans threatened destruction of his place if he served blacks, as an explanation for discouraging Negro patronage. The stern facts made a lie of the Home Office's memorandum to rural constables reminding them that "There is no color bar in the United Kingdom!"

ROI OTTLEY
. . . newest book is out

Ottley's Second Book Published

NEW YORK—Former Courier war correspondent Roi Ottley's newest book—"No Green Pastures"—a study of the Negro in Europe today, has been published by Scribner's and is now on sale. A searching anthology, compiled from experiences and observations gathered by Mr. Ottley in 60,000 miles of travel in Europe and the Near East, the book deals with how European nations are treating their Negro population.

Mr. Ottley's first book was "New World A-Coming," a study in American race relations, and was published in 1943. The author's personal career and journalistic background make him exceptionally qualified to handle the subjects embraced in "No Green Pastures."

NO GREEN PASTURES

By ROI OTTLEY

Installment VIII

Excerpts with permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

GERMAN contact with Negores always has been vague and extremely limited; consequently, the German racial outlook is vastly different to the French, English and Italian. There is loose talk that the early Huns were a Negroid people. Men who saw them in the fourth and fifth centuries described them as having dark skins, broad noses and frizzly hair. The Neanderthal skull, oldest Negro type known, was discovered at Dusseldorf.

OTTLEY

Caesar's legions included Negroes when he invaded Germany. Prussian, Saxon and Bavarian kingdoms and duchies saw Negroes as royal favorites and servants. But most significant perhaps is the fact that the patron saint of Roman Catholic Germany is a Negro, St. Maurice —a bit of incidental intelligence which suggests an early absence of color concepts. His statue stands today in the Cathedral of Magdeburg and there is a painting of him by Grunewald. But this fact, to be sure, has no influence upon the German's attitude toward Negroes today.

Modern Germany never held Negores as slaves, nor was the country ever invaded by black legions. Negro immigrants are almost unknown in Germany. The German's first real contact with the Negro masses, nearly two centuries after the French and English, came with the seizure of African colonies in 1884—mainly, Togoland, the Congo and the Cameroons. These possessions, mostly unprofitable, were held only thirty years. The Germans, under the savage administrations of Peters and Prittkamer, were charged with systematic extermination of Negroes. But in 1912 a bill to make marriage between Germans and Negroes in Africa illegal was defeated in the Reichstag, 203 to 133. Emil Ludwig declared that he was unable to authenticate assertions that the Germans were particularly cruel to Negroes. "The Germans," he observed with superb understatement, "were merely unpopular because they treated colored people like their own white inferiors, prusquely and coldly." But the German colonial sojourn had incidental profit: The German anthropologist, Leo Frobinius, did profound work in establishing the Negro's significant cultural heritage.

Before the Hitler era, there were roughly three thousand Negroes living in Germany. Indeed, the country's peak Negro population never reached more than four or five thousand. Oddly, no more than a handful left the colonies and ever settled in Germany. But for two solid years—1919 and 1921—nearly 40,000 French and American Negro soldiers were among the Allied troops occupying Germany. Negro associations with German women were widespread and produced social and racial echoes: besides leaving a residue of brown babies, several thousand Negroes married German women and remained in the country to form Germany's first Negro population. These people were mostly concentrated in the cities, where they worked principally as entertainers. They raised big families and reinforced the country's Negro community. But Negroes seemingly never lost their novelty to the Germans: for example, even under the Nazis, wealthy people sought Negro servants to adorn their households — "Hand-some young Negro wanted as page in Chateau des Masures belonging to a count," ran a typical newspaper advertisement.

Under the Nazis, few Negroes were victims of actual brutality, as meted out to Jews. The savage racial laws, which in theory embraced blacks, never were widely applied to Negroes. Negroes in Germany declare there was no racial discrimination. Nor were Negroes married to German women molested or publicly insulted, even though intermarriage was forbidden and sexual intercourse between the two races were subject to sanctions including the death penalty. Negro travelers report that every courtesy was extended them in Germany. Negro ministers who met at a convention in Berlin lauded German hospitality.

Yet, to be sure, the Negro's position as a German citizen steadily declined under the Nazis. Consequently, Negroes saw the need as early as 1934 to form the League for the Defense of the Negro Race, with headquarters in Paris. Joseph Bile, as secretary of this organization, made several appeals to Negroes in the U.S. to bail out Negroes in Germany. "Because there were not so many of us," explained Madeline Guber, a Negro girl born and reared in Berlin, "we had lived pretty well. But the Nazis brought their theories of racial superiority and things became bad. We could not work in the factories. We were scorned as semi-apes. We were insulted on the streets."

This girl bitterly insisted that the Nazis attempted to halt the propagation of Negroes — which, in effect, supported reports I had heard in Germany of the mass sterilization of Negro men. "I have a good girl friend," she said, "who was in love with a German man. She wanted to marry him but the Nazis said 'No.' So, she lived with the man anyway. Then, one day the police came to her house and took the girl to a hospital. She was told by the medical authorities that it was feared she might bear a German child. But the child would not be 'Aryan.' So they performed an operation on her. Now she can never have a child."

The Negro's economic situation was especially acute. He worked for what he was offered and dared not complain. The typical lot of a Negro family is illustrated by the Martins, who were visited by an American Negro back in 1938. They were found living in a shabby building on a side street off Leipzigstrasse in Berlin. The man was a musician. Hs wife was a blonde German. They had five children, ages five to eighteen. They were pale and sickly-looking, and showed every sign of malnutrition. He worked as a drummer at nine marks a day, but was only employed three or four days a week. His earning were insufficient to feed, clothe and decently house seven people. The discouraged Negro talked freely about how extremely difficult conditions were for black men; but oddly, he made no mention of being the victim of racial discrimination, nor did his eldest daughter who was a ballet dancer. His harassed-looking wife warned him to be careful, but agreed with his opinions. He declared he wanted to take his family and escape Germany forever. He shrugged despairingly — for there was nothing he could do.

But Negroes uniformly declare the German people freer of color prejudice than the French. Comparison with the U. S. is always added

One day I was in the little town of Oberteisendorf, about eight miles from the gloomy shadows of Berchtesgaden. Negroes were quartered in the area with several thousand German girls. The Negro officers, who acted as military governors, had taken over the Petting mansion of Helmuth Kurth, a famous photographer of Goering. The night I arrived they gave a big party The girls, mostly blondes, were stylish in newly imported clothes bought in Paris. I was surprised by Negro facility with the German language; but a corporal had already casually explained that "German ain't nothing but bad English!" We danced and drank until about four. Next morning about seven, I happened to glance out the window down the courtyard; and there was every Fraulein who had frolicked at the party seated on the backsteps, briskly shining the Negroes' boots.

Today Negroes in the Army of Occupation are mainly concentrated in Munich, Frankfort, Mannheim, Giessen and Hamburg. Frauleins wheeling carriages bearing brown babies have become a common sight. The authorities place the number between two and three thousand, thus lifting Germany's Negro population appreciably. Giessen alone is reported to have five hundred such babies. The German community's attitude is especially critical of unwed mothers of these babies. Local charities seldom give them the same consideration as mothers of white-fathered babies; and they are often insulted and attempts made to make them feel ashamed. But both the German girl and Negro boy are caught up in the system. As they become involved in the maze of American racial vagaries, the problem of procuring permission to marry is almost insurmountable. However, when German girls of Negro ancestry apply for permission to marry Negroes procedures are quickly facilitated.

The spectacular racial development has shocked a good many Americans in Germany. The color contrast between the races has helped to sharpen the problem: anticipated sympathy for their a combination of Saxon blonde noisy racial hatreds and were and Mississippi black has served sorely disappointed to discover to stir subtle racial angers among that the average German is not white Americans. German males, at all prejudiced against Negroes. toadying to skin-proud 'Ameri- Nazi propaganda had let these cans, sometimes join in the anti- Americans down! Negro chorus. But the fact was inevitable that American racialism would come into dramatic focus on German soil. There even were those Americans who had

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NO GREEN PASTURES

The tall, blonde, attractive girl piloted me to the steward of Budapest's fashionable Savarin Cafe. The man bowed elaborately, greeted me in English, and with a broad smile seated us at one of the tables on the canopied terrace, directly facing the Danube and within sight of the Chain bridge leading to the Royal Palace. I ordered two aperitifs. The girl, who acted as my interpreter, turned to study the headlines of a Hungarian newspaper. Suddenly we looked up and found a knot of pedestrians had gathered nearby. They were staring openly, smiling admiringly and commenting among themselves, frequently pointing in our direction. I caught the words

Mr. Ottley

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"America" and "Africa." The steward, who had assumed the task of serving us himself, beamed with delight when he returned and saw the gathering.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I placed you here so the passersby may see the brown American. Many have not seen one so brown. We in Hungary love the brown skin—like the Egyptians or our gypsies. See how they stop to look! They admire you greatly."

"I couldn't stay with all those people staring at us," the girl said testily.

"Ah, that grieves me," he declared unhappily. "You rob them of a pleasure that they would remember for days. Many times the dark-skinned artists come here from Paris and America and I place them so—but we like you to be happy. Come, would madame like this better?" He led us inside to a table sheltered from the curious gaze of people wandering by, and hovered anxiously until we nodded our satisfaction. "You like more wine perhaps?" He filled the glasses and continued, "Most times we do not serve wine to Americans—usually they take cognac. Only the Americans drink glass after glass of cognac before meals," and he chuckled to himself. His departure was the signal for the Serbian trio to announce they were playing the next song in honor of the brown American. Afterwards people stood and applauded the American. . . .

This vignette is typical not alone of Hungary but of the Balkans generally. To begin with, there are very few Negroes in this part of Europe, nor have these countries ever held Negro slaves or colonial possessions in Africa.

Greece is the only Balkan country with any sort of Negro tradition. To begin with, Negroes appear in Greek mythology. Memnon and Medea, for example, are frequently depicted as black persons.

Before the fifteenth century, people of sable hue were loosely known as "Ethiopians" and "Africans." In Athens these people were engaged in a variety of occupations; they were laborers, hucksters, performers, boxers, warriors, and evn policemen. They apparently made a deep impression on the minds of those who saw them, as their faces appear on drinking cups, pitchers, stucco reliefs and vases made in the period. Incidentally, these pieces show that at least eight different types of Negroes had settled in Athens. Aesop, known for his fables, was the most remarkable of these Negroes. He had a flat nose, thick lips, a black skin, and was a slave in the sixth century before Christ. He identified himself as a Negro by his choice of name. The Negro head found on medals at Delphi are believed to be the head of this famous black man.

Beyond sheer curiosity, there seems no racial reaction to Negroes in the Balkans. Never once did I feel the cold blue brittle stare which is characteristic of prejudiced Anglo-Saxons. Everywhere I felt warm hospitality, edged perhaps by a bit of elaborate flattery connected with the fact of being an American. For example, until I could procure hotel accommodations, I was guest at the convent of the Catholic Sisters of Social Service in Budapest. Incidentally, the Mother Superior, Margaret Slacta, who succored Jews during the Nyilas racial rampage, was the first woman to sit in the Hungarian Parliament. Once this English-speaking nun charmingly observed of her Nazi ordeal: "It's inelegant to say—but life was tough!" Back in the U. S., I mentioned this Budapest reception to the Hungarian-born actress, Ilona Massey. She assured me prejudice against a dark skin was unknown in her native land—and this fact incidentally nearly caused her considerable unpleasantness in Hollywood when she invited Marian Anderson to join a party of white friends.

I met only one Negro in the Balkans, though I saw several walking the streets of Athens, Budapest, Prague, Pilsen, Bucharest and Belgrade. Two were bespangled doormen at cafes. But the one I came to know well was Boston-born Lunsud J. Goode, who had been living in Budapest nearly thrity-three years. This short, dark, bald man had been a popular figure as the bartender at the fashionable St. Gellert Hotel until the Nazis interned him. When I first saw him he was the wine-steward at the Savarin Cafe, operated by a young Jew who never served fish because her mother was mutilated by the Nazis and thrown into the Danube. The meeting was especially moving; tears came to Goode's eyes when he saw me, a Negro countryman. He declared that I was the first he had seen in many years and kissed me impulsively on both cheeks, Continental style, and begged me to come home with him so he could show his wife what his Negro countrymen looked like these days.

The Negro, nicknamed "Allah" because he was first thought to be an Arab, had been married for thirty-six years to a Hungarian woman. They had met in Paris, formed an adagio team, traveled the Continent widely, and finally settled quietly in Budapest. They lived in a first-floor rear apartment of a shabby building in a poor neighborhood directly off Andrassy, one of the most beautiful avenues in Budapest. The worn, graying woman, who appeared to have genuine affection for him, served hot tea and little cakes, talked about America which she had never seen, and over and over played her husband's favorite recording of "St. Louis Blues." The Negro was homesick, clearly so. But he declared that he had lived a completely happy life, though he would like to talk once more with a Negro girl and see that fabulous place called "Harlem," which did not exist as a Negro community when he left the U. S. in 1907.

Before the Nazi Putsch, he reported, the Balkans were without color prejudice or discrimination—"a man could be a man!" But overnight this idyllic racial situation changed; he often became the butt of cruel racial jokes. His wife received many insults, though no attempt was made to molest them as a mixed couple. The unkindest slum the Nazis could think of, was to call him a "Chicago gangster," hoping thus perhaps to provoke him. To illustrate one aspect of this racial development, one afternoon he took me to a now-neglected wax works exhibit, erected by Hungarian racists after the Nazi Putsch in Budapest. One section of the sprawling building we entered was devoted to what purported to be an educational exhibit concerned with physiology: male genitals of every race, nation and clime were shown. Each one representing a Negro's was offensively enormous—the racial folklore about Negroes, Fascist style, had reached the Balkans.

Balkan racial prejudice is chiefly a manifestation against Jewry; and this prejudice is both universal and intense. Never does Balkan racialism embrace Negroes.

But there is no real parallel between the condition of Jews in the Balkans and Negroes in America. To be sure, a Black Belt in the U. S. is a ghetto or a sort. Negroes are corralled into one area, subject to social and economic restrictions, and carry the stigma of a pariah. But the difficulties Negroes face are rarely as brutal and unrelaxing as those Jews endure in the Balkans. For example, few Negroes are compelled to live under the crushing poverty, angry hatred, and in the ramshackle ancient houses crawling with vermin which I saw in the Budapest ghetto. Nowhere did I hear a kind word for the Jew.

However, quality and quantity of persecution is not a true index of the difference between a Balkan ghetto and an American black belt. The significant difference perhaps is that the Negro always entertains high hopes, has legal machinery for rectifying injustices, and does have a section of the white population aggressively supporting his aspirations, whereas the Jew is seemingly without hope

NO GREEN PASTURES

By ROI OTTLEY

Installment IV

Excerpts with permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

Concerning His Majesty's Blacks

Empire Not Interested In People But In The Wealth They Produce

BACK in 1945, six African newspaper editors arrived in London to place urgent native grievances before the British Colonial Office. The Nigerian, Nnandi Azikiwe, who had been educated in the U. S., led the group which represented four British colonies in West Africa.

Before leaving home these men had spent months gathering documented material to support the arguments they planned to present. They might better have stayed in their tropical beds. When they saw Colonel Oliver Stanley, Secretary of State for the Colonies, in his seedy office in Downing Street, this gentleman opened the meeting with a long innocuous discussion of English weather, food and customs, made some thoughtful inquiries about wives, children and friends, and had tea brought in to complete the amenities.

OTTLEY

His Majesty's blacks had hardly swallowed the tea, when Colonel Stanley rose abruptly and announced that he had a cabinet meeting to attend. The four Negroes were flabbergasted.

After all, they had spent nearly a year in correspondence arranging this particular conference with His Majesty's minister. They somehow hastily managed to explain the bundles of material they had brought along. Colonel Stanley accepted the documents, thanked them warmly, and promised to arrange a second meeting soon.

Not until six weeks had elapsed, and they were scheduled to return to Africa, did they hear from him. He sent them a polite note, explaining they would hear from him in due course and wishing them **bon voyage**. He closed this missive with that wonderful but meaningless anachronism, "I remain your obedient servant." This was the brush-off, British style.

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There was no recourse in London for these frustrated Negroes, as British imperialists operate in Africa without the checks of English public opinion. Actually, Africa is beyond the control of rank-and-file Englishmen, and very often beyond their knowledge or concerns.

The dark continent is the exclusive preserve of British officials and planters and they run the show as they choose, brooking no interference. One soon learns that freedom and liberty applied to Africans, as Americans understand these words, are completely outside the vocabulary of official England.

Americans presumptious enough to apply these terms to Negro colonial peoples are considered not only naive but in bad taste. Today British imperialists stand squarely before the dikes, so to speak, trying to stem the tide of history. Consequently, English racialism is inspired by the need to control the blacks of Africa who form a population of more than one hundred millions.

Winston Churchill made the Tory position clear in the midst of World War II—a position essentially that of the Socialist Labour Government today. In his absence, Deputy Prime Minister, Clement R. Atlee, had told a meeting of Negroes in London that the Atlantic Charter, as he understood this document, implied that freedom would not be denied to any races of mankind. Churchill corrected him publicly and bluntly. He declared in a Parliament address that Point Three of the Charter, providing for "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live," applied to white people only. "We had in mind, primarily," he said, "the restoration of the sovereignty, self-government and national life of the states and nations of Europe now under the Nazi yoke . . . so that it is quite a separate problem from the progressive evolution of self government institutions in the regions which owe allegiance to the British Crown."

There was a dramatic footnote to this speech: I noticed in the House of Commons in the summer of 1944, that the Tories were so confident of the status quo being preserved that when the fate of India was debated and the stark fact of famine faced the Indian people, only twenty-seven members were present. Afterwards I talked with squat, pugnacious Leopold Amery, Secretary of State for India and Burma, and this worthy showed Tory contempt for the Indian people in a manner which bore broadly on official British thinking about all colored peoples. He branded the saintly Gandhi a "Fascist" and his Hindu followers "rabble." even though he himself had been born in India. "Incredible as it may be to Americans," he declared, "the Indians would rather have us here than any foreigners. And they are not likely to be weakened in their attitude by incidents that they notice in the U. S.—incidents which are exemplified by race riots!"

The magnitude of Black Africa's problem is staggering—beyond the grasp of most people. To begin with, Africa south of the Sahara Desert, where the bulk of Negroes are concentrated, covers 8,260,000 square miles—an area three times the size of the U. S. The section has a population between one and two hundred million. Actually no one knows exactly. Only some two million are white people. Yet fifty-five per cent of the total population, ninety-six per cent of the white population, forty-four per cent of the area and seventy-seven per cent of the capital, comes under the British flag. Each of the colonies, actually black nations, ruled by Britain has a British governor and British civil servants to administer its affairs.

Africa's interior resembles a gigantic saucer. Mountains rim the continent from Algeria down the west coast to the Cape, and from the Cape all the way up the east coast to Egypt. To reach the sea African rivers must plunge through mountains, reaching the coast by waterfalls and cataracts. Ships cannot navigate these rivers, which explains why much of the interior was sealed off from nearly all European contacts for hundreds of years. Besides, the area straddles the Equator, where the Africans have to fight disease and pests unknown to Europe. Africans in the interior have to scrape a living from the desert and endless bush. Those on the coast have to fight predatory whites.

Africa's Negro society, as compared with that of Europe, was static when white men first invaded the continent. Custom ruled supreme. Nearly every tribe and nation observed the same laws and taboos. These ruled every action and every hour of the day. Tribal codes determined what each member should wear. The food he should eat. The work he should do. The beasts he should kill. The hut he should build. The crops he should grow. The woman he should marry. The gods he should worship. These codes bound everyone, from the oldest chief to the youngest child. Through this rigid uniformity, however, the African found the means for survival and stability.

The British shattered this forever. But they have given little in return. For only in this century have some Englishmen come to regard colonies — not as "possessions" but as "trusts." However, it is the abuses of "ownership" which threaten Africa today. The one-crop system, for instance, is swiftly ruining the soil and famines are more and more frequent. Those Africans who have abandoned farming for paid employment have become victims of a new man-made plague—unemployment. Under the old ways of living, when an African's hut became unlivable or too small as his family increased, he could burn it and erect a new one. Now

he often must rent one from English landlords and pay the crushing hut-tax which caused nineteen thousand Africans in Kenya alone to be jailed for inability to pay.

Black Africa exports eight products mainly — gold, diamonds, copper, wool, cotton and cottonseed, palm products, ground-nuts and cocoa. The African's dependence upon products chosen by his English masters exposes him to the violent and unpredictable fluctuations of prices in the world markets, and his ignorance of the causes of "booms" and "depressions" makes his resentments and revolt against his condition all the fiercer, because he feels himself in the grip of some blind, incalculable force London merchants and financiers swallow the gravy of this system. Ben Riley, Laborite M.P. in criticizing British colonial administration, accurately reported that only one million pounds had been spent in a five-year period for the social welfare of some fifty-odd million Negroes, which, according to his computation, averaged about one cent a year per African.

Before leaving London, I went to see the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Rt. Hon. Oliver Frederick Stanley, hoping to hear some positive statement about the future of Negroes in Africa.

This was the man who administered Britain's vast chain of Negro colonies in the midst of World War II—a man who in his entire lifetime had spent exactly three weeks in Africa. We spent an unhurried hour or so talking. The total of what he said concretely about the future of the colonial blacks can be boiled down into one thin sentence: "The faults of British colonization have been those of omission rather than commission." He was sure that beneficial social changes would follow eventually. What precisely, he was unable to predict, though he added: "I put education in the forefront of plans for the future." I asked if he envisioned eventual self government for the African peoples. He was frankly shocked by the question. His manner made me feel as though I had said something offensive at the very least impertinent. His reply nailed Tory policy into place. "You must remember," he countered, "the Africans are savages, still eating each other in places like Nigeria."

NO GREEN PASTURES

By ROI OTTLEY

Installment V

Excerpts with permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

Monsieur Jim Crow

ONE SUNNY DAY in Paris, I was about to cross a busy Champs Elysees intersection, when the curtain was lifted briefly on a corner of Parisian folkways which gave me a revealing glimpse of French racialism.

I already had seen the astonishing beauty of Paris. Everything one had read and heard and felt about the city was true. There was the graceful Eiffel Tower, the delicately-poised bridges spanning the Seine, the railed-in enchantment of the Luxembourg Gardens, the solitary majesty of the Arc de Triomphe, and Notre Dame's spirts and pinnacles and tall towers.

OTTLEY

The women carried themselves elegantly along the boulevards, the men idled in the sunlight on the cafe terraces, where one needs no other vital interest than to watch the faces go by.

But at the Champs Elysees, I saw beauty of a different sort. Traffic suddenly had been brought to a halt by a gendarme. He waved his white baton to indicate a direction contrary to the traffic signals.

People thought this odd, presuming that a dignitary was approaching. But to everyone's surprise, a tall, Negro girl, black and comely, came to the crossing. This daughter of Africa, slender as primitive sculpture, was a colorfully bizarre figure in yellow turban, big looping gold earrings, with a purplish frock which hugged a shapely, voluptuous body. The costume somehow highlighted her soft dark skin dramatically. She walked erect, with poised and measured steps, tipping like a Maltese kitten. Mademoiselle was regal in a tropical way.

The broad-grinning gendarme, having brought traffic to a standstill, now beckoned her to cross the avenue. He lifted his hat and bowed low from the waist as he did so. The girl tossed him a smile.

This indeed was a lavish, perhaps whimsical, bow to Negro femininity in the French manner. But I afterwards wondered, perhaps with a bit of cynicism, whether Frenchmen in their loud displays of racial liberalism, are not merely living up to a well-advertised convention imposed upon them.

I never was quite sure of the genuine ardor of their racial tolerance. They profess and accept the principle, but one frequently feels they are only playing a part in the presence of foreigners, especially skin - proud Englishmen and Americans. For this loud liberalism often is sheer exhibitionism, sometimes a taste for the bizarre which blacks seemingly inspire in the French.

To be sure, Frenchmen are uninhibited racially. Indeed, the first thing that impresses a Negro about Paris is the extravagant delight the French take in his being a Negro. To put it bluntly, Frenchmen think Negroes "exotic" and are intrigued by their physiques, skin-colors and hair textures.

The Negro's reputation as a gifted singer, musician and dancer has given him glamour. Negro jazz, and lately primitive African sculpture, which modern French painters have rediscovered in search for purity of form, reinforce this exotic atmosphere which surrounds the Negro in the popular French mind.

But the key to the Frenchman's racial mentality, as I observed, is found in his unique attitude towards skin and sex, done in black — which reveals a precious sort of petit race prejudice. For example, Hotel Scribe's coiffeur who cut my hair regularly, always bemoaned the fact that his own hair was so utterly straight and mine so firmly curled, and often nudged me for having mine shaped like white men.

Kinky hair is envied in Paris, particularly by women. Negro girls report the consternation in Parisians salons when they ask to have their hair straightened. Invariably the French demand to know why Negroes want to straighten already attractively curled hair. They think Negroes should be themselves, not imitate the fashions of white people, that they should dress their hair in the kinky manner of the Africans.

The French have been preoccupied with the Negro's skin color since the first black was seen in Paris. One early observer declared that Negro girls, "with their amber skin, haughty profiles noble oval faces, delicate and supple figures and small lovely hands," were always surrounded by the men of Paris.

When one French ambassador, a M. d'Avaux, was sent on a mission to Holland, his entourage included one hundred and forty liveried blacks. Fashionable women, to show off the whiteness of their skins, used spade-black page boys, who usually were dressed in livery and often carried a parrot, monkey or parasol. The mode, according to a contemporary observer, became "a veritable frenzy until a misadventure (with Negro) befell the Queen," consort of Louis XIV.

Today Josephine Baker, Negro expatriate, receives adulation as queen of Parisian night life — perfumes, soaps, bathing suits and gadgets are named in her honor. Now approaching fifty, this St. Louis born Negro is still one of the most admired women in Paris. Her husband, Jo Bouillon, is a white man and a descendant of royalty. They own a castle in Dordogne, and occupy an apartment in the best section of Paris, Avenue Victor Hugo.

The French variety theatre, with an eye on the box-office, makes a play on the Negro's color. For example, black girls are often spotted among the pink fleshy girls of the Casino de Paris. Back in the days when America was outraged by Paul Robeson's kissing the hand of a white actress in a Eugene O'Neill play, **All God's Chillun Got Wings,** Habib Benglia, a magnificent-looking black Senegalese, was, to the delight of French audiences, dancing at the Folies Bergere in a G-string with white girls surrounding him.

Today, a dark Negro walking the streets of Paris with an especially blond Nordic type of girl, is apt to receive salutes and nods of appreciation, as the French consider the color combination wonderful.

Unless they are bizarre, Negro associations with white persons attract almost no attention in Paris. Mixed couples frequent cafes, theatres, hotels and dance halls without embarrassment.

Paris indeed gives one an alarming feeling of freedom — at least, to a Negro born in the U.S. He may go anywhere he wishes, and with whom he chooses, and often meets with such respect, such courtesy, and such appreciation as he would not receive from fellow Negroes. I had an experience one afternoon, which, I think, illustrates well the French civilized attitude.

A French girl, daughter of an admiral, had consented to show me a bit of Paris. We had attended Mass at the cathedral of Notre Dame, celebrated by His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York, where my appearance with her had caused not one ripple of notice.

We were idly walking back along the rue de Rivoli, still under the spell of a ritual symbolizing a God aloof from racialism, when a white man unexpectedly emerged fro ma cafe and deliberately jostled me. He eyed my companion severely. "Where I come from," he spluttered suddenly, "white women ain't seen with niggers!"

The French passersby stood aghast, "white women ain't seen with niggers!" The French passersby stood aghast. The girl, a trifle annoyed, replied, "M'sieur. please, what business it of yours, if I am with a Negro!" I was embarrassed for my countryman. But she afterwards observed that neither a Negro walking the streets with a French woman, nor even the marriage of a French film star to a Negro, is sufficient reason for racial apoplexy in Paris. As far as I could see, the French are scarcely surprised at anything.

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NO GREEN PASTURES

By ROI OTTLEY

Installment VI

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FRENCH LIBERALISM TOWARD races and colors is no myth; but France is no racial Utopia. To be sure, the slogan "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" inscribed on the public buildings of every city, is a reality insofar as civil rights are concerned — to an extent equalled by few places in the white world. France's great city Paris is the nearest approach to civilized living for the black man. Lynching is unknown. The Negro has personal dignity, freedom of movement; he may work at any occupation he is qualified to do, and may marry whom he chooses. Black Frenchmen are first-class citizens in the French community.

OTTLEY

But Negroes, particularly in Marseilles, complain bitterly of racial discrimination and there is validity in the charge. Epecially are the cries loudest from immigrant Negroes. They declare that Frenchmen only give lip-service to racial liberalism. One expressed it this way: "The Frenchman is against blacks, but the Frenchwoman — ah!" The implication is unmistakable, though Negroes in France are not dependent upon white women for survival as Negroes are in England. They claim jobs are not open to them as readily as to whites. These people, as I observed, are actually victims of French nationalism, for the Frenchman hugs his nationality like a garment: he is content with his own country, culture, and his own people. Unless blacks **belong**, Frenchmen are apathetic, caring little what happens to individual Negroes.

The French are inclined to judge Negroes on a basis of personal worth. They are capable of racial justice: when, for example, an innocent Negro was shot down by a Frenchman one evening in Paris, in a particularly cold-blooded way, a mob nearly killed his white assailant! The French view is expressed in Andre Gide's remark: "The less intelligent the white man is, the more stupid the black man seems to him." This sort of racial liberalism is seemingly characteristic of the Frenchman's thinking and not even the Nazis could budge it perceptibly. Negroes living in Paris report that there was so little public support of the German attempt to impose color discriminations that the edict lasted exactly three days.*

*** One suspects, though, that this reversal of racial policy was tied somehow to Nazi ambitions in Africa.**

One eventually discovers, however, that French racial liberalism is by no means complete. The French are racially prejudiced toward Negroes—not, however, with the intensity or universality of the English and Americans. Today there are a number of influential writers who dwell upon the racial superiority of the white race. The French have produced men like Gobineau, Thierry, Taine, and Lapouge, who early trumpeted theories of white superiority. Arthur de Gobineau, who wrote **The Inequality of Human Races** (1854) and was quoted liberally by the Nazis, flatly declared, "Negroes are only civilized on the surface." This sort of racial nonsense touches few Frenchmen. Actually to the average Frenchman the racial rub comes finally with interracial marriage—which, after all, is the final test of equality. This fact is especially true of the bourgeois Frenchman: while he will permit her to be escorted publicly by Negroes, he will raise his hands in horror if marriage is introduced into the social equation. He is not unlike the skin-proud Englishman —that is, where associations between the races approach the sexual level, even legally and with church blessing.

To be sure, for women beyond his own household, he subscribes to De La Fouchardiere's sophisticated view: "The white woman alone is in a position to appreciate the pleasure she may find in a Negro lover. I have seen too many blonds in love with worthless blond men to object to a Desdemona loving a Negro."

I saw this sort of race-sex mentally illustrated in Cherbourg, when Americans attempted to make a new design in prostitution. The city's brothels operated openly, supervised by army doctors. These establishments catered freely to Negroes and whites on a first-come first-served basis, without untoward racial incident. Then one industrious fellow decided the racial equation might create a scandal back home, especially in the Southern precincts so, overnight, separate houses were assigned the races, with M.P.s stationed in the neighborhoods to enforce the separation. In at least one case, the houses designated **Whites** and **Negroes** adjoined. The prostitutes laughingly operated in both, naturally. The French were uproariously amused by this ludicrous American folkway.

Eve, a Paris periodical, conducted a contest back in the 1920's offering prizes for the best letters in response to the question: "Would You Marry a Colored Man?" The replies were often witty and sophisticated. For example, Pierre Benoit (French Academy) wrote: "Mixed marriages do not seem monstrous to me, at all. If I were a woman I would much prefer an amiable mulatto to President Wilson, who it seems to me must not be droll in intimacy." Roland Dorgeles declared: "I disapprove the union of a white woman and a mulatto. The white woman would not be lowering herself but the pair would be guilty of stupidity. It is true, however, that folly is a symptom of love."

Louis XIV as early as 1670 promulgated the first "Black Codes," which introduced color distinctions and discriminations in Paris and elsewhere in France. Marriages between whites and blacks were forbidden, though concubinage was tolerated. Louis XV, hoping to halt the mass influx of blacks into Paris, ordered all Negroes deported from France. There apparently was no such wholesale deportation. Before long, Orleans had enough blacks to found the College des Africaines on Rue Negres; Bordeaux's Negro population had expanded to the proportions of a Negro Quarter, and Toulouse was worshipping a Black Virgin.

Laws to the contrary, relationships between whites and Negroes had become widespread. Three French Kings had Negro mistresses. Louis XIV's queen, Marie Therese, allegedly gave birth in 1695, to a Negro daughter, Louise-Marie, by a Negro dwarf named Nabo. The queen, according to one curious explanation, had borne a colored child "due to shock or envy." In any case, the girl, afterwards called the "Mooress," was hidden from the French public and placed in a convent at Moret on a royal pension of 300 livres a year. Before her death in 1732, she startled Paris by openly claiming to be the natural daughter of Louis XIV himself, by a Negro woman who was servant to his mother, Anne of Austria. These conflicting accounts of Louise-Marie's birth were never reconciled.

This public scandal brought no halt to royal philandering with Negroes. Afterwards Louis XV had a Negro son who claimed the throne of France. The Parc-aux-Cerfs, a royal brothel approaching harem proportions, always provided a black girl for Louis XVI. Paris, under Napoleon Bonaparte, was a veritable melting pot as Negroes—soldiers, immigrants, adventurers and slaves—tumbled into the city, even though the government officially was opposed to widespread mixing of the races, except in the brothels. When Empress Josephine, herself a Martinique creole, sought to marry one of her favorite blacks to a white girl, Napoleon had to issue a special decree, otherwise no one could perform the ceremony. Even so, Negro girls were daily brought to the city to restock the brothels, and especially attractive ones were allocated to the military and installed comfortably as mistresses.

A word about the French dictator's cynical policies involving Negroes. Napoleon, attempting to reconcile the racial divisions in strife-torn Haiti, and perhaps win the mixed-bloods to his side, ordered that marriage between whites and mulattoes should be encouraged. He strictly forbade such relationships between whites and blacks, though concubinage was unobjectionable. But to harmonize the racial equation when all other measures failed, Bonapart toyed with the idea of every man in Haiti having three wives: one white, one mulatto, and one black! When he attempted to reintroduce slavery, many of his Negro followers in Paris turned against him. This defection aroused some anti-Negro feeling among the ultra-patriotic French. Afterwards complaints were heard of Negroes being too rich, driving about Paris in elegant carriages with white mistresses, and being waited upon by white footmen and servants. Racists cried: "There will be no other (race) than mulattoes in France!"

The French attitude today, in consequence of this, contains racial refinements different from the English and American.

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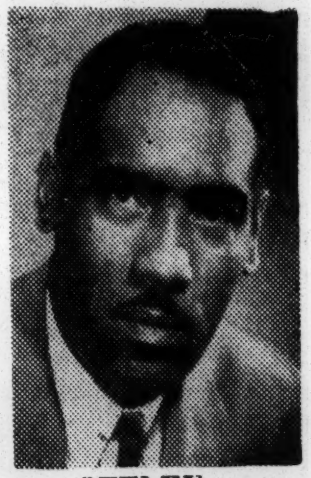
NO GREEN PASTURES

By ROI OTTLEY

Installment VII

Excerpts with permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

THE NEGRO, Henry, was about to marry Assunta, a Neapolitan girl with the pale skin of a delicate ivory cameo. The young man, born in the rural town of Sugar Loaf, Mississippi, was tall, rangy and decidedly black. He had a nasty scar across his cheek, which gave him a disturbing appearance. Actually, though, he was a very sweet guy with charm and a wonderful sense of humor, especially when he mixed Negro jive talk with as molta bella! They were celebrating fourteen months' courtship with a big party, and Italian style, a host of relatives and neighbors, including the parish priest and buddies of the Negro, had arrived to help them celebrate the approaching nuptial. Italian, a language he had learned to speak well. The girl was nineteen years old and attractive in a peasant way: she had a firm shapely figure, black curly hair, and friendly dark eyes framed by long lashes. Henry appraised her



OTTLEY

There was tumult aplently inside Assunta's five-room flat, decorated tonight with natural vines, sprouting big green leaves, which were stretched across the white walls. Between these were tacked colorful pictures from the rotogravure sections of newspapers. The party was going full blast when I arrived. The place throbbed with happiness, loud talk and sweaty excitement. Henry and Assunta was engaged in affectionate horseplay. "Say," he shouted in my direction, "do you think Assunta could pass for colorer back home?" There was a wistful note in his voice, even now he could not forget the dilemma of returning to Mississippi with a white bride. Yet the relationship had developed conventionally enough: they had met at a friend's home, where the girl had heard him play the piano, and had offered to teach him to speak Italian, in return for lessions in boogie woogie.

Assunta's parents had given the party to announce her engagement formally. Mamma outdid herself. She had baked a huge cake and apologized profusely because the inferior flour had made the sponge dark. Big hunks were handed around, together with big tumblers of red wine. Everyone crowded to a big round table and lifted toasts to the future health and happiness of the excited couple. The priest solemnly blessed them and departed. Throughout Papa beamed paternally upon the boisterous gathering. He soon brought out his accordion and played. Mamma sang. The young people skylarked and danced. To see two dozen white people, with Negroes in their midst, happily celebrating a daughter's bethrothal to a Negro, was a unique and moving experience, especially when he so obviously was given a place of affectionate honor in this household: propped before a tall white statue standing in a corner of the living room, was a framed snapshot of Harry entwined in a garland of flowers.

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This incident is typical of the rank-and-file attitude toward Negroes in Italy—in many ways a country freer of race prejudice than France. To begin with, there are only a few thousand Negroes in Italy, who are found in the cities principally. The number is impossible to ascertain, nor are the Negroes always distinguishable from the dark-skinned southern Italians. They are mostly immigrants, mainly from Ethiopia. They freely intermarry with the Italians; indeed, widespread marrying between the races followed the conquest of Ethiopia and colonization of Somaliland and Lybia. The Negroes I came to know fairly intimately were typical of those in Italy. They included a Rome theater manager, a Naples salesman, a Florence painter, a Milan bellboy, a Genoa girl studying at the university, and a medical student in Leghorn, Georgio Marincola. This twenty-three-year-old Negro became a Partisan hero during the Po Valley offensive in World War II. He afterwards was killed one night by the Germans as he descended in a parachute near Milan.

These people were well integrated in the Italian community, as indicated by their jobs, places of residence, and marriages to Italian women. They made no complaints about racial mistreatment; in fact, they seemed to be totally unaware of racialism as known to Negroes in England, France and the U. S. But, oddly, the Genoa Negro girl often exhibited a fiercely proprietory attitude when she associated with people of her own race, and frequently made white girls feel her special status when she was the lone Negro girl in a gathering of Negroes. Her behavior suggested that she had suffered because of her color, but she never openly admitted this.

Italy's curious history explains much about the country's lack of inhibitions with regard to color, whatever the shade. To begin with, early Italian experience with Negroes was quite different from that of either England or France, and consequently racialism in Italy developed a unique pattern. For Italy is a country of Negro memories. The first Negroes came to the country not just as slaves but as invaders! Afterwards Roman legions invaded Africa, established important colonies, and brought back thousands of black captives and placed them in slavery. But the Moors, whose armies were constantly replenished with black warriors of Africa, invaded the country in 846 A.D., captured Sicily and laid seige to Rome. Hannibal led his black armies in punishing campaigns through the country. For a dozen years his troops occupied the peninsula from Naples to the Alps.

Early slavery in Italy embraced both white and black people. But laws under the Romans forbade marriage between patricians and plebians, white or black. The child of a slave woman, white or Negro, was born into slavery. But free blacks in Rome were on equal footing with free whites, especially as slavery had no racial basis, and in those days only an incident of war. Negroes consequently were found in the army, working as personal servants, menial laborers, and as hucksters selling fruit along the streets. Some were among Rome's principal entertainers — singing and dancing, and even boxing and performing stunts with crocodiles. The only hint of education is a statue done in the era of a Negro seated on a rock, writing on a scroll. But one Negro slave, Terence, a native of Africa, became one of the greatest Latin stylists and dramatists of his day. He afterwards was given his freedom by his master, Terentius Lucanus, because of his exceptional talents.

Today's Latin type of beauty, sometimes so highly favored by Europeans, can be traced directly to the early intimate associations of the whites and Negroes in Italy, as elsewhere along the Mediterranean. The trend was set into motion by the ebullient Moors, incident to occupation, who mixed their blood with that of the native Italians. Hannibal's Negro troops, in the manner of all occupying armies, had relations with the conquered Italian women, and not infrequently married them. The country's social landscape, in time, became a mosaic of many colors, so that afterwards the diversity of races was one of the great boasts of Rome in Caesar's time. Moreover, by the fifteenth century, Negro slavery, spreading commercially from Spain and Portugal, was introduced into Italy, with the consequent effects Negro slavery has upon a society. These early minglings of the races gave a whole people a new racial identification known today as Latin.

Color was no obstacle to power and honor in Italy—a fact illustrated by the Negro, Alessandro de Medici, who became the first Duke of Florence. He was a dark-skinned young man, often called "The Moor," with thick lips and kinky hair.

Today, many Sicilian, Neopolitans and Calabrians are indistinguishable from dark-skinned mulattoes. Indeed, these people bear a striking resemblance to dark Negroes in the U. S. Seen walking the streets of Mobile they might easily be mistaken as such and treated as Negroes; in fact, the dark skin, heavy features and wooly hair of many southern Italians is one reason why eastern Jews so easily fade into the Italian community. Not without reason are dark-complexioned Italians plagued with the nickname. "Nigger."

NO GREEN PASTURES

By ROI OTTLEY

Installment II

Excerpts with permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

There's A Harlem In England, Too

No 'White Only' Signs For 50,000 In British Isles, But—

TO BEGIN with, England has a black and bumptious "Harlem"—not, however, a clearly segregated community as is the case in the U.S., but one which is enclosed by rigid if invisible boundaries, with the contours of a ghetto. Not one "For White Only" sign hangs in the British Isles. There is no registry of people with black skins, any more than there is a registry of people with black hair. But a Negro community exists — and like Wells' invisible man it is hard and real to the touch. This fact enables one to observe the manner in which Englishmen treat their home-grown Negroes. It is no pretty sight.

OTTLEY

Today, though it is not generally known, there are roughly fifty thousand (maybe one hundred thousand) Negroes living in the British Isles, who come mainly from Africa and the West Indies and are mostly concentrated in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and the industrial areas of the Midlands. Eight thousand in Cardiff, Wales, form a community in a section popularly known as Tiger Bay. The exact number of colored people in the British Isles, often described as "colonials," is unknown. The official census figures ignore racial identity and origin. But England's Negro population undoubtedly was given a substantial boost during the war, both by American Negroes and Britain's own black colonials through their relations with English girls.

I attended a Negro meeting in Manchester, led by Ato Makomen, proprietor of the Cosmopolitan Restaurant, at which plans were formulated to raise money and rent a house for the city's abandoned foundlings of English mothers and Negro fathers. These Negroes were attempting to assume a responsibility far beyond their resources because the Ministry of Labour, ordinarily concerned with public welfare, had shown marked indifference. They estimated that several thousand such children had been born in the Brtish Isles — and a check with welfare workers in six cities and several rural towns confirmed this speculation. They afterwards appealed to Negroes in the U.S. to adopt these wretched infants and received generous response.

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Beyond colonial immigrants, many thousands of Negroes in England are descendants of African slaves — for, indeed, slavery and the British are old acquaintances. For nearly two centuries there was Negro slavery in England. Sir John Hawkins, operating under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, launched the first English slave-trading expedition as early as 1562. Trade in human beings afterwards became an established part of British commerce and a cardinal object of British foreign policy. Not society's dregs, but the best people were investors; one company included three dukes, seven lesser lords, and twenty-seven knights. Traders were firmly entrenched in Parliament. The infamous African Company, optimistically incorporated for one thousand years, transported two million Negroes to the New World, and brought many thousands into England, until 1772 when slavery was abolished within the British Isles.

Nearly twenty thousand Negroes had formed the slave population of England. Englishmen first called them "blackamoors" — meaning black as a Moor. Mulattoes were labeled "tawny Moors." Eventually, though, the English people absorbed many thousands of blacks — which enabled the country to hurdle a lingering race problem as known in the U. S. Afterwards it was not uncommon to run across Englishmen of Negro descent. Scholars have traced Negro ancestry in sections of the nobility. Consequently, in those days, possession of Negro blood was not a particular handicap to social, political or artistic achievement. The fact that Robert Browning's grandmother was a Creole from the West Indies was never considered to distract from the poet's standing, even though his father's skin was so dark that the beadle of a St. Kitts church ousted him from a seat among white people and ordered him to sit with Negroes.

Today, in theory at least, Negroes in England enjoy more social freedom than Negroes do in the U.S. — but much less than Negro tourists and artists. Residential restrictions do not exist, nor does segregation in public places. They have free access to schools and universities, theatres, concert halls and pubs, and can obtain equal accommodations in travel. They may engage in any profession and marry whom they choose.

In brief, there is nothing in law to prevent Negroes from being first-class British citizens. But they do meet discriminations in hotels, clubs, and expensive restaurants, as the English draw social lines sharply, even indeed refusing accommodations to lower-class white persons. This is English snobbery—but a formidable reality to which all classes seem to genuflect.

Negro Englishmen do not seem to exude the earthy ebullience of the Negro in the U.S. Neither do they have his racial inhibitions and self-consciousness. They show little or no gregariousness, sense of humor, or racial cohesiveness—qualities characteristic of American Negroes. In deportment, speech and habits they are Englishmen, distinguished from their white countrymen only by color. If they belong to the professional or intellectual classes they are fairly well integrated in the English community; and if they are of light complexion this status is solidly reinforced. Thus they are placed beyond the reach of the peculiar racial pressures which cruelly restrict the black. Negro Englishmen consequently are able to develop a culture and sophistication, and acquire a refinement rarely found among Negroes in the U.S.

There is a very different side to this coin; the first black man to take broom in hand and sweep the streets of London in the 30's, was stoned by unemployed Englishmen. No type of service work is open to Negroes—not by edict but by the compulsions of custom. One rarely sees a Negro maid, cook, porter, bellboy, elevator operator, taxi driver, or even a black bootblack—occupations open freely to Negroes in the U.S. Blacks meet even more formidable obstacles in obtaining white-collar and skilled employment—perhaps a flashback to the days when the law (1731) forbade anyone to teach trades of Negroes. Few Negroes hold government positions. There is practically nothing for Negro girls and women to do unless they choose the entertainment field, where color is a decided asset.

But the British subscribe to a firm principle: never give a Negro a job a white man can fill! Consequently, the black man's economic situation is pretty desperate—often worse than anything imaginable among Negroes in the U.S. "Uncle Sam may put a rope around the Negro's neck," observed a black Britisher, "but John Bull keeps a tight rope around the Negro's belly." Negroes have been forced to shift for themselves. Some operate small businesses, principally restaurants and night clubs, and employ Negro help almost exclusively, though they cater to both races. Typically, the Caribbean Club, operated in Piccadilly by a Negro called Rudy, shrewdly employs as barmaids three attractive Negro girls.

Britain, as a consequence of an economic policy which cruelly bars Negroes from decent employment, has developed some of the toughest and most disreputable Negroes on earth. These men are mostly found on the water-

fronts of British ports. They fight, brawl, carouse, and beat the whores who support them. They give the police a great deal of trouble. There is no wonder that in some cities they are barred from respectable homes and even public places. But these men complain that conditions have made them what they are, and toss the problems back into the laps of white Britons.

A word about interracial relationships. Notwithstanding the widespread Negro associations with white women in the British Isles, and a public tolerance seemingly, Englishmen have a deeply ingrained horror of such relations. The marriage of black men to Englishwomen are often bitterly denounced. How deeply this reaches into the British social fabric is suggested by Shakespeare's very early concern with the problem. His Othello might have had its inspiration in the Negroes he saw about London and elsewhere. In any case, he probably reflected the popular temper towards interracial marriage when in "The Merchant of Venice" he had Portia say, "Let all his complexion choose me so," after the black prince of Morocco loses her hand by selecting the wrong casket.

Today, skin-proud Englishmen are frequently shocked to see Negroes "maritally consorting with beautiful British girls in streets, in restaurants, in theatres, in night clubs, lodging houses and hotels." Even back in 1889, when colonial Negroes were first brought to London to appear at the Earl's Court Exhibition, there were widespread protests against Negro-white associations. "These raw, hulking and untamed men-animals," said one newspaper, "are being unwillingly and utterly corrupted by unseemly attention from English girls." Paul Robeson met racial agitation in the 30's, when he played "Othello" opposite Peggy Ashcroft, a white actress. "I cannot stomach the idea of a coloured man playing opposite a woman of my race," a woman wrote to the London Daily Express, "and feel sure there are many who share my view." One indignant racist asked: "How then is it possible to maintain the one stern creed in the policy of the Empire, the eternal supremacy of the white over black."

NO GREEN PASTURES

By ROI OTTLEY

Installment X
(The End)

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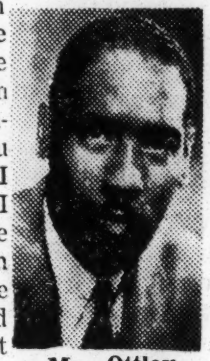
The old Sudanese bellboy in Cairo's fashionable Shepheard Hotel casually addressed me in Arabic as he snatched up my bags. I shrugged ignorance and said I was an American. He repeated the magic word in astonishment, "You American!" I assured him I was. This made no sense to him apparently. He finally added brightly, "But you (are) like us!" He developed into a loquacious fellow in the days that followed and I learned he had held membership in Marcus Garvey's world-wide Negro Back-to-Africa movement, which had headquarters in Harlem and had captured the Negro's imagination back in the '20s. Oddly, in our snatches of conversation, he became convinced that originally America was a black man's country, perhaps having confused Negroes with Indians. Even when corrected, he stubbornly held to the theory, "White man steal country from you!" Afterwards whenever he saw me he sucked in his breath and shook his head sadly commiserating with me for my great loss.



Mr. Ottley

A bit of anthropology would have helped my case considerably, because I provoked much bewilderment in the Middle East—not as a Negro, but because as a dark person I did not speak Arabic and was an American. How a Negro actually could be an American was beyond the grasp of the ordinary man. Sometimes I was mistaken for a Senegalese, which was dangerous as French Senegalese troops had been charged with commiting atrocities during the Levant crisis back in 1945. For example, Richard Paul, a Yank correspondent, and I stopped for a drink at a cafe along the road to Damascus. One of us unthinkingly lifted a toast with, Votre sante! Suddenly we saw the proprietor and a few Arab hangers-on give us black looks and mutter darkly. We quickly told them we were Americans. They turned into all smiles and explained they thought Paul French and myself Senegalese. Similarly, we were sipping zabib at a sidewalk cafe on Rue Allenby in Beirut, when an Arab newsboy dashed over and asked the waiter whether we were French. The poor excited waiter, not understanding our English apparently, concluded we were French because Paul had ordered the drinks in French. The boy dashed to the back of the cafe screamin- "Give me a knife and I'll cut their throats!" Only the manager's calm reassurance that we were Americans prevented an assault upon us.

These unusual incidents naturally provoked my curiosity as to the basic racial outlook of these people. As a beginning, I sought an interview with Abdel Halim Ghamrawy, editor of Cairo's influential daily newspaper, Al-Misri. His paper soon after my arrival in Egypt, had carried a front-page article under the Arabic head, "Negro Problems in America." The story had reported in sympathetic detail that Negroes in the U.S. had protested the fact they were denied representation at the San Francisco Conference. The piece, prominently displayed, had observed that one million Negro soldiers had fought and died in "the cause of the United Nations, victory, freedom and equality of all peoples regardless of race, creed or color." The paper's correspondent, Mahmoud Ahilfath, said that in consequence certain delegates would press for "an equivocal declaration of racial equality, guaranteeing unrestricted voting rights, free elections everywhere, the abolition of the color bar, and emancipation of all peoples from discrimination, segregation and disfranchisement throughout the world." He reported that there would be a concerted push to establish a global "bill of right."

The Egyptian editor, Abdel Halim Ghamrawy, who in color and features was a dead-ringer for the Negro insurance executive of North Carolina, C. C. Spaulding, joined me one evening for Turkish coffee and tid-bits on the spacious, well-furnished terrace of the Hotel Orientale, nearby Ibrahim Pasha Square. The place was dotted with red-fezzed Arabs quietly smoking at hubbly-bubblies and brightly rouged European women, tanned beautifully by the tropic sun, who seemingly were insinuating themselves into the good graces of the British officers. These people sipped cocktails and maintained an air of imperial imperturbability—so much so that my appearance on the terrace provoked no apparent reaction.

There were frayed edges to this perfumed hostelry. Beyond the doors swarmed barefoot urchins, snills, dragomen and sore-infested beggars. Incidentally, nearly eighty percent of Egypt's people have hookworm and bilharzia and nearly fifty percent are illiterate—a fact which helps to explain the rank-and-file inertia. This scene barely received comment from Ghamrawy, who was aloofly cordial. But he did comment indirectly with truculent opinions about the white man's negative contributions to Egyptian life. Afterwards he concisely nailed down the racial identification and loyalties of the Middle East people. "We are in Africa," he said firmly. "We are definitely a colored people—what else could we be!"

Actually, the great bulk can be described loosely as a mulatto-type people, though the Middle East contains a melange of races and peoples, with coffee-and-cream brown the predominant color. But everywhere there are solid dashes of black and white. To grasp this unique racial pattern, one must understand that such terms as "Egyptian" and "Syrian," for example, are not racial designations at all, but national identifications. Consequently, these labels embrace peoples of all colors and races, just as the term, "Amercan," covers a wide range of peoples from Caucasian to Negro and Oriental. Similarly, "Arab" is a term applied to Christians as well as Moslems. Briefly: the basic Middle East population is of Arab stock—plus Nubians, Sudanese, and Negroes, and mixed groups like the Turks, Maltese, Circassians, Syrians, Lebanese and Jews.

Hollywood, preoccupied with glamor when dealing with Arabs, has gone in heavily for the tent and camel on desert expanses and sheiks in the image of Rudolph Valentino and Douglas Fairbanks (I heard a Cairo audience howl with laughter at a motion picture in which Ronald Colman impersonated an Arab). Such portrayals have created many misconceptions about the Middle East people. Actually, they include sophisticated city dwellers, among them an educated class speaking Arabic, English or French and in close contact with European thought, as well as picturesque nomads or Bedouins living in tents and plundering the countryside. These people have deep roots in a great civilization which led the world for three centuries, when the West was plunged into the Dark Ages. This civilization was a brilliant blending of Arab and Byzantine thought. In the Byzantine world Arabs found the thought of Greece and the laws of Rome, and indeed found Christianity.

Arab influence on human thought has been great. Not only did these people link the eras before and after the Dark Ages but they made significant contributions in mathematics, astronomy, and medicine. They taught the use of Arabic numerals to the world, and invented the zero or cipher. Ibn-Sina, popularly known as Avicenna, was the first to recognize that diseases could be spread by water and soil. The level of material civilization enjoyed by these Arabs is suggested by such Arabic words as sofa, mattress, muslin, satin and cotton, and by lemon, orange, ginger, rice and sugar. Arab art was significant. The taboo against painting and sculpture as a precaution against any reversion to idolatry, made Arabs express their artistic instinct superbly in architecture—illustrated by the rounded domes, circular arches and plain slender pillars found in the beautiful mosques and palaces of Jerusalem, Cairo and Damascus.

No one talks about anthropology in the Middle East. No one claims to belong to a pure blooded race. If the question of racial purity were raised in all likelihood people would merely shrug and say, maleesh! Consequently, with no worship of race, there is considerable racial mingling. Symbolic perhaps, is the fact that King Fouad, father of the present ruler of Egypt, had wives of three different races—a Turk, An Egyptian and an Italian. Alongside his sarcophagus in the Royal Mosque in Cairo are the marble crypts of his wives—the one belonging to his Italian wife, a Roman Catholic who never embraced the Islamic faith, has in this sacred Moslem mosque the Cross of Christ erected at the head. The fact apparently is no affront to racial or religious prejudices. The basic racial attitude may be gauged by the fact than an Egyptian premier, Mustapha Nasha Pasha. himself a mulatto-type and leader of the powerful Wafd Party, could be married to an English woman without any weakening of his influence with the Egyptian masses.

THE END

26b 1951

96-page publication- Bureau of Human Nutrition
Co-author- Mrs. Edith B. Tate-Food Economist

Howard Graduate Co-Authors Important USDA Publication

WASHINGTON — (ANP) — Of aid to restaurant operators, school lunch directors, college dietitians, and others in charge of planning meals for large groups is new publication, "Planning Food for Institutions," issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Co-author of the important brochure is Mrs. Edith B. Tate, a Howard university graduate who is serving as a food economist in the Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics. The other co-author is Miss Rosaline C. Liquist, chief of the food budget section of HN & HE.

The 95-page publication opens with a short discussion of nutrients needed for adequate diets and goes through the subject with remarkable thoroughness.

By using tables, the authors, were able to cover many essentials such as meal planning at low and moderate cost, estimating quantities of food for nutritionally adequate diets, food for nutritionally adequate various other important phases of institutional feeding.

While the authors point out that the food plans in the publication probably will be more useful to institutions where the resident population is fairly constant, restaurant operators should find the brochure extremely valuable.

Mrs. Tate was graduated from Howard in 1940. She has held positions with the Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor where she was employed in the Bureau of Labor Statistics.The food economist came to agriculture in 1945.

Fine Goings-On in Saint-Marc

THE PENCIL OF GOD. By Pierre Marcelin and Philippe Thoby-Marcelin. Translated from the French by Leonard Thomas. 204 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

By LANGSTON HUGHES

WRITING with a hard pencil in thin strokes, the Marcelin brothers of Haiti, in the third of their short novels to be published in the United States, deal in the macabre materials of illicit sex and unhappy voodoo as they eventually affect a large portion of the population of Saint-Marc. This is a charming Caribbean seacoast town which had, when I was last there, one of the loveliest flower-strewn beaches I have ever seen. Little did I suspect that this sleepy Haitian village might harbor such goings-on as are revealed in "The Pencil of God."

The Marcelins make their tormented little tale of desire and guilt come to life in a surface kind of way, in terms of passion and conjure, without the reader ever getting to know any of the characters very well or really caring about anyone.

Mr. Hughes has translated both Haitian prose and poetry and is the author of "Simple Speaks His Mind."

Though fate and the furies are leading characters, the writing has, particularly in the earlier chapters of the book, a tongue-in-cheek quality. This seems out of keeping with the kind of story being told, as though rather quaint puppets are being described instead of human beings. Like pretty scenes in a smart musical revue, "against a background of waves gleaming like knives of steel, he saw again the full mouth, the small breasts, firm and upright, all the ebony of the face," the love affair of middle-aged married Diogène with a 16-year-old girl is told with frequent humor and the lightness of a Ronald Firbank.

A CHILD is born, the lovers come to no good end and the whole town is upset, voodooized, and frightened. Illness, death, and terror move through the final pages of the book without bringing tears. Its tragic ending is completely convincing, but not at all moving.

The story travels fast, is never dull, but the people are almost like comic-book figures. You know *who* they are but you never know *them*, except as you might know rather exotic neighbors from occasionally seeing them out the window or gossiping about them with servants. Not having read the brothers Marcelin in the original French, I cannot say what subtle overtones their writing might reveal at the source.

It may be entirely unjust to the translator to wonder whether some desirable qualities are lost in this very readable English version. Still, when it is said of the leading character who is knee-deep in tragedy, "Diogène, who was already seething, blew his top," the reader doesn't know whether the authors are laughing at him or not, or whether they are betrayed by translation. The story is too sad to be kidded in any language, even when told as a voodoo quickie.

Rippling Beginning, Violent End

A Comedy of Manners in Haiti

THE PENCIL OF GOD. By Philippe Thoby-Marcelin and Pierre Marcelin. Translated by Leonard Thomas. Introduction by Edmund Wilson. Houghton Mifflin. 204 pp. $2.50.

THE MARCELINS' novel of people in a small Haitian town (pop. 10,000, as a guide book would say) sparkles like a comedy of manners. In the beginning it ripples like Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," and it moves inexorably, somewhat like a Greek tragedy, to a violent end.

This would make it sound like an unpalatable, indigestible ollapodrida. Actually, it is none of these things but an excellent book, by a fresh talent, that because it is uncommon is difficult to describe. It has to be read to be believed.

Diogene Cyprien, the hero of "The Pencil of God," was "easy-going, unassuming and completely devoid of neurosis." He was married, a father, and lecherous.

His eye was on Lourdes, the daughter of Commere Zeline, across the street. Commere Zeline had ambitions for Lourdes—a husband—and thought to distract Boss Cyprien by offering herself. Boss Cyprien, however, outsmarted the mother and achieved his goal.

IN OTHER affairs, that might have been the end, but in this instance the pencil of God had started a story yet to be finished.

Lourdes and Boss Cyprien paired very happily, but gossip and voodoo did not leave them alone.

Trouble followed trouble, and the cumulative effect overwhelmed Boss Cyprien. As his uncle, Tonton Georges, was fond of repeating, "The pencil of God has no eraser." The story rather hurries to a conclusion, but the motivation is there.

The world of Diogene Cyprien is a world where Catholicism and voodoo mingle. Catholicism is the overlay; beneath, Baron Samedi, Lord of the Cemetery, reigns with varying degrees of power. Even those who disclaim him feel his influence.

There is a folkloric quality about the Marcelins' writing, but it is a sophisticated quality. It not only shares with the people, but it knows what it is doing. The Marcelins give a vivid picture of the interplay of pagan and Christian influences on unschooled minds.

THOUGH THIS is the first publication of "The Pencil of God," it is in translation. The Marcelin brothers, like other Haitians, write in French.

In this connection, Philippe Thoby-Marcelin has some interesting things to say. Writing in the June, 1949, issue of the Pan American Union's magazine, Americas, he said: "Creole, being of too recent origin, could not lend itself to literary expression. We were forced to borrow French, one of the most difficult of languages, which our Haitian authors often feel uncomfortable in using.

"This difficulty arises because Creole, while it draws its words from French, has an African grammatical construction."

It was a problem with which Haitian authors struggled for a long time. But some 20 years ago a group of young writers in a literary movement led by Thoby-Marcelin found an answer to the language problem.

"The point was just this: to use some words and expressions from the mother tongue as well as the French spoken in Haiti to portray with real authenticity the feelings and habits of thought native to Haitians, but to use them in such a way that the context would unobtrusively make the meaning clear."

The compromise seems to work satisfactorily, and traces of it carry through in translation.

The Marcelins' previous novels include "Canape Vert" and "The Beast of the Haitian Hills." With "The Pencil of God," their literary future would seem to be good.

—LEE GROVE.

(Progress of Negro Insurance)

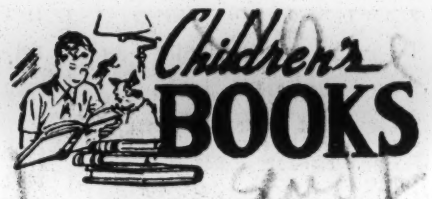
26b 1951

"The Pilot"

CHICAGO: National Negro Insurance Association has launched its first periodical, "The Pilot," a quarterly replete with facts and pictures about our amazing progress in the insurance field. It's sold at 30 cents a copy from 4339 Drexel Boulevard. Long needed, it is well edited.

26b 1951

The Real Book About George Washington Carver



The 'Real' Books

THE REAL BOOK ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER, by Harold Coy, illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell, Garden City Books, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., 191 pages including index — $1.25.

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

THERE seem to be at least two theories on scholarly writing; one favors clarity, directness and a literary style which is not pedantic, the other is concerned only with the presentation of the material and little attention is paid to clarity or smoothness of writing.

Ronald Freedman, who has prepared a study called "Recent Migration to Chicago," published by the University of Chicago Press, would appear to be a believer in the latter theory. His subject is an interesting one, his research has been thorough and his conclusions seem valid, but he has weighed his work down with repetitious and unnesssary pedantic language. A study of this sort on recent migrants to Chicago should be read by a large number of persons: social workers, the police, teachers as well as interested laymen. But in style and format it is rather formidable.

Mr. Freedman found that migrants to Chicago were younger than non-migrants, had received more education, were less frequently unemployed, and the males were of higher occupational status. Chicago's migrant zone runs along the lake, both North and South, and white migrants live for the most part in this generally desirable neighborhood.

Negro migrants, because of residential segregation, live in the black belt on the South Side and do not follow in many instances the same pattern as white migrants. "In educational status, work status, and occupational status the position of the Negro migrants has been found to have been relatively less favorable than the position of migrants in general." Negro migrants from the South fit into the stereotype of the "problem" migrant more than the whites.

"Recent Migration to Chicago" refutes the generally held conception of migrants as disorganized and of inferior status to non-migrants. As Dr. Louis Wirth writes in his Introduction, the study, in addition to its immediate significance, "has the wider implication of making us aware of the fact that the well-being of any part of the country is bound up with the welfare of the country as a whole."

"Recent Migration to Chicago" by Ronald Freedman; University of Chicago Press; 1950; $3.00

Alleged Report On Dr. Dubois Set Forth In 166-Page Booklet

Daily Record Bri. 4-6-51

WASHINGTON, D C.—(NNPA)—Alleged Communist-front affiliations of Dr. William E. B. DuBois, 32year old scholar and historian, are set forth in a 166-page publication titled 'Report on the Communist 'Peace' Offensive," released last Thursday (April 5) by the House Un-American Activities Committee.

The report purports to be a summary and analysis of a world-wide campaign currently being waged by the Communists for the alleged purpose of promoting peace. The committee calls this campaign "the most dangerous hoax ever devised by the international Communist conspiracy and charges that it is in fact "an organic and strategic part" of "a Communist drive for world conquest."

Dr. DuBois was the chairman of the Peace Information Center, which had charge of the "peace" petition campaign. He and five officers of the center were indicated last February 9 by a Federal grand jury here for failing to register as foreign agents.

The indictment charges the center with acting as a publicity agent for the Committee of the World Congress of the Defenders of Peace, "the international organization established by the Cominform to publicize the so-called Stockholm Peace Appeal."

If convicted, Dr. DuBois and his codefendants could receive a maximum sentence of five years in jail and a fine of as much as $10,000 each.

According to the report, Dr. Du Bois has been a supporter of movements in behalf of Soviet foreign policy for over twenty years from the time he was a member of the national committee of the All-American.

Anti-Imperialist League in 1928 to the present. In 1933 he was a member of the American Committee for Struggle Against War, the report states, and in 1936, he was a member of the New York Committee to Win the Peace.

The report also asserts that Dr Dubois was an active sponsor of the Progressive Citizens of America in 1947, which developed in 1948 into the Progressive party, after the Communist "peace" drive selected Henry A. Wallace as its chief exponent and the movement behind his candidacy for President became the "major concentration" of the Communist party.

Dr. DuBois was a member of the platform committee at the Progressive party convention in 1948 and a member of the National Wallace for President Committee.

Although Mr. Wallace has repudiated the Progressive party because of its anti-American stand on Korea, the report pointed out, Dr. Du Bois was the 1950 candidate for the United States Senate of the American Labor party, which is called the "New York adjunct" of the Progressive party.

The World Peace Congress found in Dr. DuBois an active supporter from the outset, the report said, adding;

"He was a sponsor of the Scientific and Cultural Conference for World Peace held at the Hotel Waldorf Astoria on March 25 to 27, 1949, aranged by the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, of which Dr. DuBois was chairman."

The report also listed him as a member of the sponsoring committee of the meeting of the World Peace Congress held in Paris April 20-23, 1949, and served as co-chairman; a sponsor of the American Continental Congress for World Peace held in Mexico City,, Sept. 5-10, 1949, "under the same Communist auspices," and a special guest of the Soviet Peace Congress held in Moscow in the fall of 1949.

Dr. DuBois spent ten days in Moscow and then visited Warsaw and Prague, the report states. In February 1950, it was asserted, he was a member of the welcoming committee for a delegation from the World Peace Congress visiting the United States, members of which were excluded on State Department orders because of their Communist records.

Claudia Harreld's Poems Published

ATLANTA — **Remembered Encounters,"** a book of poems from the pen of Claudia White Harreld, has been published by the B. F. Logan Press of Atlanta. Mrs. Harreld is the daughter of the late William J. White who is associated with the founding of Morehouse.

In the foreword, written by Benjamen R. Andrews, a retired member of the faculty of Teachers College, Columbia University, and a member of the Spelman College faculty, 1944-1946, appears the following:

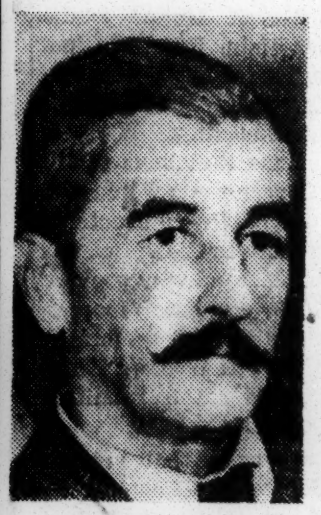
"The reader will find that 'Spirit can meet' — that of some unknown person and his own. Here are souls in action and reaction, revealing the dignity of the individual. Together they sing a processional of our democracy, on the march to better things for us all: hence, they merit a place in the Epic of America."

Mrs. Harreld is a graduate of Spelman College and a former teacher at Morehouse and Spelman Colleges.

Books of The Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

BY this time most people who boast even a cursory interest in modern American literature have made up their minds about William Faulkner. The 1950 winner of the Nobel Prize for literature does not leave his readers indifferent. They either babble with enthusiasm or snort with contemptuous rage. The inventor and sole proprietor of Yoknapatawpha County, Miss., who has chronicled that demon-haunted, nightmare symbol of the South from its pioneer settlement to the present in a dozen books, is one of the most controversial of twentieth century writers—not so much because of the matter of his books as because of their manner. Are his willful eccentricities of style, his stumbling prolixity and his labyrinths of verbal obfuscation justified? Those who think they are will enjoy Mr. Faulkner's new novel, "Requiem for a Nun."* Those who consider them self-indulgent excesses, which have hamstrung the effectiveness of a greatly gifted writer's work, of whom I am one, will find no reason in this peculiar novel to alter their opinion.



William Faulkner

William Faulkner's most popular and most revolting novel, "Sanctuary," was published twenty years ago. "Requiem for a Nun" is a long-delayed sequel, which tells what happened to Temple Drake and Gowan Stevens eight years later. It is also one of Mr. Faulkner's most bizarre experiments in literary technique.

Two Books With No Connection

As he did in "The Wild Palms," Mr. Faulkner has combined in "Requiem for a Nun" two different books that have no connection whatever, shifting from one to the other in almost alternating sections. Neither gains anything from the presence of the other. The first book consists of a recapitulation of the history of the town of Jefferson from early in the nineteenth century until 1951, a long and melancholy survey of the past focused on three objects that serve as convenient symbols: a lock, a jail and a courthouse. All Mr. Faulkner's usual themes and many of his famous characters are briefly mentioned.

And the prose is quintessential Faulknerese: sentences as long as 128 lines, meaningless repetitions, monstrously awkward torrents of words, mayhem committed upon English grammar with

*REQUIEM FOR A NUN. By William Faulkner. 286 pages. Random House. $3.

misuse of colons, abuse of semi-colons and gross mutilation of parentheses. But, as is always true of Mr. Faulkner's prose, even at its turgid worst, a strong emotion is conjured up and a powerful feeling of time and place is conveyed. The emotion is Mr. Faulkner's nostalgia for the past and his contempt for the present. The time and place, of course, are 150 years of Yoknapatawpha County.

The second book in "Requiem for a Nun" is the story of Temple Drake, now Mrs. Gowan Stevens, her husband, and the colored nurse who murdered Temple's baby. It is written in dramatic form with stage settings, incidental actions and dialogue all printed as in a play. It makes a queer play indeed, for this is a story about guilt and evil and repentence and faith told with complete defiance of the realistic conventions of the theatre. Several of the characters indulge in long speeches in the original Faulknerian tongue, which have no resemblance to actual human speech.

Murder, and Questions of Guilt

The point of the play is: why did the nurse murder the baby and what was Temple's guilt in the matter, and has she any chance of purging herself of her sins? Much of the plot consists of a summary of the horrors already familiar to readers of "Sanctuary." These are revealed when Temple confesses her past to the Governor in a foredoomed effort to win a pardon for the nurse. Part of the play shows Temple still evil and corrupt, involved in a noisome affair, part blackmail and part mere lust, with a younger brother of one of the "Sanctuary" characters.

Temple Drake was an adolescent degenerate in "Sanctuary." In "Requiem for a Nun" she is struggling not to remain one. The implication is that the primitive faith of the nurse, who murdered out of pity, may be an inspiration that will help Temple to succeed. But Temple's redemption is not certain. Mr. Faulkner has made her too weak and plunged her too deeply in evil for that.

In addition to the two characters from "Sanctuary," "Requiem for a Nun" contains another character already known to regular Faulkner readers. This is Gavin Stevens, the honorable, wise and tolerant lawyer and amateur detective, who appeared in "Intruder in the Dust" and "Knight's Gambit." Stevens, bachelor uncle of Temple's husband, tried in vain to save the nurse from conviction at her trial and throughout the book tries patiently to help Temple save herself from spiritual self-destruction.

Because the theme of guilt and repentence is a great one, it would be easy to overestimate the value of Mr. Faulkner's artificial little play. But, it seems to me, he has not handled his great theme effectively. This is a stilted, peculiar and disappointing book. Neither of its disparate halves is an important addition to Mr. Faulkner's work. As for the title—it only makes sense in the most ironically symbolic way.

BOOK REVIEWS by Legender GERTRUDE MARTIN

"Reunion and Reaction," the story behind the Compromise of 1877 and the end of Reconstruction, by C. Vann Woodard is a book which is as engrossing as it is scholarly. It is the result of careful research in primary sources, chiefly the collections of papers of prominent figures in this period and newspapers both North and South. The author, who is Professor of History at Johns Hopkins University, writes with great clarity and objectivity and fortunately avoids that pedantic obscurity to which professors are often subject.

His is a new interpretation of the so-called "Bargain of 1877" which insured the help of Southern Democrats in turning the disputed election of 1876 over to the Republican presidential candidate, Rutherford Hayes. This was accomplished, the author shows, by months of careful manipulation by friends of Hayes although the Democratic candidate, Samuel Tilden, held a slight edge in electoral votes.

The final step in the compromise, the Wormley Conference, is well known to historians but the true forces behind the agreement between Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans have not been. This agreement marks the abandonment of the Negro by the Republican Party and the beginning of his elimination from the political life of the South. Only in recent years have Negro voters begun to recoup the political losses suffered in 1877.

One of the most important factors in bringing together influential Southerners and Republicans to bargain was the South's great interest in the building of a railroad to the Pacific coast and linking its principal cities. The great power of the railroad interests and their strong lobbying insured the eventual naming of Hayes as president.

Negro reaction to the famous compromise was fearful: "As for the feelings of the mass of Negroes themselves, there was undoubtedly widespread fear and apprehension among them over the withdrawal of Federal protection and disillusionment over their abandonment by the Republican party. When they looked to their own leaders for guidance, however, they found them eagerly taking favors and appointments from Hayes. With alacrity and gratitude Frederick Douglass accepted an appointment as Marshal of the District of Columbia and settled down in a twenty-one-room house in the suburbs of Washington," Mr. Woodward writes.

"Reunion and Reaction" is a detailed account of a political maneuver which had far-reaching consequences in American history. It set the Negro back many years in his political development and in the attainment of the most elementary privileges. However, as the author points out, the roots of this compromise went back into the Grant administration. This is a book for the lay man as well as the scholar and it is one that either will find difficult to put down.

"Reunion and Reaction" by C. Vann Woodward; Little Brown and Company; Boston, Mass; 1951; $4.00

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF NEGRO COLLEGES IN GEORGIA, 1865-1949, by Willard Range (University of Georgia, $3.75).

New Book Among 50 Best Of 1950

Miss Ellen Tarry, author of new books for children, whose newest book, "The Runaway Elephant," was selected as one of the "Fifty Books of the Year," by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. Her book was chosen among some 500 entries at the 29th annual exhibition of the Institute in New Yok City at the Hotel Pierre. She has written two other books, "My Dog Rinty," and "Hezekiah Horton."

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Ex-Alcorn College Prexy Is Author of New Book

NEW YORK—Dr. William H. Pipes, former president of Alcorn College in Mississippi, and who was born in a sharecropper's cabin on a Mississippi plantation, is the author of a new book: "Say Amen, Brother," which has just been published by the William-Frederick Press.

Frustration Shown In Sermons, Says Dr. Pipes' Book

Former President Alcorn College Is Author Of "Say Amen, Brother" Just Issued

New York City, July 3—**Say Amen Brother,** a systematic analysis of religious practices and beliefs among southern Negroes as an indication of a weakness of American democracy, has just been published by the William-Frederick Press, 613 W. 35th Street, N. Y.

Scholars in the social sciences have long since demonstrated the survival of African cultural traits, varying in degree of intensity, in particular areas of the United States. The complex nature of some of these usages renders them open to different interpretations. The investigation of the nature of the persistence of African elements in Negro preaching, for example, requires the development of a theoretical frame of reference and the application of special techniques.

Dr. Pipes has given such a systematic analysis to the diffuse phenomena of religious practices and beliefs among the southern Negroes, in particular the Negroes of the "Middletown" of Negro life in America—Macon County, Georgia.

The presentation of his disc-recordings of eight typical Sunday sermons, including the accompanying singing and shouting, indicate that both the Negro and America as a whole suffer from the Negro's second-class citizenship; and his linear analysis of the prose content of the sermons explains old-time Negro preaching as a most unusual type of public speaking. His study emphasizes that America can no longer afford the conditions of second-class citizenship which produce old-time Negro preaching.

A case study in the sociological sense, Dr. Pipes' work is concerned with the emergence and development of the Negro as a racial and cultural minority or ethnic group in the process of adjustment to American life, and of assimulation into American society.

William H. Pipes was born in a Negro sharecropper's cabin on a Mississippi plantation. He knows intimately the Black man's world of second-class citizenship—poverty, ignorance, discrimination, and frustration. As a student, teacher, and college administrator, he has concluded with deepest concern that Negro religion is basically related to the peculiar status of Negro citizenship. At Mississippi's Alcorn College, where he served as president during 1945-1949, he learned first-hand the practical lessons involved in the New Deal-Dixiecrat clash of tenets of social philosophy. Although he led Alcorn to an "A" rating and was re-elected to its presidency, he found it impossible to take a stand against the Civil Rights Program and in favor of segregated regional education, and he resigned to become dean of the liberal Methodist institution, Philander Smith College—and thus moved on to a field of greater service.

In limelight again—

'They Shall Be Free' tells Scottsboro case

"The Scottsboro Case" is in print again. This time it is in a book, "They Shall Be Free," by Dr. Allan K. Chalmers, New York and Boston minister, and chairman of the Scottsboro Defense Committee from its organization in 1935 until its work was accomplished last year with the release from Kilby Prison of the last of the nine defendants. Dr. Chalmers' book, published by Doubleday & Co., was released today.

In his book, Dr. Chalmers summarizes the fight made by his committee. He reveals incidents of that fight hitherto not known to the public. He cites the parts played by many Alabamians, particularly the late Grover Hall, Sr., editor of The Montgomery Advertiser, to whom the book is dedicated, and Dr. Henry M. Edmonds, chairman of the Alabama Scottsboro Committee.

A detailed review of "They Shall Be Free" will be printed on The Birmingham News book page Sunday, April 1.

Stirring skirmish in a long battle—

The Scottsboro case: New revelations in a shameful story

THEY SHALL BE FREE, by Allen K. Chalmers. Doubleday & Co. $3.

JUST A FEW DAYS more than 20 years have passed since some white boys and Negro boys, with two white girl hoboes looking on, engaged in a fight on a freight train passing through Jackson County, and the Scottsboro Case began. It has been a score of years of shame and humiliation to many (we believe most) Alabamians. All the nine Negro defendants are now free, but the shame lingers.

A few months ago, one viewpoint of the case was given in "Scottsboro Boy," co-authored by Heywood Patterson, one of the defendants. His was an understandably embittered story of the arrest and trials and long imprisonment for a crime he did not commit.

"THEY SHALL BE FREE" is a vastly different sort of book. The author was chairman of the Scottsboro Defense Committee that for nearly 15 years worked to free the defendants. He has written a factual account of that effort. Some of what he tells has never before been revealed.

It is not, for Alabamians, a wholly pleasant account. No book on that case could be, no matter by whom written.

Dr. Chalmers became interested in the case almost at its beginning. As pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church in New York, he headed a congregation long famous for practical Christianity. But it was not until nearly four years later that the Scottsboro Defense Committee was formed of all the agencies cooperating in the defense. Dr. Chalmers became chairman.

The nine defendants were then still in jail. Twice the U. S. Supreme Court had reversed death sentences. Dr. Chalmers summarizes this early part of the case, but as he apparently felt it his present duty to write of those things of which only he could, he really begins his narrative with the Fall of 1935.

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THE FINE SPIRIT and understanding of Dr. Chalmers is shown in his realization that the best hope of justice for the defendants was to spearhead the movement with Alabamians. Alabama juries, he knew truthfully, would not free the Negroes, no matter how strong the evidence of innocence, as long as they were defended exclusively by Northern lawyers paid, at least in large part, out of Communist funds.

So the Alabama Scottsboro Committee was formed. Dr. Chalmers relates at length how it came into being. A lot of hostility and doubt had to be overcome. It is only by reading between the lines that one sees how much of the success of this effort was due to Dr. Chalmers' earnestness and wisdom and sincerity. (Maybe it helped, too, that some of his ancestors were Southerners.)

* * *

THE ALABAMA Scottsboro Committee had about 50 members. They varied widely in some respects but all were alike in their conviction that justice was not being done in the case, to the shame of all the state. The executive committee, which figures prominently in the book, was composed of Dr. Henry M. Edmonds, chairman; J. E. Chappell, Donald Comer, and Forney Johnston, all of Birmingham, and Grover Hall, Sr., editor of The Montgomery Advertiser to whom the book is dedicated.

In a sense it was their battle from then on. Whatever was done was done in the committee's name. But the fact is inescapable, as modest as Dr. Chalmers may be, that it was he who provided much of the courage and optimism and determination that the case would not be ended until it was ended right, that is, with the defendants free.

Gradually, Dr. Chalmers shows, Communists and other out-of-state forces were pushed into the background. The Alabama committee's work, however, was made difficult by feelings that had been aroused through early leadership of the defense. Decisions were politically motivated. Only thus can one explain the way in which Atty. Gen. Albert Carmichael sidestepped the utterly illogical but realistically acceptable agreement, proposed by the state, that would have freed some of the defendants, with the rest pleading guilty to attack, but not to rape. Only thus can one explain the "double cross" (the phrase is Dr. Chalmers') of Gov. Bibb Graves who had agreed to use executive clemency and pardon those still in prison. Only thus can one explain the slowness with which the Pardons and Paroles Board (created in the Dixon administration) acted in the case. All this Dr. Chalmers details in his book, to add to the initial shame of convictions contrary to evidence.

* * *

IT IS COMMONLY believed in Alabama that had Communists never been in the case, the defendants would have been freed long before they were. That may be so. But Dr. Chalmers emphasizes his conviction that had Communists not entered the case promptly and energetically, the initial death sentences would have been carried out. Communists, says Dr. Chalmers, saved the Scottsboro boys from death but could not, due to Alabama feelings, free them. That could be done only by Alabamians. It was fortunate for Alabamians that they had a man of Dr. Chalmers' character and understanding to inspire them and to act as their liaison with the national suppliers of defense funds.

Dr. Chalmers tells his story simply and vigorously. It is a story to shame Alabamians and yet to gratify them that some of the state's leading citizens were willing to wage this fight for justice. A few things Dr. Chalmers says he does not tell, a few names he does not mention. One must accede to his judgment on that point, but still wonder if any secrecy is still necessary.

Dr. Chalmers makes no attempt to intrepret the case against its social background. That must await later times and later writers. Such an analysis could be highly instructive.

* * *

DR. CHALMERS does not view the Scottsboro case as an isolated event. He saw it rather as an opportunity not only to put up a battle for a group of underprivileged individuals but also to demonstrate, to a doubting world, that a high spirit of justice did, and does, exist among Southern whites. He was fighting for bigger things than freedom for the Scottsboro boys. That is why he could get the cooperation he got.

The Scottsboro case, Dr. Chalmers concludes his book by saying, is in one sense not ended. Final victory will come "when doors are not closed because of color, when the N. A. A. C. P. no longer exists because there no longer will be need for its existence." That thought will not be very palatable to most Alabamians, but neither is the Scottsboro case. "They Shall Be Free" is the record of a stirring skirmish in a long battle for justice, regardless of color. The battle goes on.—J. F. ROTHERMEL.

Short Story Writer

Attractive Miss Mary Elizabeth Vroman, a school teacher of Montgomery, Ala., is the author of the delightful story "See How They Run" in the June issue of the Ladies' Home Journal. The story, which is Miss Vroman's first, is described by a journal editor as bearing the distinction of fresh, natural talent. In submitting the story which is about a teacher and her pupils, the new author said: The Negro teacher bears a responsibility to her students, unparalled by that of any other, for though Negro children are typical of children everywhere, they develop under greater handicaps and with less outer aid. (ANP)

Langston Hughes' J. Simple Makes Debut In West Berlin

World Tue. 7-24-51

Special to the Atlanta Daily World

NEW YORK CITY — (SNS) — "Jess Simple," beer parlor race-problem philosopher created by columnist Langston Hughes, has made a debut in "Der Tagesspiel," a German newspaper published in West Berlin.

The revelation was made yesterday by the renown poet and former Atlanta University visiting professor of creative writing to the Atlanta Daily World.

In a letter to the affable anthologist and playwright, Rudolph Keymer, German columnist of Berlin, enclosed clippings of a series of "Kugelfang" stories signed by the pseudonym "Simpel."

"Kugelfang" (Simpel), the German newspaperman explained, is a Berlin laborer, whose sole recreation is speaking his mind about current problems over a glass of beer at a corner restaurant.

"I read your book, Simple Speaks His Mind," the German columnist wrote the internationally famous author-lecturer, "and it inspired me to try to create a character similar to the Harlem laborer (Jess Simple) whom the author (Hughes) meets regularly at the bar."

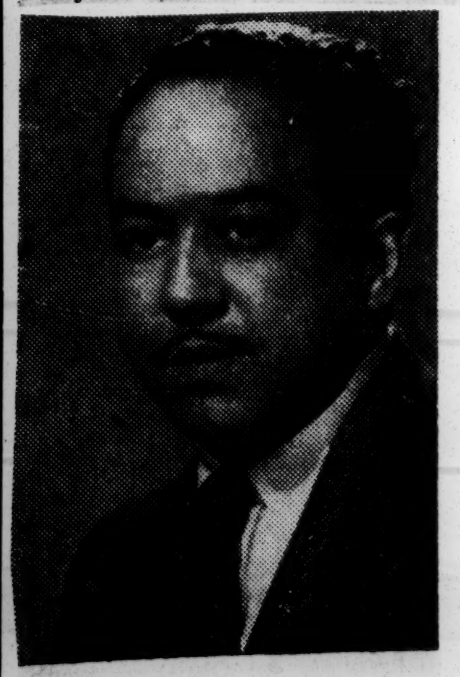
Keymer said he used the name "as a mark of respect and gratitude for the creator of the Harlem Simple, for I like them both."

"Jess Simple" of Harlem, U. S. A. is more than a literary vehicle to carry ideas of the poet who has made seven cross-country tours. He is realism plucked from every day events.

"Simple's humorous take off on the race problem, his favorite topic which he calls the white man's burden, is always as serious as it is sidesplitting.

He is always critical of society's racial patterns. He is not only critical of the ways of "Southern white folks — and Negroes — but he documents his beer parlor patter with the skill of a reporter — probing beneath the surface of current news events, expanding, interpreting and clarifying the news topic of the day fro ma racial point of view.

"Kugelfang," while a tribute to the prolific and well known man of letters, is not an introduction to the genius of the Joplin, Missouri-born world citizen. His poems, plays, autobiography and opera librettos have been translated and published in such German publications as "Ost and West," "Das Lot," "Sinn Und Form," and "Ulenspigle, Literatur, Kunst and Satire."



LANGSTON HUGHES

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Truth About Race

STATEMENT ON RACE, by Ashley Montagu. Henry Schuman, Inc.; $2.

On July 18, 1950, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) issued a "Statement on Race Problems." This statement was a scientific tour de force. It represented the consensus of experts from all over the world in such fields as anthropology, biology, genetics, sociology and social psychology on the definition and implications of the concept of race. As such it constitutes the nearest thing we have to an official scientific dogma, and if you want to know what the experts agree upon in the matter of race you had better read it.

You will find the official text in "Statement on Race." And what is more, you will find in that book a textual exegesis by Dr. Montagu, the head of the department of anthropology at Rutgers University and one of the formulators of the statement, that makes the compact and technical wording of the UNESCO scientists comprehensible to any intelligent layman. Dr. Montagu takes each of the 21 paragraphs of the statement and explains it in simple, clear and frequently vivid language.

In a world where much of the thinking about race takes on the quality of a tragic nightmare, the UNESCO statement and Dr. Montagu's exposition of it are badly needed. Ultimately, the only thing that will awaken us from the nightmare of racism will be the recognition that it rests on myth and falsehood. Dr. Montagu's book, by presenting what scientists believe to be the truth about race, is a valuable contribution toward the development of this recognition.—HOWARD HARLAN, professor of sociology, Birmingham-Southern College.

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

"Statement On Race" by Ashley Montagu, head of the department of Anthropology at Rutgers university, is a concise expression of scientific ideas on race. Professor Montagu was reporter for the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization's (UNESCO) group of experts who drew up the official "Statement on Race Problems" for that organization.

The author has taken each paragraph of the short UNESCO statement and explained it in simple terms. Each of his chapters after the introductory ones are devoted to one of these paragraphs. He emphasizes the fact that men's likenesses far outnumber their differences and that culture and environment explain most of the variations between groups.

One of Professor Montagu's concluding statements is of great importance and explains much of the conflict in the world today:

"Men who do not love one another are sick — sick not from any disease arising within themselves, but from a disease which has been enculturated within them by the false values of their societies. Belief in false values, in competition instead of cooperation, in class and race and national prejudice instead of cooperation, in narrow selfish interests instead of altruism, in atomism (especially atom-bombism) instead of universalism, in the value of money instead of the value of man, represents man turning upon all that is innately good in him."

"Statement on Race" is a short book (141 pages) which incorporates all the important facts on race. Every day's newspaper brings further evidence of the crucial role of race in the world today and this book provides an up-to-date and brief answer to all the misconceptions in the subject.

"Statement On Race" by Ashley Montagu; Henry Schuman Publishers; New York; 1951; $2.00.

Survey- National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.

Church Shy Of Trained Ministers

NEW YORK—A survey by the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U. S. A. has revealed that the dwindling number of Negro ministers is creating "the most serious internal threat to Protestant Christianity in the U. S."

An official of the Virginia Theological seminary in Lynchburg reported fewer men training to the ministry and an increasing number of vacant pulpits.

Officials at Jackson Theological seminary expressed "deep concern"

Acting Dean Andrew E. Murray of Lincoln university's seminary said the shortage of trained ministers "means that vacancies in the churches are being filled by men without seminary training. In respect to leadership, the Negro church is not only failing to hold its own but it is actually losing ground."

"Swimming Hole"

This little book for the very young offers an object lesson in democracy in text and pictures. It is an attractive book and children will find its lesson an easy one to accept. It tells how one group of youngsters met the problem of a new child on the block who didn't want to swim with Negroes.

The author is Jerrold Beim, who wrote "Two Is a Team," which also attacked prejudice. Mr. Beim has written a number of other books and it is clear that he is able to speak a language that children understand.

"Swimming Hole" is suggested for children from 4-8, but I think most eight-year-olds will find it too juvenile for their tastes. The illustrations are very good and there are a great many of them. Four to six, or perhaps seven-year-olds, will find it a source of much pleasure.

"Swimming Hole" by Jerrold Beim; William Morrow and Company; New York; 1951 $2.00.

26b 1951

They Came in Chains

J. Saunders Redding, author of three books (one a novel) that deal with Negro problems, has a new book on the Bobbs-Merrill list coming ot Oct. 8. "On Being Negro in America" is a personal chronical that discusses the attitudes of Negro groups and individuals and those of white groups and individuals. Mr. Redding's recent book was "They Came in Chains."

A new novel by Natalie Anderson Scott, athor of "The Story of Mrs. Murphy," is scheduled for

Books of The Times

By WILLIAM DU BOIS

CLEMENT RICHER is a native of Martinique who now lives and writes in Paris, where he has published six novels so far. "Ti-Coyo and His Shark,"* which is an allegory as well as a novel (and is a delight on both counts) is his first work to reach these shores. The reason for its peculiar charm may be found in the two facts mentioned in the first sentence of this review. Only a writer born and raised in the West Indies could recreate their vivid colors so naturally. Only a Frenchman could have invented the impish story-line that Mr. Richer uses here to express his views on good and evil—and man's eternal search for happiness between those two extremes.

Clément Richer

The setting for most of Ti-Coyo's escapades is St. Pierre, a city on the slope of Mount Pelée; the time is before and after that volcano's last disastrous eruption. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the story develops in the sea around Martinique—for the author's protagonist is amphibious almost from the day of his birth. Mr. Richer, too, seems more at home in the water than on land.

Ti-Coyo, he tells us, is "a curious example of the cross-breeding that is prevalent in the Antilles. His father, Cocoyo, had been the product of a passionate interlude between a white (some casual sailor) and an anonymous Negress. His mother, Dora, was the legitimate daughter of a Hindu and a Chinese woman, both of them descended from those Hindu and Chinese coolies who had been imported into the islands to fill a gap left by rebellious Negroes. The child, therefore, united in his own small person the four races of mankind. There was no reason why the fact should be productive either of distress or vanity." The quotation is typical of the author's ability to say a great deal more than first meets the eye.

Sea Is Ti-Coyo's First Love

Ti-Coyo's first love is the sea—and his one desire is to own a fishing-boat of his own, so that he can range over the water at will. But Ti-Coyo's parents are the poorest in all Martinique. His prospects seem dim indeed, since the strapping sons of other fishermen have always prevented him from diving for his share of the coins tossed from the luxury liners cruising in those waters. How the boy adopts a baby shark (which he finds during one of his unofficial visits to the nets of those same fishermen) and how Manidou, when he has attained a length of fifteen yards and a weight of six tons, clears the harbor of all divers but his master, make up the first, diabolic episode in the tale. Mr. Richer underplays it beautifully. Already, one begins to feel that his subtitle, "an immoral fable," is justified.

Thanks to his monopoly as the only diver in the huge harbor—and thanks to his fame as a fearless explorer of the deep, which has now spread to every tourist bureau covering the Caribbean—Ti-Coyo is able to lift his family from poverty in one swoop. A temporary setback comes when the wrathful fishermen trap Manidou in a brass cage far out to sea, but his young master saves him, just in time. (This scene, too, with the forces of righteous vengeance thwarted and in full retreat, derives its dramatic impact from skillful understatement.) Thereafter, Ti-Coyo is truly the monarch of his favorite realm. He is even inspired to invade the vast sugar-plantation of Martinique's richest citizen, for the fun of outwitting Monsieur de la Portemanderie's overseers. And, though ash-blonde Lucie, the plantation-owner's daughter, is a direct descendant of Godefroy de Bouillon, she falls promptly in love with the invader and insists on an elopement at the first convenient opportunity.

The opportunity comes soon, as Mount Pelée rumbles into violent eruption—and it should be noted here that that irascible volcano is as human as any flesh-and-blood actor in the book. Only Manidou realizes what is in store for Martinique, and Manidou is glad to warn Ti-Coyo and his family that their only salvation lies in flight. Thus, the boy's elopement (planned to coincide with the May moon) also turns out to be a race with death, with the shark leading the way down the long roadstead and across the open sea to the near-by island of Dominica only a few hours before earthquake and tidal wave wipe out St. Pierre.

Author at Enigmatic Best

The final chapters of this short but densely written novel find Mr. Richer at his enigmatic best. The little band of refugees is taken in by a group of natives who are also devout Christians. The headman of the village insists that Lucie and Ti-Coyo be married in proper style—and, though the young bridegroom resists their civilizing influence to the end, his escape is a narrow one. For a finale, after another dramatic rescue by the faithful shark, Ti-Coyo returns with his bride and his son to Martinique, ignoring the countless floating bodies that still clot the waves offshore, ready to build a new mansion and a new life on the ruins of the Portemanderie plantation.

It is, of course, impossible to capture the flavor of "Ti-Coyo and His Shark" in a synopsis. The almost lyrical pantheism that pervades every page is nicely balanced by terrifying glimpses of nature in the raw. Trade-winds and night-blooming cereus, mournful casuarina trees and laughing breakers enter the scene, playing their parts as briskly as any human actor. The amazing resilience of man, as illustrated by Mr. Richer's hero, is expressed in deceptively simple terms—but the echo of that courage lingers long after one closes the volume. Dominating the whole pattern is the mystic silhouette of the shark—as purely evil as Moby Dick, but much more companionable.

Mr. Richer's allegory is as innocent as a half-open flower, or as venomous as a coiled cobra—depending on one's point of view. Read for its surface values only, and skipping a few bits of Gallic frankness, it would probably captivate a child of 11—though this reader, for one, would hesitate to recommend it for that age group. Gerard Hopkins' admirable translation has caught all the wry and wicked freshness of the original.

*TI-COYO AND HIS SHARK. By Clément Richer. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. 235 pages. Knopf. $3.

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

"TWILIGHT IN South Africa" is a startling account of the situation in South Africa today by Henry Gibbs, an Englishman. His book in many ways is a worthy non-fiction accompaniment to Alan Paton's deeply sympathetic, "Cry the Beloved Country." Mr. Gibbs does not turn away from any of South Africa's abuses, but he writes with understanding.

A great deal has been written in the American press of "Apartheid," the present Malan government's plan for complete segregation of the races in South Africa. Already some measures have been taken in that direction aimed at completely disfranchising the natives. Mr. Gibbs writes:

"Apartheid is the Nationalist dream. It will be pursued with vigor as a main political faith of men whose forefathers resented the abolition of slavery. It cannot work. Any attempt, such as that occurring now, which will continue while the Nationalists remain in office, can only harm both the present and future of South Africa."

The human problems which South Africa faces are tremendous; the wretched housing conditions of natives living in shanty towns outside the large cities, the resulting deplorable health conditions, the high crime rate, the tensions which exist between whites and blacks and between the blacks and the Indians.

Coupled with these problems is the frightening erosion of much of the Union of South Africa's land. Years of neglect and profligate use of farming and grazing land by natives as well as Europeans has brought the country to a crisis: **". . . of the total land available for cultivation, barely 6 per cent is under cultivation and it is unlikely that more than 15 per cent can be cultivated, the rest of the country being too mountainous, stony or arid to permit cultivation."**

Mr. Gibbs also discusses frankly the sinister connections between members of Prime Minister Malan's Nationalist Party and the Broederbond, or brotherhood, a secret organization believed to have Fascist goals for the country. At the time of the last war many of the Nationalist Party were in sympathy with German aims and resisted the Government's move to support Great Britain. Today, the Afrikaners, the descendants of the Boers, still oppose any true cooperation with the British in South Africa and the Broederbond is one of the divisive forces in the country.

"Twilight in South Africa" is a remarkable book which should be widely read. Mr. Gibbs is an observant critic and one who looks at all sides of the question. He writes with clarity and ease, and even the more rambling passages of his book retain a definite charm. There are 49 excellent photographs of people and places.

"Twilight in South Africa" by Henry Gibbs; The Philosophical Library; New York City; 1950; $4.50.

Phila. Soldier Writing Book

Bradford Laws to Tell of Tan Fighters

PHILADELPHIA — "The United Nations Colored Soldier in Korea" is the title of a new book to be published by Dodds, Meade and Company of New York in March, 1952.

The author is 22-year-old Bradford Laws, 3836 N. Smedley St., a GI serving with the United Nations Forces and a war correspondent for NNPA.

A Ben Franklin High School graduate, Laws returned to Korea and foreign service Monday. He expects to be processed out of the Army in a year and will continue as a foreign correspondent, he said.

Recommended by Hicks

The New York publishing company wrote him in Korea asking him to write the book, Laws revealed. He thinks he was recommended to the publishers by James Hicks, AFRO war correspondent, and an unidentified white correspondent, who gave Laws the material he had collected on colored GIs before he quit the Korean arena.

Laws joined the Army on Oct. 8, 1948, several months after graduating from high school. He served with the Air Force and flew 66 missions.

After completing his basic training at San Antonio, Tex., Laws embarked from Hampton Field, California, for Japan on April 29, 1949. He was stationed there when hostilities broke out in Korea.

He resides with his mother, Mrs. Alice Laws. They moved into their new residence on Smedley St. from 1455 N. Swan St., two days before his arrival home for a two week furlough.

26b 1951

Books Published Today

THE CRUEL SEA, by Nicholas Monsarrat (Knopf, $4). *Reviewed today.*

EL GRECO; RENOIR; VAN GOGH; MASTERPIECES OF ITALIAN PAINTING; A SELECTION OF THE WORLD'S GREAT MASTERPIECES (Harry N. Abrams, $1.25 each). Volumes in the Portfolio Editions of the Library of Great Painters.

A FAN'S GUIDE TO HARNESS RACING, by Elliot Emerson (Greenberg, $2.95).

FREE GRASS, by Jim O'Mara (Dutton, $2.50). A Western novel.

THE HAITI PILOT PROJECT: Phase One, 1947-1949 (Columbia University, 35 cents). A Unesco booklet, Volume IV, monographs on fundamental education.

Press, $3.50). A story of Jesus for young readers.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON NARCOTIC DRUGS, Supplement No. 9 (Columbia University, 60 cents). A United Nations booklet in English and French texts.

THE ROOTS OF PREJUDICE: The Race Question in Modern Science, by Arnold Rose (Columbia University, 25 cents). A Unesco pamphlet.

UNESCO AND ITS PROGRAM II: The Basic Program, adopted by the Fifth Session of the General Conference, Florence, 1950 (Columbia University, $10 per 100). A Unesco pamphlet report.

UNESCO AND ITS PROGRAM III: The Race Question (Columbia University, $5 per 100). A Unesco pamphlet report.

UNESCO PUBLICATIONS

The Haiti Pilot Project: ....
The Roots of Prejudice: ....
UNESCO and Its Program II: ....

Says Newspapermen Write Book Which Smears D. C. Residents

BY LOUIS LAUTIER

WASHINGTON, D. C. — (NNPA) — Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer, two newspapermen, have dug into the sewage of Washington and come up with one of the filthiest books ever published. It smears the whole community, particularly the colored segment.

In "Washington Confidential," they peddle crime, sex, perversion, graft, gambling, dope-peddling, drunkenness, prostitution and rackets.

There is nothing new about the basic material. Most of it can be found in police files and newspaper morgues; the remainder of it is gossip of the kind that not even Walter Winchell would peddle.

The book is steeped in racial prejudice. The material concerning colored people is so slanted as to give the impression that every colored person in Washington is deprived.

An example of the racial prejudice that permeates the chapters written especially about colored people is found in the account of the fight which ended in the National Theatre's being converted into a movie house rather than admit colored persons to its audiences.

Lait and Mortimer would have the reader believe that Marcus Heiman, the lessee, was bound by the terms of his lease not to admit colored persons to the theater as patrons.

The truth is he is just a stubborn New Yorker, who refused to yield to picketing and finally the demand of the Actors Equity Association that he open the doors of the National to all who wished to attend or its members would no longer play there.

Lait and Mortimer assert that the colored population of Washington is larger than the white. To prove their assertion they cite school enrollment figures, showing that there were 47,807 colored pupils in the public schools as compared with 46,080 whites.

These figures prove nothing. According to Bureau of the Census figures, only 30 per cent of the population of the District of Columbia is colored. But the two writers say both colored people and the census takers hide the true figures.

Lait and Mortimer confer upon "Puddin' Head" Jones, an underworld character, the title of "Mayor" of Washington. Jones' operations are strictly small time and the influence he wields is barely sufficient to keep operating.

Poor whites living in hovels draw crocodile tears from Lait and Mortimer. They apparently resent that colored people — 95 per cent of them, they say — live in lodgings as good as and better than most white residents and that colored persons have taken over most of the desirable blocks near the Government offices and downtown Washington.

These statements are palpably false. Possibly one-third of the colored population of Washington is poorly housed. Those who owned homes in the vicinity of Government buildings have been pushed out with their churches and schools to make way for new Government and semi-Government buildings.

The colored people are being contained in an area within a radius of two and a quarter miles from downtown Washington. And because the areas in which they can live are artificially limited, they must pay more for the same housing than whites.

Lait and Mortimer assert that the headquarters of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People at 100 Massachusetts Avenue northwest is located in a "ramshackle" old house near New Jersey Avenue slums, which are kept "untouched and maintained to impress visitors with the shocking degradation forced" on colored people.

In their opinion the NAACP is rich and could locate in a more prosperous neighborhood, but that would wipe out the "psychological advantage of bringing its visitors through the stage-managed slave-quarters."

The NAACP is not rich. Its Washington Bureau is located at the Massachusetts avenue address because of its proximity to the Capitol and because the organization cannot rent space in a first-class downtown office building.

Lait and Mortimer also seek to incite racial prejudice by asserting that it is common to see white girls with colored men, especially "jazz band musicians who seem to exert a magnetic appeal for Caucasian women."

They magnify interracial mixing in the Capital. According to them, many colored madams and pimps employ white girls for their colored trade, and in some New Deal leftwing circles it is considered quite the thing to mix socially and even sexually with colored persons.

There is no law in Washington against interracial association. There are colored women going with white men as well as white women going with colored men, and white prostitutes available to colored men as well as colored prostitutes available to white men.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is one of the chief targets for their barbs. They accuse her of "steaming up" Actors Equity over the National Theater issue of exploiting the slum habitation of colored people as a "blot" on Washington, and of causing Government agencies to show favoritism to colored employees.

They also accuse her of seeking unsuccessfully to register three colored persons at the Willard Hotel.

Lait and Mortimer assert that no colored employee is ever fired from a Government job. When it is necessary for an agency to reduce its force, they write, the whites are fired first.

The two writers also state that a white man has to take an examination and undergo an investigation to become a copy, but colored men are put on the force through political pull.

A survey of the Metropolitan Police Department probably would show that the colored men on the force are far better educated, a higher percentage of them are college trained, than are the whites. But no colored policeman can rise above the rank of lieutenant, and only one holds that rank. None of them is appointed corporal or sergeant where he may be over white officers. The only colored sergeants are the ones attached to detective headquarters.

The story Lait and Mortimer tell of 'block busting" is fantastic. According to them, after an all-white neighborhood has been scouted, a white property owner is found who is willing to sell to a colored person for a bonus. If the property is worth $25,000, he is bribed with as much as another $25,000 to sell.

"Washington Confidential" Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer; Crown Publishers; New York City; 1951; $3.00.

Someone has called "Washington Confidential" by Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer a "lecher's guide." If that were all it was it could be dismissed as a crude and montonous repetition of how and where to get a woman in Washington or Baltimore. But in addition the Messrs. Lait and Mortimer have strung together a mass of half-truths, exaggerations, and outright bias against the Negro.

More than half the population of Washington is Negro notwithstanding the census figures, the authors assert. Washington Negroes are responsible for most of the crime in the city, make plenty money, are protected in the courts and in government jobs despite glaring inefficiency. Because of them Washington will never get the vote for fear of a Negro mayor; white Washingtonians are fleeing to the suburbs to escape the "black tide."

The authors are most vicious in their snide attacks on Mrs. Roosevelt whom they hold responsible for at least half of Washington's ills.

Washington slums are practically non-existent and the few that remain are kept there by Mrs. Roosevelt and other "leftwingers" to make the picture look bad. The "rich" NAACP uses a ramshackle house for its office in order to deceive the public. I'm sure the NAACP officers will be happy to learn they have become wealthy by the stroke of the authors' pens.

"Washington Confidential" would have you believe that the procuring of women for large numbers of persons in Washington occupies the attention of a great proportion of its population.

Like "Chicago Confidential" this so-called "low-down on the big town" will probably be a best seller. The author's bias against the Negro is deep and all-inclusive and it is unfortunate that many of the statements about Negroes here will never be refuted for all their readers. It is shocking to find two Northern reporters writing a book of this kind and to see such a conglomeration of fiction and fact published as a serious expose of Washington.

"Washington Confidential" by

26b 1951

We Fished All Night

About Books

BY JAMES J. FOREE
FOR ANP

WE FISHED ALL NIGHT, BY WILLARD MOTLEY; PUBLISHED B Y APPLETON - CENTURY - CROFTS, INC., N. Y. 560 pp. Price $3 75

..MOTLEY'S LATEST NOVEL HOLDS MIRROR ON CHICAGO POLITICS

The author of "Knock on Any Door" has come up with another power-packed social novel. Unlike many Negro writers, Willard Motley does not confine himself to writing about Negroes.

"We Fished All Night," has its setting in the near Northside of Chicago. Its central character is Don Lockwood, a Polish boy who is ashamed of his impoverished family background, and who aspires to be someone.

His noble ideals and aspirations were stifled by social forces produced by World War II and corrupt politicians.

Returning from the war minus a leg, Lockwood caught the attention of Thomas McCarran, unscrupulous politician of the old school who saw in him someone to further his reign as Czar of Chicago politics on the near Northside.

McCarran decided Lockwood would be an ideal candidate for state representative. Lockwood previously had stated that he was in favor of a liberal program for the Negro, the Jew, and labor. And since he was a veteran, McCarran felt that he could win the election.

However, newspapers saw through his scheme to use Lockwood as a cat's paw to catch the huge minority and labor vote. They denounced Lockwood as being a tool of McCarran; consequently, he lost the race for state representative.

Embittered, but unable to realize the truth in the accusations, Lockwood directs his disappointment at the Jewish people, the Negro people, and labor. He accuses them of having let him down.

When finally he was made to realize that McCarrin was using him, and there fore, had no intentions of allowing him to fulfill his campaign pledges for public housing, FEPC, and liberal labor legislation, he began to work to oust McCarran as political leader.

Lockwood worked diligently to end the reign of McCarran and assume leadership himself. He kept telling himself that once he was in control of things, he would be able to carry out his pledges to the people.

But the social forces which operate in a metropolitan city were too much for him. With each step he made toward his goal, Lockwood found that he had to compromise with his principals. He soon became trapped in political intringues from which there was no escape.

When confronted with the challenge of supporting labor in a decisive strike, he ordered the police out to break it. It left him the political ruler of the city, but he had completely degenerated. In the end he lost his wife and his friends.

Motley has given us a keen insight into life in Chicago during the past 10 years. In Aaron, the Jewish boy, we are able to see the Jewish problem; in Dave, the Neblem, and in Lockwood, the Polish problem as well as on over-all picgro problem; in Jim, the labor proture of Chicago machine politics. This overall picture may at times seem harsh, but it is never lacking in plausibility.

"We Fished All Night" may well be compared to "All the Kings Men." It is certainly as powerful and pulls no punches. The central characters in both stories start out as idealists who are desirous of working for the good of the people, but who in the end become victims of forces beyond their control. Both stories make one wonder if it is possible to remain honest and be a public figure.

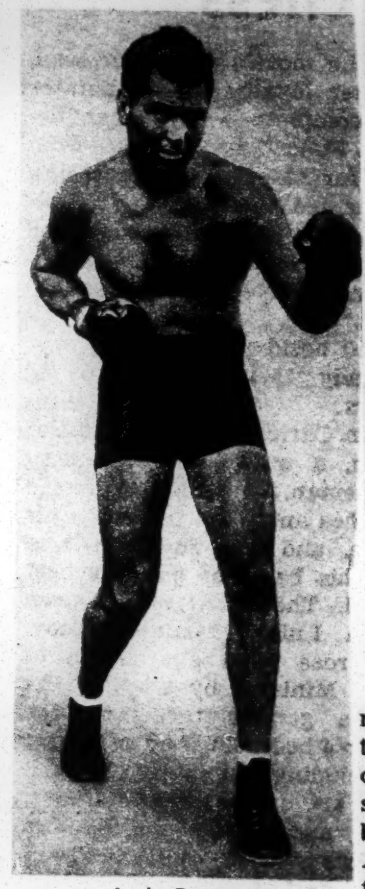
Whether or not the corruption lies in our lack of moral principals or is inherent in our methods of selecting our political representatives is open for debate. Still such novels as "We Fished All Night" force us to think about it.

A native Chicagoan, Motley writes well, but I think at times he is a little too windy; that is he takes up a lot of space in repeating himself. However, his latest book should win as many readers as "Knock on Any Door" which was made into a movie.

IN THIS CORNER . . .

Jack Johnson.

Luis Angel Firpo.



Jack Dempsey.

Leather Pushers and Beak Smashers

WHITE HOPES AND OTHER TIGERS. By John Lardner. Illustrated. 190 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.75.

By EDWARD P. F. EAGAN

THE life of the times is reflected in the mirror of the squared circle in this interesting, amusing, and factual book. Mr. Lardner takes the golden age of boxing (1910 to 1930) and like a puppeteer pulls the strings to make each player react his part. Not only the boxers, but the commissioners, the managers, the promoters, the seconds and the locale of each bout are presented with a reality that makes this treatment more interesting than a motion picture of the past spectacle. And with it all there is not the distortion that so often makes sports stories ludicrous to those who really know the facts.

We all know the intense interest stirred by a heavyweight championship of the world. It is almost as much interest as a military battle for the reading public. Mr. Lardner, however, confines the actual combat to a minor place in these stories and makes the real interest center in the characters and atmosphere around the ring.

White Hopes are sketched in with a prose of infectious discovery. Mr. Lardner comes upon new views and pleasurably shares them with the reader. His style is crisp and convincing, and the general effect is picturesque and animated. Having in my youth actually followed the events portrayed, I appreciate the gusto and humor that the writer displays through the twenty years he covers. And as one who appreciates boxing and its long history, I am delighted such an able author should make it his workshop.

I couldn't help thinking of William Hazlitt's "On Going to a Fight" of over a hundred years ago. After describing it in all the detail of that day—the ride to the country, the surroundings, the spectators, the fight and the return to London—Hazlitt closes with a P. S. "Tom called on me next day, to ask me if I did not think the fight was a complete thing? I said I thought it was. I hope he will relish my account of it."

THIS book has ten chapters and like a ten-round bout each one is packed with varying degrees of interest, excitement and color. In New York State the officials judge boxing by giving the contestant winning the round the margin he wins by, from one point—a bare win—to four points for a one-sided round plus a knock-down. I would give the decision to Lambaster Lardner in each round of the ten, but I would score the best rounds as the fifth, sixth, and the eighth and ninth. The fifth, "The Small Plumed Knight," tells about the first million-dollar fight, Dempsey and Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City. This fight made Promoter Rickard, and started Mike Jacobs' interest in the manly art (via ticket speculation).

The sixth is "The Sack of Shelby" — read it and you will laugh. However, it must have been pathetic for certain Montanians to lose their all in such a wildcat promotion as the Dempsey-Gibbons bout in erstwhile cow pastures, with oil speculation in the air. The eighth and ninth give a blow-by-blow description of our society in the giddy Nineteen Twenties when a big bull of a man from the pampas of Argentina could come, fight and be conquered—and still leave these shores with sufficient wealth to become the Golden Bull of South America. Firpo did it all in only four minutes' actual fighting against Dempsey. Today in Buenos Aires he is a greater success outside of the ring than he was in it.

I would give only a bare win for the tenth round, "Survival of the Fittest." Although Lardner was aggressive in this chapter I felt that he did not hit the mark as often as in earlier rounds. He certainly did a masterful job on depicting the old commissions (I am so glad that the New York commission controls licenses today). Yet, I do not think he gave sufficient credit to Gene Tunney for the manner in which he outwitted commissioners, crooks, hangers-on, contact sellers, and still beat the most colorful heavyweight of all time, Jack Dempsey.

THROUGHOUT these ten ters the conversation of the promoters, managers and boxers is scintillating with wit and humor, which I feel is Lardneresque and not literally true. Still if you are a sportsman and know the structure of events of 1910 to 1930 do not miss this enlargement to your entertainment; and if you are a reader who knows nothing of the boxing game read about this golden age of boxing and become educated in an easy and pleasant way. For, as Mr. Lardner sums up: "The thing I like about prizefights is that they are not simply athletic events but a sort of focus of all the lively or light-fingered arts of the Western World. The fight age of 1910-1930 was a strongly individual age that mirrored neatly, if garishly, life all around it."

"Who's Who In Colored America" Has Addition

YONKERS, N. Y. — In faraway French Indo-China, Herman J. Holiday has recently arrived to become relief and rehabilitation officer of a special U. S. technical and economic mission, according to information included in a supplement to Who's Who in Colored America, issued this week.

In the same 36-page addition, it is noted that Alvin M. Rucker, well-known in the U. S. Employment Service is spending this year in Switzerland, loaned as an "expert" to the International Labor Office an agency of the United Nations. Joe Louis is also included, making a total of 130 new biographies. Altogether, 3,114 persons are covered in the current Who's Who in Colored America.

Holiday is an attache of the American Legation at Saigon, Vietnam. Before this assignment, in 1948-51, he was an educational consultant in the U. S. Zone of Germany for the International Refugee Organization; from 1945-47, he was in China, Siam and Malaya for UNRRA.

A native of Beloit, Wis., Holiday is a graduate of Tuskegee Institute and Tennessee A. and I. College, and holds a M.S. degree from Butler University in Indianopolis, where he now lives.

Rucker is a pioneer in social security administration. He was case worker and office manager in the old Chicago relief program, 1932-35; was manager, Illinois State Employment Service, 1935-40; organization and methods examined, U. S. Employment Service, 1940-50, during part of which period he was sent to organize programs in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. It is because of this wide experience that he was loaned to the United Nations by the U. S. A.

Rucker is a graduate of the University of Illinois, was born in St. Louis, but makes his home in Pittsburgh. He is a member of Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity.

Who's Who in Colored America is published by Christian E. Burckel and Associates of this city, and is now in its 7th edition. G. James Fleming, former newspaperman is its principal editor.

WHO'S WHO IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES, Nineteenth Edition, 1951, John Marshall B. Cutler, associate (B. E. Callahan, $2).

American Diary Written By Negro Published

NATCHEZ, Miss.— (SNS) — An American diary, written by a free Negro during the time of slavery, is expected to be as valuable in its way as the classic diary of Samuel Pepys.

"William Johnson's Natchez," the title of the newly-published work was written by William Johnson who kept his diary between 1835 and 1852. William Johnson was given his freedom by his master before he was twenty. Starting out with a barber shop, he rapidly acquired other businesses.

His record of many events which were ignored by the writers of the period are expected to prove invaluable to present day historians concerned with that period.

The book was edited by Edwin Adams Davis, history professor at Louisiana State University and William Ransom Hogan, history professor at Louisiana State University and William Ransom Hogan history professor at Tulane.

The diary, and thousands of other items known as the Johnson Collection, were bought by LSU's Department of Archives. The collection was kept in the house that Johnson himself built and which was still occupied by his descendants.

26b 1951

William Johnson's Natchez

By A Freed Negro

WILLIAM JOHNSON'S NATCHEZ (The Ante-Bellum Diary of a Free Negro), edited by William Ransom Hogan and Edwin Adams Davis; Louisiana State University Press, University Station, Baton Rouge, La.; 812 pages, including index—$10.

Through the ages, diaries of individuals from all walks of life have supplied much of the true color of the times for those who came after. For instance, one of the treasured documents of the War Between the States, is the witty and entertaining diary of Mary Boykin Chesnut.

And now comes another diary out of the South that is unique, written by a Negro who rose from the humblest beginnings to become a respected businessman in pre-war Natchez, possessed of a simple directness, writing about a period of its own particular interest and importance in American history.

The diary begins in the fall of 1835 and ends shortly before the death of the author in 1851 and covers every phase of life in Natchez from his own modest business transactions to a society wedding, from his views of the political rallies and campaigns to the threats of a rising Mississippi.

The editors have done an exceptionally creditable job of dressing up this diary without sacrificing any of its native flavor, adding explanatory footnotes and a series of well chosen illustrations. The book is handsomely bound in deep blue cloth, the title stamped in gold on a silver field. —E. R. M.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Good Source History

WILLIAM JOHNSON'S NATCHEZ, edited by William Ransom Hogan and Edwin Adams Davis. Louisiana State University Press; $10.

Under the general editorship of Prof. Edwin A. Davis, the Louisiana State University Press is beginning, in this volume, a new series of "Source Studies in Southern History." In their preface the editors explain that their purpose is "to publish worthy source materials of all types which deal with Southern history or the South." This is an undertaking of paramount importance to students of this field.

Fortunately the first volume in the series is not only valuable as a historical source, but is also a unique human document. It is a most revealing diary of a remarkable free Negro who as barber, planter, business entrepreneur and respected citizen of the deep South in the ante-bellum period recorded day by day and without fear the happenings of his community. He was in a convenient business to gather the news, to hear expressed views, and he was sufficiently articulate to record them for the years 1835 to 1851.

A barber by trade, William Johnson accumulated considerable property, became the owner of 15 slaves, plantations and several business houses. He lent money to whites and had whites working for him. A kind slave master and an honest business leader, he was highly respected free Negro. In his sphere he was an aristocrat. His house was furnished with carpets and mahogany furniture. He subscribed to state and out-of-state newspapers, including The Saturday Evening Post and several New York papers. He was a frequent attender at the theater, although he had to sit in the balcony with members of his race.

In his diary Johnson recorded all types of news. Nothing escaped his inquisitive mind. He recorded deaths, births, marriages, brawls, riots, harsh treatment of slaves and the Irish. It is a human account by a very unusual person. In addition to being one of the best sources of information about the free Negro in the ante-bellum South, it is a good portrayal of the life of the whites. It is more than either of these; it is a vivacious account of a very human and successful citizen who enjoyed life to the fullest. "I am always ready for anything," he said. He enjoyed his 10 children, his friend McCrary, his relatives, his business, his horses and, above all, his hunting and fishing.

The editors have taken great pains to produce the manuscript without alterations and with only a few deletions. Their explanatory notes and the excellent biographical sketch of the author are of great assistance. If the other volumes in this series measure up to the high standards of this one, the series will be invaluable. — HENRY T. SHANKS, Birmingham-Southern College.

Uncle Tom Book Offer Spurned

Afro-American
Pittsburgh 9-22-51

PHILADELPHIA — Not even Georgia State University system would have any parts of the book "You Can't Build a Chimney From the Top Down," in which Joseph W. Holley defends racial segregation.

A $10,000 offer by the Pew Memorial Foundation to subsidize nationwide circulation of the book was rejected last week by the University regents.

A member of the Board of Regents stated that the refusal stemmed from reluctance of the group to put themselves in the position to sponsor the book.

Other regents expressed a desire not to lend their name to any book that was not a textbook.

Mr. Holley, close friend of the race-baiting Talmadges and former president of Albany State College (in Georgia), is now a "coordinator" in the Georgia State educational system.

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Youth of Color

Books Published Today

AT HOME IN THE WOODS: Living the Life of Thoreau Today, by Vena and Bradford Angier (Sheridan House, $3.50). Life on the Peace River in British Columbia.

THE FACE OF WAR, words and pictures by Charles and Eugene Jones (Prentice-Hall, $5). An account of the Korean fighting with photographs from motion pictures taken by the authors.

NICKNAMES OF AMERICAN CITIES, by Gerard L. Alexander (Special Libraries Association, $2 paper).

THE STORY OF TEXAS A. AND M., by George Sessions Perry (McGraw-Hill, $4). A history of the school's seventy-five years.

TURKEY: Economic and Commercial Conditions in Turkey, by T. G. A. Muntz (Philosophical Library, $4.75).

YOUTH OF COLOR, by Caroline Wasson Thomason (Exposition, $3). A novel dealing with the conflicts of a group of young Negroes. P.28

REPRINTS. Fiction: The Rains Came, by Louis Bromfield (Signet Doubled, 50 cents); Anger at Innocence, by William Gardner Smith; Cry of Violence, by Joseph Kessel; Let the Guns Roar, by Charles N. Heckelmann; Murder Charge, by Wade Miller; Thunder Mountain, by Theodore Pratt (Signet Books, 25 cents each). Non-Fiction: Psychopathology of Everyday Life, by Sigmund Freud, translated by A. A. Brill (Mentor Book, 35 cents).